> [illegible] numbers and cr[illegible] weight of [illegible] of what sort, can only p[illegible] called '[illegible]', but the lasting strength of the [illegible] of its spirit [illegible] defeat. A shortage of arm[illegible] of material may lead to military and economic reverses, but when willpower and the sense of honour are lacking, defeat is certain. When the power of the mind and of the spirit is extinguished, then, and only then, is defeat final.
>
> Lt. General HORST VON METZSCH, 'Der einzige Schutz gegen die Niederlage.'

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

1877 194

Founded by JAMES KNOWLES.

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THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

XIX- -XX

A MONTHLY REVIEW

FOUNDED BY JAMES KNOWLES

VOL. CXXVIII

JULY—DECEMBER 1940

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CONTENTS OF VOL. CXXVIII

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Sir Arnold Wilson, D.S.O., former Editor of *The Nineteenth Century and After*, joined the R.A.F. as a gunner shortly after the outbreak of war.

The Directors desire to express their deep regret at the news that he has been reported missing.

NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

No. DCCLXI—July 1940

BY A BRITISH BARROW

Let me lie down beside you, prince,
And share—no, do not wince—
Your grave for a short hour at noon
Shaped, with molehills for stars, like the full moon.

Man in this moon of turf and chalk,
If you can hear me talk
And understand a Saxon stranger,
Listen! to-day our country is in danger.

Does that not stir you, man of bones?
Your country it was once,
Yours when you strode across these downs
Where walls still wave about your hill-top towns.

Or is the news stale in your world
Where hosts are hourly hurled?
Perhaps you learnt from one of these
Who by his death gained a victorious peace.

You do not hear, man in this moon;
The skylarks might as soon
Hear me as you who are not there;
I waste breath that were precious now in prayer.

Andrew Young.

THE SITUATION

The British Empire and the Third Realm face one another at last in a struggle for sheer survival. If the Third Realm loses the war, it will go down amid revolution as well as in defeat. And unless the peacemakers are traitors, whether through simplicity of soul, through false idealism, or through sheer knavery, the German nation will be so dealt with that it will never again rise to the eminence of a Great Power.

If the Empire is defeated, it will disintegrate, while Great Britain herself will endure servitude, ruin, and unutterable grief and humiliation. To say this is not to exaggerate or to speak figuratively. The German treatment of the Poles is but a faint indication of what will come upon ourselves. The Poles are mostly a peasant people and can find a bare subsistence on their own soil, but we are dependent on foreign trade and industry and must starve if we are robbed of these —and the Germans will *want* us to starve, just as they want the Poles to starve, so that they may at last inherit what they have coveted so long. The Germans are thinning out the Poles by deportations in which the aged, the frail and the very young have perished through hunger and exposure, by depressing the general standard of living below the bare level of subsistence (that level was low enough in Poland at the best of times), by the most fearful public executions (mere boys have been shot before the eyes of their horror- and grief-stricken compatriots), and by the forcible sterilisation of boys and girls. These fiendish practices have been going on, ruthlessly and systematically, month after month. They demand retribution—and retribution there shall be! They also reveal what *all* who resist the Germans must expect. We, indeed, must expect far more if we are defeated, for not only can we, as a trading and industrial nation, be ruined and starved more easily than the Poles (once they have been defeated), we are also much more hateful to the Germans

(deep as German hatred of the Poles has always been) because we have given heavier blows than we have received and because the British Commonwealth alone stands between Hitler and the conquest of Europe, alone threatens his despotic Realm with destruction and him with the ignominious death which he will certainly die if he fails in his last venture, the assault upon these shores.

Even those nations that have not aroused the special revengefulness of the Germans are being reduced to ruin and misery by the sheer soulless mechanism of German conquest, tyranny and exploitation. Belgium, whose industries have suffered total dislocation, is threatened with famine—not mere privation, but stark, downright famine. Denmark, a rich agricultural and dairy-farming country, which never did a thing to provoke the Germans, is ruined—the Danes will suffer want such as they have not known in modern times. The same is true of Norway and Holland. The Czechs, who accepted a " peaceful settlement," are rewarded with economic ruin and inhuman oppression. What is in store for France is frightful to contemplate—the ponderous, blood-stained hand of the invader will fall ruinously upon her industry and agriculture, will crush the flower of her civilization.

Unless the Germans are rapidly defeated, the coming winter will be one of hunger, disease, utter ruin and despair for many millions of men, women and children who live in the heart of the civilised world. Not only is the German system brutishly insane (its prodigious success only emphasises its essential insanity), it is not only the triumph of a soulless military machine and of the armed and organised hordes driven on by an inhuman despot, it is also cunningly and consciously cruel beyond the narrow purpose and ambition of the mere brute. The sadistic horrors practised by the Germans upon their own people in the concentration camps have been carried beyond the German frontiers. Germany's conquests are transforming whole countries into concentration camps. A Europe under German domination would be one vast concentration camp and England would be an outlying camp, the scene of horrors particularly abominable and cunning, a kind of Devil's Island off the shores of a Devil's Continent.

No one in the least acquainted with the things done in

Germany long before the war and in Poland and elsewhere since the war, no one who has ever studied the now abundant literature on the subject, will, unless bereft of critical judgment, honestly deny that these things are so and that this fate will be ours if we lose the war.

The resolve of the British Government to continue the struggle would have been right even if the chances of victory were small. It will be necessary to continue as long as those chances exist, for a German peace is worse than any war. Dreadful as the days ahead may be, any other decision on the part of the British Government would have been a betrayal —a betrayal that would have made it the duty of the British people to sweep that Government out of existence. Happily the decision was taken without any hesitation whatever—nobly, firmly and unanimously. The British people have at last found a Government worthy of themselves.

Mr. Churchill and other members of the Government have spoken as though the German offensive against the British Isles were certain and would come very soon. They are probably right, though one may be allowed to entertain some doubt as to whether Hitler will really undertake this terrible venture in which, if he fails, he will lose everything (including his own life). Can it not be that the prowess of the Royal Air Force, our command of the sea, the presence of the finest Army in the world on British soil and, perhaps, the shortage of petrol, lubricants and other commodities essential to the prosecution of the war, will compel Hitler to consolidate his present gains and to turn east and south-east and south, reducing the Balkans, Russia, Italy and Spain to semi-vassalage, so that these countries may be robbed of their surplus to maintain the German army, the S.S., the S.A. and the Gestapo? Can it not be that Hitler will try to compound with the British Commonwealth so that he may, in exchange for a transitory peace, be left in unmolested possession of all Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals, from the Arctic to the Mediterranean? Perhaps not, but if so—that is to say, if Hitler has neither the courage nor the means to continue the war—it will be for the British Commonwealth to continue it just the same. Whether Hitler takes the offensive against the British Commonwealth or whether he turns elsewhere (as Napoleon did when he realised that England could not be invaded) the war

must go on until the armed might of Germany is broken and there can be a peace that will liberate all the conquered peoples, establish the unchallengeable armed ascendancy of the Western Powers over all Europe, and render the German nation for ever unable to take up arms again.

THE EDITOR.

DIARY OF THE WAR

On May 28th the King of the Belgians offered Hitler the unconditional capitulation of the Belgian Army. Only three short weeks later, in the night of June 16th–17th, the new Prime Minister of France asked Hitler 'to sign with us, as between soldiers after the fight and in honour, a means to put an end to hostilities.' The two events do not admit of comparison, even in this tragic hour when the French collapse is so very recent and when it appears that France's power to fight in Europe is over for some time to come. Despite much bitterness and many disappointments, these two happenings are not ranged side by side in this country at an hour which finds Great Britain and the Empire preparing to carry on the fight under conditions of increasing harshness.

The Belgian capitulation and the French collapse signalise the end of the fourth stage of this world war, namely, the defeat of the continental west by Hitler and, in a lesser degree, by Mussolini also. The defeat has proved that not only the political leaders of the Western countries have failed—but what has been more important in the course of hostilities—that Western strategy has been beaten by Hitler. This fact cannot be concealed by the great military achievements of the retreat, of which the evacuations of the British armies from Flanders and from France were the culminating points. Admittedly the retreat through France was very orderly for some time, but its final result was beaten, isolated and disorganised armies, broken lines, and the rolling up of allied forces on a large scale. The hope that after the break-through in the Ardennes and near Sedan effective measures of defence against the revolutionary tactics of the German Army could be improvised has not been fulfilled.

The Germans had an enormous superiority in mechanised and motorised forces, but the fact remains that the French High Command, contrary to the expectations of the general

staffs, was unable to devise a method of seizing and destroying the juggernauts confronting them.

The reasons underlying this debacle are not immediate ones. What the King of the Belgians did, what the ill-advised Marshal of Verdun attempted to do, cannot be ascribed solely to the moral and material effects of defeat under arms. The reasons lie in the mistakes and failures of past years. We must, therefore, turn to an analysis of the political, military and psychological factors concerned, not for recrimination's sake, but because explanation and clarification, even in this late hour, may yet contribute to our knowledge of the foe. Recent events have proved how thoroughly we have misunderstood our enemy in war as in peace—perhaps more in peace than in war—and how widespread has been this misunderstanding.

The responsibility for underestimating and misjudging Hitler belongs as much to unbeaten Britain as to beaten France. Responsible people in both countries fancied that concentration camps, the persecution of Christians and Jews, the war against culture and freedom, the whole paraphernalia of National Socialism in short, were the business of Germany alone. We had no right to interfere they said, and no need to be concerned about it. Over and over again it was argued that, after all, our domestic affairs were no special subject of study by the rulers of Germany. Acting on these lines we did our best, in spite of many warnings, to measure Germany by our own standards, and we did our utmost to believe that we were not only entitled but obliged to do so. We refused, through a mixture of blissful and culpable ignorance, to recognise what Germany had become since 1933, a country bent on revolutionary imperialism, creating within itself all the conditions necessary for the prosecution of power politics throughout the world. National Socialism gave us ample proof, in actions and in words, of the aims it had in view—the overthrow and subversion of all accepted standards of civilisation—but we chose to disregard these signposts. The blare of propaganda, uttering assurances of right and justice, was louder and more audible than the cries of the persecuted and the oppressed. We had more faith in the pledges of peace and goodwill on earth than in the threats which from the day National Socialism came to power were flung towards

us. Many people in high places in Great Britain and France looked upon *Mein Kampf* as simply the instrument of a gifted propagandist to raise himself to office and make him the ruler of the German nation. We have been only too ready, in recent years, to believe in that better Germany, of which the last poor remnants died, in the political and military sense, when Hitler came to power. We looked to the fulfilment of our hopes by this delusive phantom. Moreover, we were filled with apprehension about revolutionary social changes, and we imagined that Nazism would prove a check to such events. We were taken in by this slogan of Hitler's, just as we were duped by other wiles of his propaganda machine. We believed, we hoped, we trusted—what time our enemy, by a thousand strategems of skilful propaganda and not less skilful underground activities, coupled with lying official and unofficial 'assurances,' created for himself the preconditions which have brought him to his present successes. This is not the time to point the finger of accusation at individuals. Posterity will establish the guilt and the responsibility of those who have refused to face the reality, either by deliberately ignoring the facts before them, or by romantically misjudging the enemy with thoughtless and almost criminal frivolity.

But there is still time to face up to things, even in this hour when the enemy is preparing to deliver the final assault, which he believes will bring him lasting victory. If history can teach us anything, the lesson to be learned from the years, months, and weeks that have passed is that the foe we have to fight and to conquer is prepared not only to stake everything but to destroy everything. A field of corpses or a pile of ruins may still be 'lebensraum' for German vultures. This is what we must realise, and realise at once. There is no choice. If Germany wins, we shall be exterminated, body and soul, as representatives of a political idea and as heirs of a great and immortal civilisation. Ruin is the sole alternative to victory, and this holds good no matter what subtle peace terms a victorious Germany might offer. So we have but one course open to us: total warfare must be met by total warfare. We must mobilise all our available resources and put them at the disposition of the one task, the only task that matters still, the struggle for our existence.

There can be no doubt about this to-day, nor must we cherish the futile hope that things may not be so bad in the end. It is imperative that we should not allow ourselves to be sidetracked, or induced to neglect our preparations or to slacken our determination. We must take it for granted that the enemy will attempt the impossible, and that he will partially succeed. We must take into account the possibility of further military defeats, but such defeats must not be allowed to become a final rout; our technical and military preparations should be made accordingly. There are grounds for hope that later, when the tide is turned, we shall have friends to help us smash the enemy for ever. But the turning of that tide, the striking of the first mortal blow, will be our part, and ours alone. Victory will be ours only if we are able to throw into the scale the whole weight of our technical effort backed by unshakeable belief and passionate determination, only if we do not blind ourselves to the fact that we can expect no mercy, no security, no peace.

The enemy is not invulnerable. There are chinks in hitherto impenetrable armour, which can be pierced, and mortally pierced, by long drawn-out resistance. Not until his great attack is checked and he is obliged to admit that a long struggle lies ahead of him, will his vulnerability become a source of indirect assistance to us. Only then will the German position be affected by the well-known weaknesses of the domestic situation—the loss of human life and material, the precariousness of supplies, and the realisation that the goal he has been aiming at is too great and too difficult to achieve.

It would be unwarrantable to assume that all this has not been taken into account. The fact that Hitler has been concentrating his whole military strength on a quick and decisive victory, and further that the German press and wireless are attempting to fascinate the people with the prospect of this victory, is no proof of shortsightedness. On the contrary, there is no lack of indications that the German leaders are giving deep consideration to the possibility of a long continental war against the British Empire and against all who may rally to the defence of the Anglo-Saxon world.

As a background to such considerations the German leaders maintain their inexhaustible belief in Germany's

revolutionary mission. In practice they are concentrating on the hope that a consolidated continent comprising the whole of Europe, from Russia to an Italy in command of the Mediterranean and North Africa, and including a subjugated France and other small vassal states, might be driven by Germany into making war on Great Britain. This idea is based on the realisation that a quick attack on this country may be either a failure, or result in only partial success, which would not allow of an immediate redistribution of the world. Despite possible divergencies of view between the respective rulers, to wit the leaders of Germany, Italy and Russia, Berlin is confident that unity in aggression may be achieved by the prospect of immeasurable spoils. The German leaders moreover are confident that they will be able to impose on their own nation a far heavier strain in the future. It is possible—though by no means certain—that their calculations may be wrong in this respect. For in the long run the German people are perhaps less well prepared than any nation in the world to withstand the difficulties consequent upon the military campaigns and the blockade, despite the temporary intoxication of success. The impression made upon the German masses by the bombing raids of British aircraft speaks a language which is plain enough.

As regards foreign politics, Hitler seems to have been proved right by Italy's entry into the war. He may justifiably interpret Italy's action as the political expression of the mortal antagonism between the new order, represented by himself and Mussolini, and the order of the Western world, an antagonism which was insuperable in times of peace.

Mussolini's declaration of war was a frank avowal of the aims he has in view: the conquest and the destruction of the old order in Europe. He made little or no attempt to disguise the illegality of his action. This should be borne in mind by the self-constituted apologists who continue to assert that Italy was dragged into the war, that the army command, the Royal family and a large section of public opinion were strenuously opposed to it, and so on. Such arguments may of course be true, but the fact remains that this so-called opposition was powerless to prevent the catastrophe. There is no room for apology or sentiment where totalitarian policy is concerned. Italy's entrance into the conflict was the final blow to Euro-

ons France, and although the Italian fleet and air force had as a small share in France's military defeat, and the Italian army took no part in it at all, there can be little doubt but that the prospect of a stab in the back from the south contributed n some degree to the collapse of French resistance. If this was the effect desired by the dictators, it cannot be denied that Mussolini's action was superbly timed. History will form its wn estimate of what now appears to us to be a despicable utrage against international morality, and a deliberate flouting of all existing treaty obligations in the hope of inexpensive erritorial gains. It is unlikely that the judgment of to-day rill be reversed.

Italy hopes that the breakdown of France will secure for ier an easy domination over the Mediterranean region. It is uite possible that this hope may be disappointed, and at no istant date. The activities of British troops and the British ir force have already created a certain amount of havoc in taly's North African possessions; and the Allied naval orces have so far met with no serious challenge. Moreover, here is reason to believe that the Allied position in the Mediterranean will be considerably strengthened when the French Empire, according to the great and constructive plan of M. Reynaud and his advisers, has taken up the struggle for he liberation of European France from the African bases. It s not yet clear how and when this will materialise. France is till awaiting the Axis terms for an armistice—there is every ndication that they will be harsh and crippling. The acceptance or refusal of these or any conditions imposed by the enemy will determine whether France has been beaten on the European battlefield only, or whether the eclipse of a great nation is complete.

The innermost causes of France's breakdown cannot yet e probed. Its extent however is evident; it is complete in he military field in so far as the European army and the efence of the country is concerned. The military domination of the soil of France by the Reich is beyond dispute. The rmies of France have fought a losing battle with a heroism hat is beyond all praise. They have carried their resistance eyond human limits, and their destruction has been brought out despite their courage, despite their boundless sacrifice. They were overcome by Hitler's revolutionary tactics and by

the technical and numerical superiority of the Nazi hordes. There is glory even in defeat, and the soldiers of France have written yet another chapter in the heroic story of their nation.

The military fate of European France is sealed, but the German armies are pushing on. Hitler will not stop, it seems, until the Mediterranean coast is reached. His plan may be to establish a foothold in the Mediterranean, followed by a march into Spain with a view to forcing her into action, and from Spain to attack Gibraltar.

The question of the moment is, where and how will France carry on the fight? We know that far-reaching preparations have been made for carrying on the struggle. The French fleet has left its home stations and has reached other battle fronts. In the Mediterranean French ships will fight on under British command; in other seas they will fight under their own commands, and in the closest co-operation with the British Navy, as they have done since the war began. The greater part of the French air force is now in North Africa. Whether it has been found possible to evacuate any substantial land force to North Africa also is not yet publicly known. These are hopeful indications that France will not perish, that she will fight on side by side with us until the hour of deliverance comes.

Great Britain is facing her hour of peril with calm and determination. Workers in the fields and workers in offices and factories, the whole nation is aware of the issue. The Empire is on its way to share the peril. The United States of America, too, are rapidly moving towards closer association with the defender of world civilisation. The recent actions of President Roosevelt have altered, at any rate verbally, the status of the country. The present status of non-belligerency, if not of pre-belligerency, makes it possible for Great Britain to depend for her supplies on the resources of the vast American continent. The time is not yet ripe for consideration of the possible effect of American policy on diplomatic developments in the future. But when victory has been won by the strength of right and will against tyranny united and peace is restored once more, it may play an important part in the reconstruction of world order.

European Observer.

'INTERIOR LINES' AT SEA

THE last three months of warfare have produced what appears to be a remarkable change in the geographical-maritime position. At the end of March Germany was cramped within the 'wet triangle' of the Heligoland Bight: her coast line no more than the 180 miles from Sylt to Emden. By the middle of June her temporary control had been extended over 1,600 miles of coastline, from the North Cape to the mouth of the Seine and threatened to extend to the Bay of Biscay. That is a reversal of conditions that might seem to involve the most serious strategical consequences, and it is important to study the new position closely in order that we may appreciate at the true value the significance and the implications of this Nazi expansion along the European sea borders.

Primarily, what has happened has not altered the balance of sea power and so has done nothing to shorten the war to the German advantage. In the end it will still be Sea Power that is the determining factor in victory—and possession of coast line is not sea power.

Despite the extent of her land advance, Germany is still operating under the disadvantage of interior sea lines. Her thrusts have not given her untrammelled access to the open oceans. Possession of Bergen and Trondheim has not meant for her the reopening of mercantile trade routes to the sources of raw materials and to the markets for exports. The British Northern Patrol still lies athwart those routes and denies to her shipping any but the most furtive and sporadic adventures. As bases for war moves these Norwegian ports are too far away from the source of war material—men, guns, munitions, transport—to be of first-grade importance to Germany. Their utilisation, as we have already seen, will be as advanced posts from which small forces can be despatched on forays and to which they can rapidly return for shelter when heavier British squadrons turn on them. They are but pin-cushions from which pin-prick expeditions of the kind so much favoured by the German naval strategists can be organised. The successors of von Tirpitz and Scheer

did not learn, from the experience of 1914–1918, that the tip-and-run raid has no ultimate significance in naval war, nor did they learn that the psychological effect of these raids on British public opinion produces no faulty influence on the strategical dispositions of the Admiralty.

The southward expansion of German-controlled coastline up to the middle of June could obviously do nothing to break the maritime encirclement which Nature and not Britain provides. The narrow defile of the Straits of Dover must still be passed by any German warships or merchant ships, and despite the vainglorious boast of the Medalled Marshal on the fall of Boulogne—' The English Channel is practically in German hands '—all subsequent events have shown that it is not the Channel ports but the ships afloat in the Channel which exercise control. And apart from half a dozen minute motor torpedo boats no German warships have, so far, attempted to challenge the British Navy's actual control of that area.

The cession of all these Southern ports to the crushing mass of the German land onslaught could, however, have resulted in the most serious disabilities for our exercise of sea control in the Channel had not the Navy by brilliant planning and heroic execution effectively demolished the harbour facilities in nearly all of them even while the Germans were in the streets of the towns. We at least learned the lesson of 1914 when Zeebrugge fell, unharmed, into the enemy's hands and became a continuous thorn in our side. At Ymuiden, the Hook, Zeebrugge, Boulogne and Dunkirk the demolition of the locks, power houses and cranes, the encumbering of the basins with wreckage in a series of operations as magnificent in their daring as anything in our history, provide the enemy with months of unremunerative toil if he intends to use those harbours at all. It may be recalled that expert salvage men working on the 1918 block-ships at Zeebrugge in the quiet of the after-war period, took two years and three months to clear the channel for the free movement of shipping. One maritime base only in the Lowlands fell comparatively unharmed into German hands. This is Antwerp. There is no denying that this may be serious. German possession of the port in the last war was of no naval importance because then the Dutch held the

nlistic of the Scheldt and insisted on the neutrality of the waterway so that Antwerp could not be used freely as a submarine base. This time the Scheldt comes under German control and U-boat flotillas based on Antwerp, with ample docking and repair facilities already established in well-equipped shipyards, would be in a far better material position than were the Flanders flotillas of twenty years ago with their improvised base at Bruges. And no one who takes the trouble to look for a moment at the map of the Scheldt will suggest that a naval blocking expedition to Antwerp is the obvious and immediate solution of our difficulty.

German occupation of Antwerp must considerably affect the strategic importance of our Dover Patrol and enforce on us once more a barrage system. But this cannot be maintained in the way the former one was, since Dunkirk and Calais are no longer available as landward supports. There is here a problem of grave difficulty for the naval staff, and one, moreover, of grave urgency, for the Germans have made good much of the loss inflicted on their original submarine flotillas. Official returns of merchant shipping losses at the end of May and beginning of June, even in the emasculated form in which it is thought necessary to issue any information on the subject, show that we were faced with a revival of U-boat activity. The losses of world tonnage rose suddenly to more than 80,000 tons in one week, an aggregate that had not been achieved by the enemy at any time since February and only on one or two occasions prior to that. Ease of navigation through the Straits of Dover and down the Channel would considerably shorten, for the German submarines, the time spent on passage into the Atlantic and to the focal points of seaborne traffic. In this respect the loss of Dunkirk and Calais as landward supports for our barrage have a particular seriousness for us, though German occupation of them is far from meaning that "Britain's main seaway to the outer world is now ruled by Germany."

That was another of the boasts of Goering, and it was amusing to note that at the very time he was making it, sea power was once more demonstrating its superiority, providing once more proof that he who holds the sea is necessarily master of the situation. The withdrawal of the B.E.F. and large numbers of French troops from the 'pocket' in

Northern France into which the German armies had manœuvred them must surely have convinced every sane man that the basic principles of amphibious war are totally unaffected by any developments in material. 'Britain's main seaway to the outer world' was so little ruled by Germany at that vital juncture in the drama of the war that Britain and France assembled and used continuously for seven days, an armada of 1,187 vessels of all types from the destroyer to the outboard-motor skiff, concentrating them within an area some twenty-one miles square and, against the utmost efforts of the enemy aircraft, transported 350,000 troops across the area with a total loss of some thirty-seven small warships including auxiliaries and about 24,000 tons of civilian shipping. There was loss of life during the operation, of course. The number of casualties among the volunteers was 125 killed and 81 wounded, the greater part of them men of the Merchant Navy. That total is only a minute fraction of the total of troops saved.

If the circumstances in which the withdrawal was effected had been suggested at the Imperial War College as a basis for a 'war game' a year ago it is probable that the proposal would have been greeted with hoots of derision. It was an 'impossible position': the aircraft must obviously have everything their own way, and only a few ships could be moved in the area under cover of the few hours of darkness from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m. each night. That would have been the general opinion of professional fighting men. Senior naval officers closely associated with the actual operations have admitted that their first study of the situation on the spot led to the expectation that there would be a couple of days in which to work and that possibly 25,000 men might be removed. What the cost in loss of life and ships would be none of them dared to stop and consider.

The reality was very different from the expectation and the outcome of the operations was a striking demonstration not only of the elasticity of sea power, but its invulnerability. Concentrated and continuous aerial attack failed completely to interrupt the movement of the ships. It has been estimated that 1,500 German bombers and fighters took part in the week-long struggle. The Air Ministry figures of enemy losses—which do not include aircraft damaged and possibly lost on the way home—gave a total of 350 known to be

destroyed. The British naval losses were six destroyers and twenty-three auxiliary craft out of a total of 222 warships employed. The French losses were seven destroyers and a supply ship out of approximately 100 warships. That is to say that the Germans lost 23 per cent. of their attacking air forces, the Allies lost under 12 per cent. of theirs on the sea. We cannot as yet give the proportionate loss among the merchant shipping as we have only the tonnage in round figures of the ships sunk, and we do not know how many craft were destroyed. But the tonnage figure indicates that it was probably about 10 per cent. of the 622 British Merchant Navy vessels and motor craft employed. Incomplete as the statistics still are, there is sufficient information to show that the Air Arm was decisively defeated in its massed offensive against perfect targets and that moreover in conditions which theoretically gave the air every possible advantage, including considerable numerical superiority over the defending aircraft, air power failed completely to interfere with the execution of a maritime operation.

Equally noteworthy, though not so unexpected, was the failure of the remnants of the German Navy to make any attempt to intervene in the struggle. An Admiralty bulletin mentioned, casually, that U-boats were present, but not one of the scores of personal narratives of adventure on the crossing which have appeared in the daily Press have mentioned attack on any ship by a U-boat. The only attempt at interference with the rescue ships seems to have come from half a dozen motor torpedo boats. For these the German official bulletins claimed, as usual, great successes in the sinking of all sorts of vessels, including 'enemy cruisers' which were not, actually, in the area at all. We have no British official statement that any of the losses, naval or mercantile, was actually caused by these German light craft, but there may have been one or two. In any case it was not to be supposed that such 'naval dust' could seriously hamper the operations though both the Germans and the Italians would like to think that their 'bogey' was really effective.

The naval aspects of the 'Dunkirk Miracle' have an important bearing on the operations in the Mediterranean. There, too, the enemy has pinned his main hopes to 'naval dust.' The 115 submarines and 96 motor torpedo boats of

the Italian Navy are intended to be her first line of offence. The new 35,000-ton battleships and the modernised capital ships may be expected to repeat the feat of the Italian main Fleet in the last war and to average about 100 miles a month outside the protection of their harbours. (This is not merely an airy piece of derision: it is based on the official figure tabulated in the English edition of an Italian Naval History compiled by the Historical Section of the Rome Admiralty.) There is every indication that the Dodecanese Islands are to be used as a base of operations for small craft and aeroplanes working in concert, for the Italian General Staff is still obsessed by the belief that by these tactics the pressure of sea power can be lifted. There was a sharp lesson for them in the very first days of the war when four submarines were sunk. The weakness of the Dodecanese Islands is their dependence on seaborne supplies. We may well assume that both Leros and Rhodes are stocked to their utmost capacity, for Italy has not wasted her nine months of non-belligerency, but motor torpedo boats and aircraft consume petrol at an enormous rate, and to replenish the storage tanks in the islands, oilers must either come through the Dardanelles from the Black Sea ports or traverse the 600 miles from the Southern Italian ports. A further point, apparently insignificant, but potentially of great importance, is the need to import water into most of the Italian overseas bases. This is particularly the case with the North African littoral, and for this purpose Italy has built in the last decade a large number of 'navi cisterna per aqua' or water carriers. Places like Tobruk must be kept supplied with water if the troops are to live: even Tripoli can barely support its peace-time population with its own water reserves.

From this arises the certainty that the Italians will have to provide convoy both for water carriers and oil-tankers if their oversea bases are to be maintained and from that follows, inevitably, the chance of forcing the Italian Fleet to action. And here again, Italy is working under the disadvantage of interior lines. Her sea trade-routes are as completely blocked as are those of Germany: in the first twenty-four hours of belligerency all movement of her Merchant Navy came to a standstill, and the Allied Navies had seized or caused to be scuttled 210,855 tons of that fleet. It is not unimportant to

note that this figure is 45,000 tons higher than the total British mercantile marine loss to U-boat attack in the first month of the war. The figure is significant; it emphasises at once the British freedom of movement at sea and the disadvantage to the enemy of interior lines. There is, too, a certain poetic justice in the fact that 80,000 tons of Italian shipping fell into our hands in British home waters at that first blow, for that happens to be almost exactly the amount that we had lost in the previous week, mainly to the revived U-boat onslaught, but partly also in the desperate daring of the Dunkirk miracle. Italy's entrance into the war restored the balance immediately—a consummation hardly to be welcomed either in Berlin or Rome.

Italy, too, has her vital lines of communication across the Mediterranean. From her Southern ports she must keep Tripolitania supplied. The route runs within striking distance of Malta, and, although most people in this country seem to have reconciled themselves to the future uselessness of that base, there is no proof yet that the Grand Harbour cannot shelter fast, small craft and submarines for raids on the Italian convoys bound for Africa. Certainly the Italian colonies on the Red Sea and Indian Ocean littoral are completely cut off and there is a very restricted prospect of the utilisation of the ports there as bases for commerce-destroying raids either by auxiliary merchant-cruisers or by submarines.

The question of our future position in the Mediterranean arose with the prospect of the loss of French support there. Though such a loss could only be regarded as deplorable, it does not necessarily involve the hasty withdrawal of our Fleet. Based as it is now in the Eastern Mediterranean, with safely guarded routes of supply towards the Suez Canal from India and Australia, and from the home bases round the Cape of Good Hope, there is no reason to suppose that the Fleet cannot be maintained or that the British land forces in Egypt and Palestine would be hampered by any shortage. Sea power is elastic: if one route is risky another can be taken.

Neither the Nazi Army thrust through France nor the entry of the Fascisti into the war has affected fundamentally the strategical position in the naval struggle. Loss of Channel ports has produced inconveniences for us without providing any marked advantage to the enemy: belligerency in the

Mediterranean has not called for any additions to the 1
forces previously immobilised there. The Allied Navie
have control of the ocean highways and, just as impo1
control of the narrow seas. At the moment of writin
whole world is expecting a Nazi invasion of England.
there will be an attempt at it may be granted. It wou
undesirable at this juncture to make any forecast of
manner in which the attempt may be made. But it is
desirable, as it seems to me, that the people of this cor
should realise fully that until command of the sea has
wrested from us no 'invasion' can be more than a
unpleasant, disturbing and may be, for a few hours, bl
in the extreme. But without seaborne supplies the ra
cannot maintain themselves in a hostile island preparec
the emergency. Transport work in launching an expeditio
force of 250,000 men involves moving an average of 13c
tons a day for several days on end. Sailings of thirty-
ships or thereabouts a day can do that, but it would rec
30,000 to 40,000 aircraft flights in the same period to
the same tonnage. Assuming the utmost efficiency bot
loading and unloading, an aeroplane could not exceed
flights in the hours of daylight at this time of the year.
German Expeditionary Force to England wholly airb
would need from 6,000 to 8,000 freight-carrying or tr
carrying 'planes, working eighteen hours a day for se
days on end to transport the force and establish it ev
there were no opposition. But since the Dunkirk operat
have shown that, with concentration of aircraft on an
it is possible to bring down 350 machines out of 1,500
week, it is obvious that about a quarter of the force an
supplies would never complete the air passage, apart altog
from what might happen to them at the landing places.
law of diminishing returns may be fairly said to apply tc
such undertaking.

Germany and Italy are still 'encircled.' Their desp
efforts to burst the natural geographical conditions
hamper them have only resulted in an appalling loss of
For their victims the encirclement of human existen
ended. But Germany and Italy are still on interior lines.
the tides of the sea still rise and fall.

H. C. FERRA

AIR POWER IN MODERN WAR

While the 'Battle of France' was still undecided, M. Reynaud and other French spokesmen broadcast appeals to Britain and the United States for more aeroplanes, for 'clouds of aeroplanes.' This induced an impression in some quarters that this war would be won and lost in the air. Actually the position was not very unlike that of 1915 when the British Expeditionary Force in France was grievously short of shells. Shells and bombs are very similar in kind, though differing in characteristics. An army which is very short of one weapon is naturally handicapped, and cries out for supplies of that weapon. The French Army started this war very short of aircraft, and has suffered in consequence, despite the great efforts of the Royal Air Force to make good the deficiency. That does not mean that air power will be the decisive factor in this war.

When aircraft are used in very close co-operation with ground troops it is not correct to speak of 'air power.' The aeroplane is then but one weapon of land power. Air reconnaissance, likewise, can be an element of sea power, of land power, and of air power. Air power proper consists of two elements, independent bombing as an aggressive operation and defence by fighters. Between fighters and bombers there is a constant conflict. One may perhaps best grasp the problem by imagining extreme cases. If fighters on both sides gained a decisive victory over the opposing bombers, then the two air forces would cancel each other out, and no such thing as air power would be left. If, on the other hand, the bombers on both sides were invariably able to beat off the attacks of fighters, there would remain a sort of artillery duel between the two bomber forces—or rather a competition in doing most damage to the enemy down below, for bombers cannot to any appreciable extent fight bombers. The position would then resemble the case of two navies

which consisted entirely of submarines with no surface warships, or of armies which had each got plenty of tanks but no anti-tank guns.

In these calculations no mention has been made of anti-aircraft guns because these weapons (at least when on land) are not a substitute for defence by fighters, though they are valuable auxiliaries. The one absolutely indispensable helper of the fighter is the searchlight, including the sound-locator.

Bombers and fighters can achieve their purpose through (1) merits of design, (2) merits of pilots and air crews, and (3) numbers. A combination of all three is naturally the ideal, but in the Russian invasion of Finland, numbers of inferior bombers driven by inferior pilots could not be nullified by the superior but fewer fighters and pilots of the Finns. Even so, the Russian bombers by themselves did not achieve the victory. The numbers of the Red Army were the decisive factor.

The German invasion of Poland gave the first example of the tactics of using bombers and mechanised troops in close collaboration. It was an immediate and overwhelming success, but the organisation of the Polish forces was so faulty that the lessons to be drawn from this campaign have only a limited value. It is clear, however, that the German bombers did not settle the matter by themselves; the campaign was an example of combined operations by two comparatively modern arms.

In the months during which the war took on a marine character the German bombers made a poor showing. Expeditions across the sea had not been included in their training, and apparently were not much to the taste of their air crews. In the first place they failed entirely to stop the operations of the Royal Navy. Moving warships protected by a great volume of anti-aircraft fire proved difficult and dangerous targets. Though anti-aircraft guns on shore were alluded to above without exaggerated respect, the fire from moving warships is admitted to have been effective. The explanation is that the chance of hitting a moving warship with a bomb is very slight unless the bomber comes down low into the effective range of multiple pom-poms and machine-guns. When attacking a land target the bombers may feel justified in keeping up at a great height and trusting that their

scientific bomb sights will ensure accuracy of aim. It follows that the shells take longer to reach the bomber, and while they are on their way the pilot is able to alter course and altitude. At any rate months passed before the German bombers had their first success in sinking a moving warship, namely the destroyer H.M.S. *Gurkha*. The second was H.M.S. *Afridi*, also in the open sea. Later the German bombers destroyed one small cruiser, eleven destroyers (including one French and one Polish ship) and a number of minesweepers and smaller craft, but all of these were either in the narrow waters of Norwegian fjords or lying off the coast of Dunkerque, where they provided easy targets for the bombs. The only British capital ship which has received a direct hit from a bomb, H.M.S. *Rodney*, was saved, as had been expected, by its deck armour. It should be added that attacks by British bombers on German warships in the open sea have been no more successful. The German warships which have been sunk or damaged by bombs were not moving, and so were easier targets.

Design, as has been stated above, plays a great part in the success or otherwise of aircraft. The German pilots are hardly to be blamed for showing caution in their raids over the North Sea, because the type of bomber of which they had the largest supply, the Heinkel 111, was in fact obsolescent when the war broke out. When it was put into production it was faster than the existing British fighters. Its design was governed by the theory that a bomber need not be heavily armed, as its speed would enable it to evade the opposing fighters. The production of the Hurricane and the Spitfire exploded that theory. The Heinkel and the Dornier 17 could not escape from those fighters in a clear sky, and they were never intended to hold their own in combat against such heavily armed assailants. Therefore the Germans hugged the bases of cloud banks, and hurried into cover at the first suspicion of danger. The latest German bomber, the Junkers 88, is faster but not more heavily armed. Unless it has a good start it is no more able to escape, and it is certainly no more able to hold its own in air combat.

On the other hand, British bombers rely largely on their guns to beat off enemy fighters. They are equipped with gun turrets operated by the power of the engines and not

(as the German [illegible]) by the muscles of the air gunner. At the speed of modern aircraft it is exceedingly difficult to swing a gun by manual force. On many occasions the value of the power-operated gun turret has been proved. As all the German factories are equipped to turn out bombers with slim fuselages, in which it would be impossible to fit such turrets, the chances of their changing from evasive bombers to combative bombers in a reasonable time are very small indeed.

In the Norwegian campaign the bombers of the *Luftwaffe* scored a success on their own when they made it impossible for the Allies to establish themselves at Namsos and other places. *It was not difficult for them to do this* as there was no *opposition from the air.* This campaign also illustrated another *limitation* of the power of the bomber, namely its inability to paralyse enemy air action by raiding hostile aerodromes. The efforts of the R.A.F. to put Stavanger and other Norwegian aerodromes out of action were intense, and certainly great damage was done; but these efforts did not stop the *Luftwaffe* from continuing to harass the landing places of Allied troops and practically driving them out of the country.

With the campaign in the Low Countries a new form of air activity appeared, namely the landing of troops, some descending by parachute, behind the lines of the opposing army. These air-borne troops acted as a sort of advance guard for the approaching German Army. Had there been no ground force advancing to their support it is not easy to see how such detachments could have had more than a nuisance value.

The next stage in the air side of the war was the evacuation of the B.E.F. from Dunkerque. Here the British fighters scored a definite success over the German bombers. That is not to say that they erected a continuous wall in the air through which no bomber could penetrate. That is always impossible. Some German bombers got through and they did some damage. The point is that they did not stop the evacuation. The conditions were such that the German bombers were given a chance and a target such as their pilots could hardly have hoped for in their wildest dreams. According to the theories of bomber partisans that evacuation was an impossible feat. It became possible because the British

fighters reduced the menace to quite reasonable proportions. The Prime Minister rightly acclaimed the work of our fighters as a "victory."

In the 'Battle of France' the *Luftwaffe* showed up once more as a potent arm of the German land forces. According to accounts, the co-operation between the bombers, especially the dive bombers, and the tanks was well-nigh perfect. The Allied Armies had not nearly enough fighters on the spot to counter this method of attack. The Air Ministry, when forming the Command known as the Royal Air Force in France, under Air Marshal Barratt, allotted to it more fighter squadrons than the French had requested, but the Fighter Command in Great Britain remained responsible for the air defence of this country. The squadrons of that Command were temporarily thrown in to the help of the Dunkerque evacuation, but were not sent to the battle zone in France. The Prime Minister in his broadcast on June 18th said that the decision not to strip Britain of its air defences was right. If an excuse for this decision were needed one might point out that the French did not denude their frontier with Italy of troops in order to strengthen their line against the Germans. There are always certain garrisons which it is necessary to keep intact at all costs. The lesson for both countries for the future is that a field army needs a certain quota of fighter squadrons and that these must be additional to whatever strength is considered necessary for the air defence of the country. Perhaps in a continental country like France the distinction between the two is not so clear. The French have no separate Air Force; what they have is *l'Armée de l'Air*. For an island like Britain the need for an Army Air Service quite distinct from the Royal Air Force has surely been made manifest.

To revert to the bombers; the point which needs to be emphasised is that up to the moment when the French asked for an armistice the Germans made little attempt to use independent air power, beyond indulging in some raids on Paris and other French towns which may have gratified their taste for 'frightfulness' but had no military value. Their bombers only contributed to their success by acting as part of their Army and sharing in the exercise of land power.

In the meantime the Bomber Command of the R.A.F.

was not idle. We regard our bomber force as the most flexible of our forces. In the early months of the war it devoted its energies to helping our sea power. Once the war of movement began on land, the Bomber Command was set the double task of helping the Allied Armies and also of exerting air power against production centres and distribution centres in Germany. There were certain bomber squadrons under Air Marshal Barratt in France, but there was no need for the squadrons of the Bomber Command to move their bases overseas. From their ordinary stations they flung themselves with concentrated fury, by day and by night, on the rear of the German troops. Military writers have often prophesied that aircraft would make the movement of troops impossible by day, but it has not proved so. The daily communiqués issued by the Air Ministry have told of widespread destruction and great carnage wreaked upon the German Army, but still that army moved forward. There are many roads and railways in Belgium and Northern France, and we found it impossible to cut them all. In fact the German commanders showed that air bombing alone could not halt their forces, and, for that matter, the German bombers did not prevent the French troops from withdrawing their line. At present there is no evidence to prove that the German bombers by themselves could have beaten the French Army. That result was brought about by the combined operations of various arms.

The war with Italy has not been in progress long enough to have taught any definite lessons about air power. Italy had prepared for a Mediterranean war and so had paid special attention to her fleet and Air Force. Having secured and equipped a number of air bases at convenient intervals in that sea, she trusted largely to long-range bombers, and decided that she had no need for aircraft-carriers. Shore-based aircraft must always have a superior performance to that of ship-borne machines, class for class. Apparently Italy believed that her aircraft would be able to drive the Allied fleets out of the Mediterranean, and her leaders are reported to have been much amazed at the failure of the German bombers to curb the activities of the Royal Navy in the North Sea. A large proportion of the *Regia Aeronautica* is equipped with obsolescent types of machines. Incidentally,

aly is the only Power which has copied the lead of Britain making her Air Force a separate service.

As for the chances of German air attacks on Great Britain, e *Luftwaffe* will have to undertake independent action with o mighty masses of tanks following them up. It looks at e moment of writing as if the first great purely air campaign history is about to begin, the first great struggle between r attack and air defence. We await its issue with confidence.

F. A. DE V. ROBERTSON.

SIR NEVILE HENDERSON'S APOLOGIA[1]

Sir Nevile Henderson's apologia, 'the Failure of a Mission,' leaves the reader with an acute feeling of discomfort because Sir Nevile Henderson failed to see through Hitler's intentions until they became apparent to the most unpolitically minded person in every quarter of the globe outside Germany. It is a sad story of lack of foresight and perspicacity, of stubborn refusal to look facts in the face, and finally of a mistaken outlook based on incomplete knowledge of German history.

Let us begin with the mistaken outlook which inspired Sir Nevile Henderson's mission. The Ambassador frequently emphasises in his book that the desire to achieve unity in a Greater Germany is a legitimate aim. But vast numbers of thinking Germans have regarded unification under a centralised régime at Berlin as harmful to the development of the German Reich and to the establishment of healthy relations with neighbouring countries, particularly those in Eastern Europe. Even under the Weimar republic, Bavaria, notably in 1923, and later when Hitler took office, very plainly showed its desire to maintain its autonomous powers in a federal system. When I was at the University of Königsberg in the year 1932–1933, the historical school there held the view that the tangled problem of the Polish-German frontier, with its districts of mixed populations, could best be settled by some sort of federal relationship between Prussia and Poland. Again, Sir Nevile Henderson appears to have forgotten that Austria, even under the semi-Nazi Government, which Hitler 'persuaded' Schuschnigg to set up, did not wish for union under Berlin, but desired to preserve its autonomy, though linked federally with the rest of Germany. Self-determination, argues Sir Nevile Henderson, postulates the unity of Greater Germany, 'and we

[1] *The Failure of a Mission*, by Sir Nevile Henderson, G.C.M.G. (Hodder and Stoughton) (pp. 318).

cannot in justice oppose self-determination.' Here lay the cardinal error of the British Ambassador. Self-determination requires for its fulfilment in Germany the full satisfaction of the wishes, for instance, of Bavarians, the people of Würtemburg, and of Austria, in other words the development of the Reich along a federal basis, a basis moreover which has historical foundations dating back to the time of Luther, if not earlier. These foundations were strengthened and reinforced at the Congress of Vienna when a fresh emphasis was given to the federal idea, the continuous development of which had been threatened by the aggressions of Frederick the Great. The age-long evolutionary process of Germany was not towards rigid centralisation. Hitler forced Germany by his use of violence and terror into an artificially unified structure of extreme danger to the liberties of Europe. The lessons of the past had shown that whenever Germany was dominated by a strong central Government it invariably attempted to devour its neighbours; this was the case under Barbarossa, Charles V, Bismarck, the Kaiser; and it would certainly be the case under totalitarian leadership.

None of these considerations appears to have crossed Sir Nevile Henderson's mind. In his despatch sent to the British Government from the Party Rally, 1937, he states simply:

> The big goal is German unity; of that there should be no mistake either; and if we intend definitely to oppose it, we should lose no time in asking ourselves the first and capital question 'How.'

Owing to his lack of background, the Ambassador was dangerously over-simplifying the case, and from the outset failing to give first-class guidance to the Cabinet. It is not too much to say that, convinced of the so-called justice of the centralised unity of the German Reich, Henderson saw in the annexation of German-speaking territories, Austria, Sudetenland, Danzig and the 'Corridor' (so-called), the sole means of preserving peace. 'Hitler's aims were legitimate,' he says, 'if they could be achieved by negotiation.' He criticises British lack of sympathy with these aims, and he is not altogether without sympathy with Hitler's desire for Lebensraum. 'Germany's sorrows,' he writes, 'though she greatly exaggerates them, are not altogether of her own making.

Her geographical position has a good deal to do with their creation.' With reference to this, one phrase uttered by Hitler in one of his speeches evidently struck a responsive chord in the Ambassador: 'No people,' Hitler had said, 'could escape its own destiny.' This sympathy with Germany's fate was however given in vain, as Hitler never had any intention of accepting the destiny which geographical circumstances had imposed upon the German people. The Ambassador frequently alludes to the supposed wrongs of Versailles, the legend created by Nazi propaganda—an attitude of mind moreover regarded as weak by Nazis, who despise sympathy, and he forgets that Hitler's movement would have disappeared but for the economic collapse of 1930.

Sir Nevile Henderson does not seem to have profited by the experience and knowledge of his predecessors in Berlin, Sir Horace Rumbold and Sir Eric Phipps, for he completely misreads Hitler's aims which were entertained from the beginning, namely, the conquest of his Slav neighbours, the control of the Low Countries and the splitting up of the British Empire and the reduction of France to an insignificant position. He says himself that he refused to believe in Hitler's desires to dominate Europe until this had been proven.

> I refused to be convinced [he writes on page 19] until the worst proved me wrong, that the intentions of others were as evil as they seemed. . . . Who was I to condemn the Nazis before they had finally proved themselves incurably vicious. . . . I resolved to believe in Hitler's word until he proved himself by his deeds to be a perjuror and a breaker of faith (p. 35).

Henderson insists upon this attitude and writes on p. 85,

> the only real question was whether Hitler intended to use military might in attainment of not illegitimate aims. The 'I told you so's' will say that there was never any doubt on the subject. That may be so, but on the contrary it had first to be proved.

In other words, Sir Nevile Henderson would wait until it was too late. Is it not the first duty of an Ambassador to penetrate beneath the surface, and to foresee, in order to forestall, dire events? Did the many British consuls in

...ermany in close touch with the population not take a very ...fferent view? I do not think that they were less unaware ...the position than their colleagues, the French consuls, ...me of whose views can be read in the French Yellow Book.

Guided by such an outlook and temper, Sir Nevile ...enderson was scarcely equipped to size up adequately ...ther personalities or events in Germany. Hitler, he thinks, ...ight have been 'an idealist at the beginning,' or a 'visionary ...nius,' but changed for the worse when Blomberg made an ...prudent marriage—this is not an impressive reason for a ...monical change, if indeed there had been a change. We ...ow from Rauschning's reports that Hitler had never been ...ything but a Genghiz Khan in outlook. Information was ...ailable in neutral circles in Berlin regarding Hitler's real ...ews; the writer of this review learnt from such sources ...ring a visit to Berlin in June, 1938, enough about Hitler ...lead him to conclude that he was the very incarnation of ...il. Henderson is again mistaken when he says that 'it is ...likely that Hitler's original ambitions were as wide as they ...bsequently became.'

He devotes a whole chapter to Goering, towards whom ...seems to feel some attraction. 'Brutal he was and "just ...bad as the others," according to anti-Nazis,' writes Sir ...evile Henderson with an unworthy gibe at critics of the ...zis, 'but away from politics he had many good points.' ...e Ambassador is touched by Goering's loyalty to Hitler, ...oyalty fulsomely expressed to him in conversation. But ...ose flattering remarks about Hitler were intended by ...ering to go the rounds and reach the ears of the Fuehrer, ...whom Goering has in fact an intense dislike. The ...scrupulous and amoral Goering stated to a friend of mine ...t Hitler was a man to whom treachery was second nature. ...ebbels, the most detested man in Germany, Henderson ...nd 'friendly and sensible.' Keitel was thought by ...nderson to be a 'gentleman.' But the Fritsch group ...pised General Keitel as stupid and a sycophant; Keitel ...came the head of Hitler's private general staff which pre... ...ted the bloodliest schemes of conquest at the command of ...ler and to the disgust of the official General Staff.

We now turn to Sir Nevile Henderson's failure to antici... ...e the various conquests of Hitler, although to a skilled

observer preparatory acts and incidents should have been a sufficient indication of what was coming.

In September, 1937, after attending the Nazi Rally for the first time, Sir Nevile reports that a quieter phase had begun. But what was happening at this time? From his own story we infer that Hitler and Goering replied to his approaches with evasions and rebuffs, chief of which was the insolent refusal to send Von Neurath, the German Foreign Minister, to discuss outstanding questions with the British Government. Hitler clearly did not wish to come to a negotiated settlement with England on the questions affecting their permanent relations; he preferred the methods of war and was then preparing his assault upon Austria and did not wish to tie his hands. It is not clear that Sir Nevile Henderson took any steps to ward off this development. It is a pity that he did not foresee that Czechoslovakia would be completely encircled by German territory and made helpless if Austria were annexed to Germany. But union with Austria was in his mind a legitimate aim.

Hitler lost no time after the Anschluss in proceeding to his next conquest. This plan had been reported by many neutrals well in advance of the events. In May, 1938, two months after Austria had been obliterated, the first rumblings of the storm were heard. The world was alarmed by news of German troop movements towards the Czech frontiers. Armoured cars had received orders to advance from all points of the compass. The Czechs thereupon mobilised a portion of their troops, about 170,000 men only. Acting on instructions from London, Sir Nevile Henderson addressed strong protests to the German Government. As Germany was not then ready for war with England, the effect was immediate; the coup was killed at birth. It is surprising to find that Sir Nevile Henderson now asserts in his book (pp. 135–137) that there had been no troop movements, and he condemns 'the defiant gesture of the Czechs' in mobilising some of their troops and criticises the foreign Press. Does he imagine then that Hitler would have behaved nicely ever afterwards if the Press had not spoken and if the Czechs had not taken precautionary measures? The Press should indeed have from the beginning taken a much stronger line and warned our people that we were faced by a Government of

killers, and it would have been more effective if Sir Nevile Henderson had taken a special journey to London to urge upon the Government the imperative need to place the bulk of our industry on a war basis forthwith.

From this moment the Czech crisis developed rapidly. By June, 1938, it was known to many people in England, including the writer of this article, that Hitler had decided to use the German minority question as a pretext to partition Czechslovakia, and to include the entire Czech people in the German Reich by the end of September by force of arms if necessary, provided the war could be localised between Germany and the Czechs. By this means both Hitler and Ribbentrop looked forward with relish to massacring a large part of the Czech nation; Hitler had given orders that babes suckling their mothers' breasts should not be spared.

Sir Nevile Henderson attended the Party Congress at Nurnberg at the beginning of September of that year and admits that he gave serious warnings to Ribbentrop, though he refrained from giving an official warning so as not to provoke Hitler to march: a double error; an error of psychology and an error of fact. As I have shown, Hitler had already taken the decision weeks, if not months, previously—all the preparations had been made. I recall a discussion which I had on September 6th with Sir Nevile Henderson at Nurnberg. He seemed to be unaware even then that the decision to go to war with the Czechs had been taken by Hitler, and this made me feel uneasy because, as had been announced in the Press, Sir Nevile Henderson two weeks previously had been consulted on the situation by the British Cabinet.

Sir Nevile was bamboozled by Goering, who blustered threats of destroying London (p. 152). A Nazi general gave me a very different view of Goering's attitude at that time in Nurnberg. He then opposed war with the Western Powers because Germany was not ready; the Siegfried line consisted in several places almost solely of barbed wire, and there was but two months' petrol supply in the country. How very different the situation arising from the Munich Conference would have been if we had had a clever bold Ambassador backed up by bold and clever Ministers.

Sir Nevile argues that we could not have fought on the

Czech issue, 'as the morality of our case must be unimpeachable.' But it was unimpeachable. The effect of our passivity on all neutral countries was decidedly unfortunate, and the effect on Nazi Germany was disastrous. The Germans, the Judas Iscariots of the human race, who had whined about self-determination before Munich, laughed us to scorn when they had got away with the swag. 'You were weak,' scoffed to my face Herr Schwencke, the Assistant Air Attaché at the German Embassy in London, a typical Nazi tough who boasted of the coming Fourth Partition of Poland. Hitler said to his confidants, 'The English have to dance to our tune now since Munich,' and Ribbentrop, who had lusted for the blood of 7,000,000 Czechs, said to Keitel, 'The English have signed their own death warrant,' the wish being father to the thought.

Sir Nevile Henderson's misreading of the situation in mid-February, 1939, is perhaps the most disturbing example—among far too many—of his want of perspicacity. In mid-February, Goering and Ribbentrop told him in identical terms that (p. 186) 'a dictator just as much as the Government of a democracy must take into account the wishes of the people.' Henderson regarded this remark as meaning, 'Hitler had decided to come down on the side of peace.' Could naïveté go further? I was in Berlin about February 10th, and one of the ablest of the neutral newspaper correspondents said to me—I quote from my notes:

> Hitler has decided to complete the plan of last September, namely the annexation of Bohemia and Moravia. He will apply the familiar method of creating unrest by stirring up factitious claims for self determination, this time on the part of the Slovaks. The Czechs will naturally resist this attempt at a second partition of their country. Hitler will then be furnished with a pretext to intervene by military force and will wipe out Czechoslovakia as an independent State.

The date was given as April, but it took place sooner, in the middle of March. By the end of February the whole of Berlin talked of the coming coup.

But Sir Nevile Henderson can write on p. 201, 'up to the last moment I found it difficult to believe that Hitler would go quite as far as he did.' Was it therefore surprising that

the Prime Minister and Sir Samuel Hoare could express the most optimistic view in the beginning of March—Sir Samuel Hoare even went so far as to speak of the golden age? And at no time since Hitler's advent had Europe stood in greater peril from the German menace. At the last moment Sir Nevile Henderson states that he actually advised the Czech Foreign Minister to come to Berlin and negotiate with Hitler. *It was Hacha*, the Czech *Prime Minister*, who *in fact came*, *and Sir Nevile expressed pained surprise at the abominable* treatment suffered by *the Czech* statesman. *It will* be recalled that Hacha was chased round the table and seized forcibly by Goering and Ribbentrop and compelled to sign the surrender of his country.

On p. 206, Sir Nevile Henderson can be sceptical about the proved fact that Hitler fomented the trouble in Slovakia, and as proof of Hitler's innocence he argues that when the Dictator reached Prague, he asked to see the Germans in hospital who had been ill-treated by the Czechs. Really what naïveté! On this subject Sir Nevile Henderson should read the report of his French colleague, M. Coulondre, published in the French Yellow Book.

What is to be said in conclusion? One advantage the publication of the book can certainly be said to offer the country. It has been proved beyond a vestige of a doubt that Great Britain through its Ambassador pushed conciliation, concession and sacrifice to an extreme limit in an attempt to preserve peace. It was indeed a policy of peace at almost any price, and brings out in vivid relief Germany's sole guilt for her vile aggressions. But was this policy capable of warding off war? A much firmer attitude showing an adamant will would have been more likely to lead to success. With people of Hitler's kind a policy of conciliation must necessarily fail; such an attitude shown to gunmen like Hitler and Ribbentrop and Goering is nothing less than a direct incitement to violence and plunder. Though it may be a slender chance, the only means of keeping bullies at bay is to show them firmness. Sir Nevile Henderson himself said to Mr. Neville Chamberlain on taking up his appointment that 'no argument would count with the Government of Hitler except that of force.' In the light of the foregoing, this remark must have been a commonplace which had not

sunk deep enough in the Ambassador's mind to become a conviction leading to effective action; as we have seen, he based his mission on an entirely opposite outlook. It was said that he was selected because he 'blurts things out'; well, if this meant that he could thump the table and shout at Hitler, the habit would have been valuable. If, on the other hand, his 'indiscretion,' authorised by Mr. Chamberlain, was exercised in a conciliatory direction, he was asking for trouble. The conclusion is regrettably unavoidable that his mission proved a failure in a double sense, for which the award of the G.C.M.G.—received by him after Munich—can scarcely be a consolation.

T. P. Conwell-Evans.

'THE GERMANS CROSSED THE SEINE AT LES ANDELYS'—WAR COMMUNIQUE. JUNE 13, 1940

In the disguise of sleep I joined the throng
Of engines racking air with raucous song.
Cracked forests shuddered to the tranced *Sieg Heils*
From glittering faces with their brows of brass.
Earth was dead moon. Its steel-grey light was glass
To heaven barbarous with iron birds.
Cain's sacrificial smoke ran level miles,
All fruit rejected by the infinite.
My body shook against the speeding might.
Rigid with fear I stretched upon the grass,
Or what was once good grass but now poor dust,
And looked towards the river where the thrust
Of water carried carcase, oil, and blood,
And every quiet dream and fragile good,
And wept for men's lost summer. I could see—
For in my mask of sleep Time knew me not—
My self, the wrestling body of old days,
Denying God that God be not forgot,
And in denial seeking my best words
That in the end might cry my Saviour's praise.
I saw beneath the tranquil noonday tree,
Shadow in shadow, dreaming fishermen;
And now and then a fish in dance of death,
Silver above the blue and doused in gold,
Rose to the rod and words would rise with it,
Making me worthy of the midday wine,
The afternoon of sleep, the hillside scrolled
With leaf and fruit and kine and patterned wings,
The garden with its pool. I knew how fit
For love was mortal life and for the sign
That in my visionary moments sings
On dullest brows and cannot be retold.

I saw and wept and through the discords prayed
For all those days again that are the France
None but the dead deny or seek to kill.
Then in the urgency of dream I made
My body taut for flight and took the chance
Of choking air and fled towards the sun.
I made myself accomplice to God's will.
I saw, below, the total countryside,
And battle like small vapours on the wide,
The blue, the incorruptible Serene,
And for a time was comforted. Abide
With me, that vision's ichor, when they run,
The Lucifers, about our homes and fields,
And let me be awake as if in trance
So that the body knows no fear that yields,
But terrible with spirit stands between
Somnambulistic evil and God seen.
They shall be dumb to see how even fear
Can clothe itself with You ; and break and fly
To be like vapour floating on the sky.
Abide with all of us. And when again
Returned to contemplation of our days,
The mystery of our dying and Your ways,
We bathe ourselves in leisure, we shall train
Ourselves for further vision.

Who has lain
A moment in Your hands and does not cry,
'Ask me for what You will so I may lie
In tortured bliss for all eternity' ?

L. AARONSON.

RUDYARD KIPLING

A Reassessment

The recent appearance of a new book on Rudyard Kipling[1]—the second general criticism in some twenty-five years and the best perhaps since the 'nineties—offers an opportunity to consider again what its author calls 'so curious a study in the natural history of reputations.' Rudyard Kipling died in January of 1936, and the poverty of the contemporary tributes—and not only those of his literary peers but, with a few exceptions, those of Fleet Street as well—has astonished all subsequent commentators. If Kipling's meteoric rise to fame can be attributed to the sudden blaze and impact of a new vitality on a world weary of Yellow Books and Oscar Wildes, to what can be charged his manifest decline in importance to the world of English letters?

Partly perhaps to the march of events in his lifetime which themselves proceeded to a blaze and impact that out-Heroded Herod and out-Ortherised Mulvaney. And partly to an increasingly accepted belief that his own performance had deteriorated. The former of these causes was objective; Kipling was lucky and unlucky; his moment served him and deserted him. As to the latter, there was in fact no falling-off in his performance; but there did occur one of those changes of mind and method which the public does not allow in its authors and to which it is prone to give that name. In considering this so-called deterioration the effects of the 1899 catastrophe have been consistently underrated. In that year Kipling came to death's door with pneumonia, and his little daughter Josephine—the love of his life as his works proclaim—passed through it altogether. Thereafter he never quite lost sight of that grim portal; his mind, sobered and questioning, turned downwards, gravewards,

[1] *Rudyard Kipling* (Edward Shanks). (Macmillan.)

despairwards; and his public, after the manner of publics, averted their faces.

We are apt to take Kipling's popularity as inevitable just because it was in fact so immediate and so devastating; but indeed there were many reasons why he should *not* be popular. Andrew Lang could write, 'I do not anticipate for Mr. Kipling a very popular popularity. He does not compete with Miss Braddon or Mr. E. P. Roe'; and though this may seem to-day an almost imbecile remark, the point is that Miss Braddon *was* the seller of the time. It is customary to say that Kipling had a wonderful new country to exploit, but that cut both ways; if he succeeded in 'putting India on the literary map,' it was—as subsequent authors have discovered—in the teeth of the British public's congenital lack of interest in that country. Moreover, he had what Desmond MacCarthy has called 'the unpopular quality of virtuosity'; in the words of Edward Shanks he was 'bookish, allusive and sometimes obscure.' As *The Times* put it in his obituary, he had—latterly at least—a habit of 'reserving himself from his reader and indulging in private jokes with his own Muse'—and that is a habit to which the reader does not take kindly. He deliberately set up irritations and barriers between himself and his public—assumptions of shared knowledge or, what was worse, shared prejudice; cockiness; didacticism; riddles and puzzles and traps. That he triumphed over this formal array of obstacles must be of itself a clear proof of his genius; he overcame them simply because he could write; because whatever he handled, be it man or woman or beast or landscape scene, from the first stroke of his pen to the last—*lived.*

The critical attack on Kipling has proceeded along various lines. The earliest critics—Le Gallienne, for instance—found themselves unable to reconcile the *Recessional* moralities with the 'cold Christ and tangled trinities,' or what they called 'the spirit of sacred imperialism' with the 'non-Christian cynicism' they encountered elsewhere. They fell foul of him, in a word, because he was not 'consistent.' How should he be? Kipling was writing of a thousand differing moods and matters; for the time being, in each case, he was the man of the mood and the matter concerned. Words, ideas, pictures—the whole raging torrent of creation—swept him away. He was not above feeling what he *ought*

to be feeling for the purpose of the work under immediate contemplation; he could work up *ad hoc* nostalgias and enthusiasms for contraries. To demand consistency from a purely imaginative writer is to tie him for ever to a single story, to debar him from the lure of words *qua* words, to deny him his inalienable right to forget himself. Edmund Gosse said Kipling was not an honest craftsman; but in fact he was true to his craft first and to reality only thereafter. Ernest Newman saw this better than most; 'Kipling's inner consciousness,' he wrote (*Free Review*, December 1st, 1895), 'masquerades in many forms.' It is true; there *are* many forms and the consciousness *is* masquerading. From this his so-called 'contradictions' follow. To call him 'insincere' is absurd; the only way in which the imaginative writer can be sincere is by being, for the moment, the character he is, for the moment, presenting.

A second main indictment was his positive delight in brutality for brutality's sake—'more chops, bloody ones with gristle,' as Le Gallienne so aptly quoted. But surely two-thirds of all this 'brutality' was nothing but bravado springing from a basis of repression and fear. Take a highly sensitive and imaginative nature and subject it to a childhood of repressions and of actual ill-treatment such as Kipling endured and it will be strange if there does not emerge a powerful fear-complex which will most probably express itself—as soon as it can—in the compensatory bravado of shocking and frightening others. Whether *Baa Baa* be true or false, it takes no very exceptional imagination to picture what Beetle—stunted, swarthy, half-blind and uncouth—must have suffered in his first few terms at Westward Ho!; if the escaped victim indulged at once in Bertrams-and-Bimis and an elaborately callous nonchalance towards the horrible in life, there need be no surprise. To this fear-and-repression complex must be added the mental condition of a young man who habitually overworked a none too robust body; Kay Robinson has told us how physically jerky he was in the *C.M.G.* office at Lahore, and he was mentally jerky too. But be it compensatory bravado or be it overwrought nerves, the fact remains that the 'brutality' was secondary or imposed; and, as one would predict on these premises, it dwindles and disappears from Kipling's works as the dark

days themselves dwindled and disappeared from Kipling's memory.

The taunt of 'knowingness' rests on a surer foundation; undoubtedly Kipling earned Oscar Wilde's gibe—'he has seen a number of curious things through keyholes'—if only by writing so often as if he had. There are times when he approaches us with the suggestive invitation of a Port Said tout or the smirking superiority of a Newmarket tipster. He loved to be—and it is not an ingratiating characteristic—'in the know.' We see here the obverse of that genius for accumulating detailed information which gives his stories their unique veneer of verisimilitude; he had a converse passion for imparting the information thus acquired. From this 'mission to instruct' much of the Jungle Books as well as much of the Puck stories—to say nothing of others—manifestly derives: how many times do his characters say 'You must always' . . . 'you must never'? The source for this pedagogic tendency may lie in what Ogden Nash called his 'dandy demonstration of hereditary traits'; let us remember that his ancestors on both sides were Wesleyan preachers! That he did at some points of his career assume the prophet's mantle in the full and Israelitish tradition is a matter of simple history; as witness the Flannelled Fools or the tone of the letter which accompanied *Recessional* to *The Times* where he quite openly adopts the rôle of mentor to the nation. The rest of his 'knowingness' was mainly infuriating mannerism—what George Moore called his 'I know a trick worth two of that' and the *American Bookman* his 'Attention, damn your eyes!' We have all groaned over his 'Always remember that' . . . 'There are exactly five times in a man's life' . . . and so on; but too much can be made—and has been made—of this 'newspaper cocksureness.' It was a blemish and a pity but nothing more serious than that.

A by-product of this 'knowingness' has somewhat needlessly annoyed a number of critics—what we may perhaps call Kipling's 'technical spoof.' We are all of us prone to the lure of technicalities, and an artist in words—as Kipling was above all things—must delight in their frequently intoxicating sounds. It was a harmless foible in itself and was of incalculable value in promoting that atmosphere of reality which gives Kipling's earlier stories their power. The

expert of course detected him and said so with a blend of irritation and delight; the marine engineer said Macandrew's '*follower bolts*' *should be* '*junk ring bolts*' or '*follower rings*'; the railway man protested against .007's 'locos' for 'engines' and 'bogies' for 'trucks'; students of mission history tell us that there were no Jesuits among the Choctaws and that the Huron squaws always took their part; and any Indian civilian can see much that is ludicrous in *William the Conqueror's* famine. To all such pedantry the artist is entitled to reply, 'I am painting you a picture; allow me at least my colours'—and to this the general reader will readily agree. The expert is right, no doubt, but the expert is a bore.

It was alleged too that Kipling, in his verse at least, was 'imitative.' Here indeed his ear, attuned so perfectly to catch and record minutiæ, betrayed him; he was perpetually tormented by echoes; he had that allusive type of mind where a word throws back to context or context throws back to the word; he was so soaked in metres and phraseology that at times he could not but imitate. This derivativeness—a sort of composite Browning-Swinburne obligato under-droning much of his verse—may stand between him and the title of 'poet'; his admirers must fall back here on the consummate skill with which he selected the inevitable metre no less than the inevitable word and wedded both to subject-matter. We are told that he devised most of his verses to 'go to tunes in his head'; any such statement exposes at once his limitations as a poet, but—the tunes were well chosen. To those who insist that his performance was easy of achievement one can but indicate without comment the legion of his imitators—from Service in Canada and Lawson in Australia downwards. It was not so easy as all that.

Lastly—and here criticism, muddling one thing with another, has been exceptionally bitter—we come to his politics. Let us admit that at times he made rather a fool of himself. It can quite easily be shown that Kipling's political gospel—his nation with a mission for empire, his 'strong man ruling alone'—differed in no essential from the basic tenets of Hitlerism, in which guise it appears—to the British at any rate—much less admirable. But let us go beyond the White Man's Burden as he himself, with the passage of time, went beyond it. Reduced to its elements, his doctrine was

very much that of Matthew Arnold's Culture and Anarchy and of many another political philosophy—that while the best thoughts of the Common Mind must prevail, Authority is for a time at least necessary to make the Common Mind recognise and follow its best thoughts and not its—others. (He is wrecked, of course, on the usual rock,—who appoints the Authority?) From some such vague notions as these there arose for Kipling that rather nebulous 'Law' as to whose hereditary and *ex officio* comprehension among the English he grew more and more doubtful. A 'Law'—the more nebulous, perhaps, the better—was a necessity of Kipling's being. He loved to be 'initiated'—hence all his technicalities and his delight in seeing and telling 'how it worked'—and would have everyone 'initiated' to a greater or less degree; but initiation presupposes a mystery; hence the 'Law.' A passion shines through all his works for participation in some form of specialised knowledge—any form, trivial or momentous or entirely artificial; he is intrigued by Mithraism, Freemasonry, Magic, all the claptrap of Strickland and Mother Maturin, anything into which 'initiation' is possible. This passion for a half-mystic 'Law' with an ascending priesthood of 'initiates' begat his so-called 'imperialism' but must be sharply distinguished from it; the former was basic and fundamental to Kipling, the latter was but a symptom or manifestation of it coloured and shaped (like much else, as I shall suggest presently) by nothing more dæmonic than the Punjab Club.

For it was in Lahore, in those first years of freedom and escape, that Kipling was finally made; and whether one reads his autobiography or his Indian stories one must be blind not to see that he fell during those years under the spell of the Anglo-Indian administrator. Army, I.C.S., Engineer or Forest, he thought them the salt of the earth. He did open-mouthedly revere what must have been a very ordinary collection of Anglo-Indian officials, and the more they snubbed him the more he worshipped. No doubt the soil had been to some extent prepared; no doubt the teaching and the talk at the United Services College, an institution founded by and for just such people, would run towards the deification of officialdom. But Kipling went beyond that. He swallowed the myth of the Anglo-Indian hero hook line and sinker. All

his exaltation of a man doing his job and a great part of his 'imperialism' came from those years of worship of Sir Service Brass-Hat and his colleagues. It was a reverence he never completely shed—even when the events of the years began to suggest that these Great Men could hardly have been quite so Great as he had thought. To the last of his stories, wherever the subject makes it possible, you will see the revered ghost of Sir Service Brass-Hat shining through.

If 'imperialism' was one of Kipling's major reactions to the East, another was the passionate desire to attach himself somewhere. Despite all his insistent independence, he longed most desperately to be a member among the elect—almost *any* elect; if he had been born into the Hindu caste system—an institution he admired—he would have been completely happy. Now this burning loyalty is in the main an Oriental notion, deriving from the Oriental idea of getting rid of oneself; it carries with it an urge to sink the personality in that of another or an association of others, to merge in a company, to join a lodge. Kipling's longing for this enlistment informs so much of his writing that it can hardly be disregarded. He began by vowing himself to the Punjab—and had he stayed there that might have become permanent, for India was his *métier*. He flirted with France and South Africa. He flung himself at and under Vermont, where, but for Beatty Balestier and certain insoluble incompatibilities, he might in time have been absorbed. Finally, *faute de mieux*, he cast anchor—rather unoriginally—in Sussex.

If what I have just said is true, and if so much of Kipling was made and moulded in India, it is strange that one of the most loudly hailed of his qualities should be his supposed essential Englishness. But that is a quality that has been more stressed on the Continent—by Chevrillon, for instance—than amongst ourselves; perhaps it was always more apparent to his Continental admirers than to his countrymen, who detected an un-English *Wanderlust* of the mind and an un-English sympathy with the foreign and the outlandish. His 'Englishness' has been based on two apparently contradictory traits—his energy and his conservatism. Conservative he certainly was; a writer in *The Passing Show* (October, 1933) not unfairly called him 'a Tory history of thirty-seven years,' and much earlier Le Gallienne could as fairly say that 'typical modern

movements'—democracy, the women's movement, the education of the masses—meant nothing to him. From his conservatism sprang his love of ancient things and his nostalgic melancholies, his constant conviction that there was a good *time going. But conservatism is a quality to which the* Oriental is at least as prone as the Englishman; perhaps it was *in the East—the Punjab Club again?—that Kipling consolidated his approval of ways and institutions that do not change.* . . . The energy, too, sprang fundamentally from another dominant trait which the East must have whetted if it did not actually engender—his curiosity, the desire to 'find out,' to be 'in the know' about his neighbour. Curiosity derives no great impetus in a land so open as England, but it is otherwise in Amir Nath's gully which ends in a dead wall pierced by one grated window. The things one can 'find out' in India are—or may seem to be—almost dementingly attractive; but much energy—and perhaps a little self-hallucination—is demanded by the quest.

If we turn to an assessment of Kipling's work itself we are confronted by grave and cumulative difficulties. The attempts in the past of those most competent to make any—from Gosse to Sir George Macmunn—indicate with discouraging insistence how futile is the task of picking Rudyard Kipling's 'best.' There is no surer way of starting an argument than by brandishing a list of his six best stories, his twelve best poems. Even when he himself made selection—as, for instance, in the Book of the Queen's Dolls-house or in his list of his 'Dæmon' books—the inclusions and omissions are apt to puzzle admirers and detractors alike. The truth is that Kipling had such a quality of universality, he took so vast a field for his dominion, he wrote of such a diversity of creatures and he so brilliantly and indissolubly identified himself with the imaginative creation of the moment that there is no seizable constant in his works. What seems his 'best' in one mood or season will not seem his 'best' in another. One can select from Kipling—as from Shakespeare or the Bible—to prove or illustrate anything; and every generality one makes can be contradicted on internal evidence. His appeal travels between the poles of the reader's possible moods; Gosse picking out his 'best' was as inept as Le Gallienne complaining of his 'inconsistency.' In the matter

of selection and prize-giving, then, one can only leave it at the practically unchallengeable evasion that Kipling wrote (for the round figure's sake) twelve master stories, very many unforgettable lines of verse and perhaps six poems. The precise identification of these is, within wide limits, *ad lib.*

Prize-giving apart, it is possible to consider Kipling under an almost infinite variety of aspects. But let us take for the moment those two under which—test it in any Saloon Bar—all mankind is most given to self-revelation; humour and women. What sort of thing he thinks funny and how he treats women must illuminate any man great or small.

Kipling was too eagerly talkative to be witty and he had a violence and bigotry which tended to preclude humour; in his lighter moments, therefore, he was obliged to fall back on a roaring boisterousness leading at its best to farce and at its worst descending to the custard-pie school of slapstick. Robinson describes him in the *C.M.G.* office shaking from head to foot with laughter and wiping his spectacles; and in his stories the narrator stamps and chokes and crows and holds his sides. Cyril Falls speaks of 'that roaring mirth which is peculiarly a mark of the Anglo-Saxon race,' and if that is indeed the vehicle of anything that can be termed humour then Kipling as a humorist may succeed. I say 'may' succeed; because even at that I do not believe that he does succeed; stuff of this sort requires a rougher hand, a coarser touch, a poorer artist altogether. Kipling being funny is like an old-school *Punch* draftsman set to execute a Sunday-paper comic strip; occasionally amusing objects may emerge but the work is wasted. That fault in his technique which Edward Shanks so well calls 'painting with a spade' is then most disastrously exhibited. But if Kipling's fun lacked sophistication, it was correspondingly free from nastiness or malice; if his jokes had a Third-Form crudity, he was disarmingly anxious that we should enjoy them. And he certainly enjoyed them himself.

In the matter of women it has been the custom to accuse Kipling of prejudice, distortion and ignorance. Nothing could be more superficial or unjust. He had in fact a detailed if rather bookish understanding of them. Think over Mrs. Herriott, Dick Heldar's Maisie (who reads much better to-day than she did in 1891), Badalia Herodsfoot, Holden's Ameera,

Philadelphia Bucksteed and Rhoda Dolbie—to quote only a few diversified examples; who will say that these are drawn with other than comprehension and insight? Nor is this sympathy surprising in one who included in himself so many feminine streaks—his intuitions, his intolerances, his egocentric certainties, his little cattish womanish cruelties, the old-maidery that showed itself in his privacy complex and in his finicking fastidiousness over settings, *décor* and apparatus. Yet Kipling was not sufficiently feminine to have the woman's obsession with sex; if he wrote of love, it was as an incident; if he wrote of adultery, it was to expose it as a disappointing and expensive pastime. Woman for him had a place—a high place perhaps but a fixed place certainly—and she should keep it. Now this attitude was largely another product of Lahore; for Kipling's standpoint towards women is almost exactly that of the average Indian Station Club. You must have Ladies; therefore you must have a Ladies' Annexe; *because* you must have parts of the Club which the Ladies may not enter. Let women be members of the Annexe, let them conform to the simple regulations of the Club, and there is nothing Kipling will not do for them. I have called his knowledge of women detailed and bookish; it was so rather then empiric and profound. It is sound, but there is a second-hand ring about it, as if he had picked it up mainly from some not-so-young woman who knew her fellow-women inside out and disliked them and was ready to give them away. Perhaps after all they were one of the things he did see through keyholes.

Kipling observed women with the detached recording vigilance he applied to children—and for that matter to the rest of his fellow-men; not vainly did Gosse liken him to a bird-watcher, and James Whitcomb Riley to a 'literary blotting-pad.' But he did not stop at mere spying and absorbing; he took his observations and his data and he moulded them and cast them and out of them he produced something new, something utterly his own and yet so convincing that it had to be believed. How much, first and last, did he actually *create*? Younghusband (*A Soldier's Memories*) credits him with creating if not the Boer War British soldier at least the language the Boer War British soldier came to adopt. Did he do more than that; did he create, for instance, India? Certainly he made a picture of it so bright, so clear,

so unforgettable, that it stands deceivingly in many minds after fifty cataclysmic years; certainly it is a picture which many who have lived long in that country have failed to recognise. Was Kipling then a maker of myths? Was he himself the Dreamer Whose Dreams Come True?

It is easy to say that all this was achieved by the trick of what he himself called 'words, gaudy words.' But there was more in it than that. As an artist in words Kipling has had no equal; but an artist in words alone would not have stood where Kipling stands to-day. No mere arrangement of words, however 'gaudy,' could have produced that unique blaze of compelling reality—what the *Saturday Review of Literature* called 'sheer intensity of sensation transferred.' 'They tell me it was a man of the name of Kipling made you,' wrote R. L. Stevenson in burlesque to Mulvaney, 'but indeed and they can't fool me; it was the Lord God Almighty made you.' And in truth they seem hardly man-made, Kipling's people, any of them; there is that something extra of sensation transferred that lifts them clean out of the book. If this was not creative genius—creative genius at its peak—then what was it?

How then—to go back to our starting-point—how then came the decline in Kipling's fame? I have already suggested two causes—the changing character of his world and the belief that his work had deteriorated. With the former nothing can now be done but await the slow wheel of time; the second—the false belief—can at least be contradicted. In that recent book to which I have already alluded, Edward Shanks calls Kipling's career—and most rightly and justly—'a story of continuous development, amplification and diversification.' This is a truth the realisation of which has been obscured and impeded by Kipling's own precocity, by the amazing maturity of his early output, by his breath-taking debut—a fledgling already winged and singing. He could not humanly, it seemed, advance; neither performance nor reputation ever stands still; he must therefore fall off. Kipling never fell off; on the contrary, he *did* in his later work advance—not so much in technique as in comprehension and outlook and profundity. He essayed—and this has rarely been sufficiently noted—a task of ever-increasing difficulty; there was an ascent in aspiration, a progression to more complex and testing subject-matter, so gradual that it has escaped

due notice. I am not to be tempted here into the invidious business of picking favourites; but let me draw attention to the exquisite artistry—and I maintain the *ascending* artistry—of *Friendly Brook*, *The Dog Hervey*, *A Madonna of the Trenches*, *The Eye of Allah*, '*My Son's Wife*,' *The Woman in His Life*, *Dayspring Mishandled*, *The Janeites*. These are stories as far beyond the Lahore Kipling as *The Way Through the Woods* would have been beyond Beetle. They have wisdom and subtlety and the informed outlook of one who has struck his balance with life; they mark the supreme pinnacle of artistry and they exhibit craftsmanship unsurpassed. It has been the custom to relegate all Kipling's later stories as *ex hypothesi* the work of a man who had passed his best; posterity, less dazzled by the glare of his initial explosion, will rectify that error.

As long ago as 1891 Henry James—surely one of Kipling's unlikeliest admirers—wrote an introduction to the American-published *Mine Own People*. Kipling's performance, he said, was 'like a tremendous walk before breakfast, making one welcome the idea of the meal but consider with some alarm the hours still to be traversed.' Breakfast is long past now, the hours have been traversed and evening has fallen. But it has fallen on an accomplishment such as Henry James, on his early morning walk, could never have dreamed of. Much of Kipling's work may have been faulty; it was didactic, it was mannered, it was intricate; it showed vast lacunæ in his ways of thinking; if he had an infallible eye and an infallible ear he had by no means always an infallible taste; his worst fell dreadfully below his best. But—he brought the universe before the multitude, he had a note for every listener, he threw his pearls freely in the market-place, out of the universality of his dealings he touched everyone sometime somewhere. Very much the same could be said of an earlier writer to whom Kipling was once or twice indebted—Robert Burns. Burns, too, had his period of semi-eclipse—and triumphantly has he survived it. Imperfect and universal, full of jars yet stocked with the unforgettable, half public-house and half Olympus, Robert Burns seems in no danger of extinction. If like causes produce like effects, then neither, one would say, is Rudyard Kipling.

HILTON BROWN.

CHAUCER AND ITALY

In celebrating the sixth centenary of the birth of Chaucer the other day, Professor R. W. Chambers in *The Times Literary Supplement* was inclined to endorse the description of Chaucer as 'a French poet writing in English,' and no doubt this would be true if Chaucer were not so essentially English, in fact the most English of all English poets except, perhaps, Shakespeare. If we confine ourselves to the work of Chaucer before he went to Italy, to describe him as 'a French poet' might pass as a fair summing up of a not very individual poet, and had that been all, none of us would in all probability have remembered this sixth centenary of his birth. For his greatness depends on his later work, the work done after the experience of Italy and under the influence of Italian literature. It was—not for the last time—Italy which revealed life and reality and even himself to an English poet, and in this case it was Italy which was to reveal England to Chaucer. For after his Italian experience Chaucer is not a French, not an Italian, but an English poet, whose greatest achievement is one of the great English poems of all time, all about England and the English. Nor is even that all, for after his Italian experience he lays the foundations in his poems of all English imaginative literature, decides and reveals its character and with such completeness that our literature has never departed from the intention or the purpose which he there gave it. Nothing could be less French than *Troilus and Criseyde* unless it be the *Canterbury Tales*. Two thousand seven hundred and thirty lines of Boccaccio's *Filostrato* and the whole story were translated by Chaucer for his *Troilus and Criseyde*. The whole architecture and many of the stories of the *Canterbury Tales* came straight out of the *Decamerone*: yet in fact these poems of Chaucer's are most characteristic English poems, which it would have been impossible for an Italian to have written.

There might seem to have been something in Italy or the

Italian genius which was as universal as the Catholic Religion, which she has developed, directed, preserved and administered for some 2,000 years, something in Italy or the Italian genius which was at the root of all the various national geniuses of Christendom, which kept them sane and of the centre. We may recall what Italy and Italian literature have meant to English poetry from Chaucer's day to our own and, it may be, can only explain its wonderful formative power by the unique creative energy that Italy has shown in every one of the arts, so that without her there would in fact be no European art at all.

For Italian civilisation and culture combined in themselves both the sources of European culture, the Greco-Latin and the Judaic in a new and acceptable beauty. There we found all that could be saved of antiquity, together with something she had added, without which our civilisation would perish. She was the school, more the University of Mankind. What Chaucer, what we, too, found in Italy was not merely a museum, but an experience, above all a certain simplicity, and beauty of life and reality, to which, by some genius of her own, she gave access, and this amid a scene of celestial beauty, of living tradition and sacred renown. Such was Italy before the Fascists ruined her; now wholly and finally lost to us. Alas!

We know that Chaucer twice visited Italy, in 1372–73 and again in 1378. Rumour certainly, a vague tradition, has it, that Chaucer was in Milan in the train of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, in 1368 and that he there met Petrarch at the Court of Visconti. Speght,[1] writing in the end of the sixteenth century, says: 'Some write that he with Petrarke was present at the marriage of Lionell, Duke of Clarence, with Violant daughter of Galeasius, Duke of Millaine: yet Paulus Jovius nameth not Chaucer, but Petrarke he saith was there.' Who 'some' may have been has never been ascertained and the statement to-day rests absolutely on the shoulders of Speght. We know[2] that Lionel of Antwerp, Earl of Ulster and Duke of Clarence, third son of Edward III, after negotiations which lasted some two years, left England in 1368, the marriage

[1] Speght, *The works of Our Ancient and Lerned English Poet Geffrey Chaucer.* (London: George Bishop, 1598.)

[2] *Cf.* Rymer, *Foedera* VI, 590 ad ann. 1368. 'Pro passagio Ducis Clarenciae cum 457 hominibus de Retinentia sua et 1280 equis de solutionibus faciendis.'

treaty having been signed at London on April 15th and an instalment of the dower of two million florins of gold having been paid. That he was magnificently equipped is certain. There went in his train 457 men and 1,280 horses. He travelled by way of Dover and Calais to Paris, where Charles V and others received him with much ceremony. He lodged in the Louvre and on his way to Milan travelled *via* Sens and Chambéry, where he was splendidly entertained by the Count of Savoy, for Violante, his bride, was the daughter of the Count's sister Blanche. Savoy accompanied him over the Alps, and on May 27th the Duke of Clarence was received outside the Ticino gate of Milan by Galeazzo and a gorgeous train of Milanese nobles. The marriage took place before the doors of the Duomo on June 5th.[3]

That Petrarch was present on this occasion, though he never speaks of it himself in any of his letters known to us,[4] is practically certain, for the Anonymous Milanese chronicler most definitely asserts that Petrarch was present and adds that he was received with the greatest honour and placed at the highest table at the feast.[5] But as for the rumour that Chaucer was also present we can at present only deny it, for though he was already in 1367 one of the valets of the King's Chamber, a post granted him on June 20th of that year with a salary of 20 marks, and received his pension in November, 1367, May, 1368, and October, 1369—in the two latter cases not *per manus proprias*, however [6]—we have no evidence at all to assure us that he was appointed to accompany the Duke. Neither the English accounts, which are very full of names,[7] nor the Milanese chroniclers mention him at all, and unless some new document comes to light we must give up the rumour of his journey in Clarence's train, and with it any

[3] *Cf. Anon. Chron. Ann. Mediolanenses in Muratori* R.I.S. xvi, p. 738.

[4] Koerting, *Petrarca's Leben und Werke*, doubts Petrarch's presence on this ground; without much reason, we may think.

[5] *Anon. Chron. Ann. Mediolanenses*, u.s., p. 739. 'Die supra scripta (*i.e.*, June 5th) praefatus Dominus Galeaz in prandio fecit maximum convivium in Curia magna Arengi Mediolani. In prima mensa aderant infrascripti, videlicet praefatus Dux Leonellus, comes Sabaudiae, Episcopus Novariae et quidam alter Episcopus, Dominus Marcus et Dominus Ludovicus fratres et filii Domini Bernabovis, Dominus Franciscus Petrarcha et multi alii Milites et Nobiles Pisani et aliarum Civitatum.'

[6] Issue Rolls of Exch. for 42 and 43 Edw. III, see Nicolas in *Aldine Chaucer* (1845), Vol. I, p. 15, 120, i.

[7] *Cf.* Rymer, *Foedera*, u.s.

chance there might have been of his meeting Petrarch at this time.

On our present information then, we conclude that Chaucer's first journey to Italy was made in the years 1372–73. The evidence for this journey is irrefutable, the documents were first printed by Godwin.[8] It seems that Chaucer was sent to Italy on the King's business, as a King's messenger. His chief business was in Genoa, but he visited Florence also. In Genoa he was joined by two other envoys of the King, both of them in the Genoese service, Sir James Prouan, at that time vice-admiral of the Genoese auxiliaries, and John de Mari, a Genoese citizen. His business there seems to have been to arrange for a port in England where the Genoese might form a commercial establishment. That he went also to Florence we know, as will appear in a moment, but he seems to have gone there alone and what his business was in Florence has not yet been made clear.

What do we know of this journey? As it happens we may define its limits of time at any rate, with a complete accuracy, for we have a document, now in the Record Office, first printed by Mr. Mather[9] which most carefully numbers his days in consideration of the payment due to him and th expense he incurred.

The document is in fact a treasurer's voucher for payments made to Chaucer and for balance due on account of his Italian journey. We learn there that he received, with his own hands we find, on December 1st, 1372, £66 13*s*. 4*d*. and left England on that day. On March 23rd, 1373, in Genoa he received a further sum of £33 from his colleague James Prouan—in all £99 13*s*. 4*d*. The claim he makes, the document tells us, is for 13*s*. 4*d*. a day, which seems to include pay and expenses, for 174 days from December 1st, 1372, to May 23rd, 1373, and this includes the day of departure from and the day of his return to London. I quote the

[8] W. Godwin, *Life of Chaucer* (London, 2nd ed., 1804), Vol. IV, p. 270, App. viii. The document is dated November 12th, 1372.

[9] *Cf.* F. G. Mather in *Modern Language Notes* (Baltimore), Vol. XI (1896), 419 and xii, pp. 1–21. But already in 1873 (*Trial Forewords*, p. 130) Dr. Furnivall mentioned that Chaucer's accounts for his journey closed May 23rd, 1373. He repeated the fact in his E.E.T.S. edition of Thynne's *Animadversions* in 1875–1876. Yet as we shall see the eleven months' stay of Chaucer in Italy is still asserted by those who are generally regarded as the best authorities!

document verbatim on this point, which is of the highest importance.

Expensa idem computat in vadiis suis profisciendo in dictis negociis Regis a predicto primo die Dicembris anno XLVI finiente, quo die iter suum arripuit de London versus partes predictis usque XXIII diem Maij proximum sequentem quo die rediit London per CLXXIIII dies Scillicet eundo, morando et redeundo utroque die computato capere per diem XIIIS IIIId etc.

It will thus be seen first of all that Chaucer left London on December 1st, 1372, and returned on May 23rd, 1373; that he was absent 174 days, that is, something less than six months.

And this being so, what becomes of Professor Hales' statements in the last edition (1908) of the *Dictionary of National Biography* that 'he returned to England in the autumn or late summer of 1373,' that 'he may have been present at (Boccaccio's) first lecture (on Dante) on 3rd August, 1373'? As a matter of fact Boccaccio only began to lecture on October 23rd. And again, what becomes of Professor Saintsbury's statement in *The Cambridge History of English Literature* (1908),[10] that 'he must have been absent for a great part of the twelve months between November of that year (1372) and of the next'? And yet again, what becomes of Professor Skeat's assertion that 'he remained in Italy for nearly eleven months'?[11] Such statements made in the foremost works of reference more than a *quarter of a century* after Dr. Furnivall's first publication of the facts and *twelve years* after the full publication by Mr. Mather of the actual documents are inexplicable.

What then we have to remember chiefly in considering this journey of Chaucer's to Italy is that he was absent from England for less than six months. He went first to Genoa. How long would he have taken to get there? It is not possible to answer that question with accuracy. The pilgrims took some fifty-two days to reach Milan from Calais. The Duke of Clarence, as we have seen, leaving England after April 25th arrived in Milan on May 27th. We shall probably be understating Chaucer's journey if we put it at forty days.

10 Vol. II, p. 157.

11 The complete works of Geoffrey Chaucer, edited by Walter Skeat (Oxford, 1901), p. xi.

We know that Chaucer went to Florence.[12] Supposi he went straight to that city from Genoa and came strai back, we cannot suppose him to have accomplished t journey *via* Sarzana, Lucca, and the Val d'Arno in less th three or four days each way, for the road was and is difficul he had to cross the Bracco, and the country was by no mea in the state it is in at present. If Chaucer went by boat fro Genoa to Porto Pisano, a journey of two days, he cou doubtless reach Florence from Pisa in one day, making thr days in all. If he went all the way from Genoa to Floren by road it is exceedingly doubtful whether he could possib have done the journey in three days.

What then do we find? Of the one hundred and sevent four days that Chaucer's journey occupied, probably hundred—certainly eighty-six—were taken up in actu travelling, leaving him eighty-eight days at the utmost give to the King's business and his own pleasure; and th if he went no further than Florence. Thus if he left Londo on December 1st and travelled hard, in the most favourab circumstances—and we must not forget it was the depth winter—he could not have reached Genoa till January 10t It might seem impossible that he could have reached it soon, it is certainly impossible if he crossed the Alps, but we suppose he achieved this we find him in Genoa c January 10th.

He arrived home on May 23rd. What his movemen were between January 10th, when we suppose him to ha arrived in Genoa, and May 23rd, when we know him to ha arrived in London, we have but two facts to help us conjecture. He went to Florence and on March 23rd h received £33 from James de Prouan in Genoa. We hav then some such scheme as this:

Dec. 1st.	Leaves London.
Jan. 10th?	Arrives Genoa.
Mar. 23rd.	In Genoa receives £33.
May 23rd.	Arrives in London.

[12] *Cf.* Issue Rolls 48 Edw. III (1374) Die Sabbati IV die Feb. As follows: Galfri Chaucer armigero Regis in denariis sibi liberatis per manus proprios in persolutione xxv. li. vj s. viiid. sibi debitarum per compotum secum factum ad Scaccarium comp torum de receptis, vadiis et expensis per ipsum in servicio Regis factis, profisciendo negociis Regis versus partes Jannue et Florence in anno xlvii. (Nicolas in *Ald Chaucer*, 1845, Vol. I, Note E.)

It would seem then that his visit to Florence was made either before March 23rd or after that date; if before then he returned to Genoa from Florence; if after he may have taken Florence on his way home *via* Padua and Milan.

If he visited Florence before March 23rd he may have done so on his way out travelling *via* Milan and Bologna and perhaps have visited Petrarch at Padua. This seems unlikely, as his chief business was in Genoa. Or he may have visited Florence from Genoa and made an excursion to find Petrarch in Padua and then returned to Genoa. In the first case he would have had to cross the Alps in mid-winter, and in the second he would have had to cross the Apennines twice, also in winter time. This was, of course, possible, but the journey from Florence *via* Bologna to Venice was notoriously difficult in winter. In 1367[13] Boccaccio in Certaldo, troubled in spirit, desired above all things to see Petrarch his friend. He set out for Venice from Certaldo on March 24th, but coming to Florence, 'the continual rains, the dissuasions of friends and the fear of the dangers of the way' added to the tales of those who had made the journey from Bologna caused him to postpone his journey, so he writes to Petrarch.[14]

It would seem perhaps more likely that he went to Florence after receiving the £33 from James de Prouan in Genoa and set out from Florence for England *via* Padua, where in April he might have found Petrarch at Arquà. This is a perfectly feasible journey occupying two months. But except for those lines introducing the *Clerke's Tale* we have no reason to believe that Chaucer ever met Petrarch or was in Padua. On the other hand we do know he was in Florence and we do know that he owed fifty times as much to Boccaccio, whom he never names, as he did to Petrarch whom he names.

Chaucer we know was in Florence in the spring of 1373. Did he then meet Boccaccio? Boccaccio at that time was ill and in Certaldo. Writing in August of 1373 to Messer Maghinardo de' Cavalcanti, Boccaccio says:

> Since the last time I saw you . . . every hour of my life has been very like death, afflicted, tedious and full of weariness to myself. First of all I was vexed by a continuous and burning itching and a dry scab, to scratch the dry scales and flakes of which

[13] See Edward Hutton, *Giovanni Boccaccio* (1909), pp. 212 *et seq.*

[14] Corazzini, *Le lettere edite ed inedite di Boccaccio* (Firenze, 1877), p. 12.

I had scarce nails enough day or night; then I was afflicted by heaviness and sluggishness of the bowels, a perpetual agony of the reins, swelling of the spleen, and burning bile, a suffocating cough and hoarseness, heaviness of head, and indeed more maladies than I know how to enumerate; all my body languished and all its humours were at war. And so it happened that I looked on the sky without happiness; my body was weary, my steps vacillatin my hand trembled, I was deathly pale, cared nothing for food, but held it all in abhorrence. Letters were odious to me, my books once so delightful to me, could not please me, the forces of the soul were relaxed, my memory almost gone, my energy seemed drugged and my thoughts were all turned to the grave and to death.[15]

Now it is just possible that Boccaccio, sick as he was at Certaldo, was in Florence in the spring of 1373, for in March he was appointed by the Bishop of Florence to an office, and it may be some sort of personal negotiation was necessary.[16]

If Chaucer did visit Boccaccio in Certaldo, it seems strang that Boccaccio should not have been sufficiently flattered and consoled to mention it in his letter to Maghinardo de' Cavalcanti where he tells him he is sick of his books. A visit from a poet from so far off an island

—et penitus toto divisos orbe Britannos

cannot have been but a rare, even unique and flattering experience. If it ever happened Boccaccio says nothing of it, nor does Chaucer, who never mentions Boccaccio's name always alluding to him as Lollius, an academical name, perhaps used, as was later commonly done in Italy and Florence, so that, for instance, the *novelliere* Antonio Francesco Grazzini the famous author of *Le Cene*, is universally known as *Il Lasca*. Still, if they did meet they doubtless spoke of Petrarch, and Chaucer would learn where he was, for Boccaccio was then in frequent communication with him, as we know from Petrarch's letters. If the conjectural date 1374 of Petrarch's letter to Boccaccio including a Latin translation of the Griselda story, is the right one, it could not have been from him Chaucer had the Latin version of that tale. When we consider Boccaccio's worship of Petrarch we may be sure

[15] Corazzini, *op. cit.*, p. 281. The disease which Boccaccio describes has been thought to be a form of diabetes. Petrarch, too, suffered from la scabbia.

[16] Hortis, *Studi* (Trieste, 1879), p. 206 notes.

that had that letter been in his possession he would have spoken of it with pride to the English poet and certainly have praised Petrarch's version.

Moreover, the idea of the Dante lectureship was almost certainly already spoken of. The petition to the Signoria of Florence by some Florentine citizens praying that a lecturer might be appointed to expound the *Divine Comedy* was not presented till the summer, but it is not likely that it was prepared without consultation with Boccaccio, for he was not only the lecturer that the petitioners had in view, but he was also the most famous 'Dantist' of his day and his *Vita di Dante* then, as now, was the first authority on the poet.

If then Chaucer and Boccaccio met in 1373 it is probable that Chaucer's first knowledge of Dante came from the poet's great defender, expounder, and biographer. We have a faint if confused idea of Chaucer's immense debt to Boccaccio's works. Can it be that he was in debt to him too for his knowledge of Dante and of Petrarch and for his introduction to Italian letters?

But the whole relationship of Chaucer and Boccaccio must be examined by itself; it is of the highest importance and cannot be briefly dealt with. It will be enough here to remind the reader that as Chaucer had taken more from Boccaccio than from any other writer while consistently suppressing his name, it should not astonish us to find a tale in the first place due to Boccaccio attributed to Petrarch, especially since there was good reason for it. As to Chaucer and Boccaccio, it is not merely a question of the *Troilus* or the tales in the *Canterbury Tales*. All the mature work of Chaucer is riddled with Boccaccio.

The journey of Chaucer to Italy in 1372–1373 in which it is possible that he met Petrarch, as he seems to suggest, and probable that he met Boccaccio, was to be of the highest importance for English letters. On this journey the 'Father of English Poetry' not only may have met two of the great figures in Italian literature, but certainly had his first view of the South and of the stone cities and marble palaces, the paved streets of Italy. That experience might almost be said to be crucial and, repeated as it was again and again, decisive in English letters.

EDWARD HUTTON.

THE PICTURESQUE

The artistic appreciation of landscape came to artists from literature and not directly from the landscape itself. The Italian artists of the Renaissance painted men before landscape, and only brought in trees and fields and mountains as backgrounds. But in the pictures of Claud and Salvator Rosa the figures shrank to insignificant puppets who provided the excuse for the landscape which occupied the main part of the picture. At the beginning of the eighteenth century in England it was these two artists who made such an extraordinary impression on English taste, an impression which left its mark on the face of the English countryside.

Of course there was enjoyment of landscape before 1700. Men have always enjoyed shade in summer, and in winter sunned themselves by southern walls, but the art of landscape painting brought conscious artistic appreciation in addition to this natural enjoyment and also in addition to interests which were simply utilitarian. It gave us the enjoyment of the Picturesque and taught us the habit of seeing and composing Nature like a picture.

If we look at a typical country house and garden of about 1700, we find Nature is seen with the eye of an artist, though the artist is not a painter but an architect, and his formal rigid arrangement of the garden is partly dictated by practical considerations. Cabbages, for example, are planted in rows because that happens to be the most convenient and useful pattern, but in the garden the design is really an extension of the architecture of the house. Immediately surrounding the mansion we see lawns, paths and shrubs laid out like an architect's plan. At the back a straight avenue leads into the distance, and the formal arrangement is quickly lost in the surrounding wilderness. In 1700 that wilderness did not seem very attractive or beautiful to anyone.

In the eighteenth century it became the fashion for Englishmen to tour through Europe and to visit Italy, not simply to sun-bathe, but to study art in what was not only considered the centre of civilisation, but also the garden of the world, and the new Italian art of landscape painting brought about a new taste. Travellers brought back the pictures c Claud and Salvator Rosa, or copies of them, and learnt to notice the beauties and attractions of landscape arrangements which were not only less formal, but far more extensive than those existing then in England. This habit of seeing the 'picturesque,' or seeing landscape like a picture, eventually inspired the landscape gardeners of the period, and it is hardly an exaggeration to say they changed the landscape of England.

We, of course, view the whole thing from a different perspective, because we see the development of taste from the other end and look back on the stages of change to which they looked forward. We are struck by the stiffness and formality of an eighteenth-century landscape painting because the nineteenth century, and later the camera, has given us pictures which are more natural and informal than the eighteenth century could imagine. But Claud and Salvator Rosa seemed to the connoisseurs of the time comparatively natural, or at least as natural as they thought any art should be. It is true that in the eighteenth century they talked a great deal about the beauty of Nature, but their mental background was so different from our own that it is difficult to know exactly what was meant. Voltaire expressed his doubts about Nature when he sarcastically suggested that Rousseau meant him to go down on all fours.

The art critics of the day had three principal slogans: the Beautiful, the Sublime and the Picturesque. By the Beautiful they meant the ideal landscape, not landscape as it was, but as it ought to be—like one of Claud's pictures. They quoted Aristotle, who said the artist must preserve the type but ennoble it, and every object in the landscape should be good of its kind or idealised. John Dennis quaintly suggested that 'The great design of the Arts is to restore the decays that happened to human nature at the Fall, by restoring order.' I think the eighteenth-century mind assumed that a certain artificiality was natural to man, and obviously if the artist

abandons Art for Nature he is no longer an artist. It is modern science which confuses us. We are apt to think of a photograph, for example, as a natural picture, whereas it is only a mechanical scientific measurement of light and shade and excludes our natural feelings.

The characteristics of the eighteenth-century art critic's second slogan—the Sublime—were Obscurity, Power, Vastness and Infinity. The Sublime was the awful beauty or attraction of the wilderness and of mountain crags and waterfalls. It was a solemn business and people spoke gravely with a shudder of agreeable horror. In the nineteenth century it was laughed out of fashion, but recently, apart from painting, there are indications that it is a sentiment which is reviving. Ward's huge landscape of Gordale Scar in the Tate Gallery is the best example of the Sublime in English landscape painting.

The conception of the Picturesque was a slightly later development and is still with us, at least in its decadence. It was the charm of things unexpected, irregular and surprising. Perhaps it is commonest to-day in architecture. Those rows of houses all a little unlike one another are called picturesque. They avoid classical coherence or order such as one sees in the layout of a Georgian square. Sham Tudor is picturesque and so are genuine old cottages and ruins. Ruins were previously regarded as unromantic rubbish until the artists began to paint them in imitation of the Italians, who painted ruins not only because Italy happened to be full of them, but also because of their veneration of the past. When English artists and gardeners began to imitate them at home they found there were not enough ruins to go round, so the painter simply put them in and the gardeners solemnly built them.

The Picturesque is also bound up with Romanticism; that is, it emphasises feeling and imagination rather than clear thought and knowledge. Picturesque artists exploit and dramatise light and shade and the mists of distance. An Elizabethan regarded distance merely as an inhibition to clear seeing. Looking at a misty view was a waste of time since one could not really see anything, but by the end of the eighteenth century,

> 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
> And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

Vagueness was valued more than precision because vagueness suggests more than it states. Repton, the landscape gardener, wrote that 'an avenue is most pleasing which climbs up a hill and, passing over the summit, leaves the fancy to conceive its termination.'

Art was fashionable, at least among the privileged and lucky few in the eighteenth century, and provoked serious and sometimes witty comments. The landscape gardeners were called 'Improvers,' but their efforts were not always well received. Mr. Brown, an improver known as Utility Brown because he was capable of doing anything, was once addressed in this way:

'Mr. Brown, I very earnestly hope that I may die before you.' 'Why so?' asked Mr. Brown. 'Because I should like to see Paradise before you have improved it.'

Peacock, the novelist, gives the following account of a conversation of a party being shown round a landscape garden. 'Sir,' said Mr. Milestone, 'you will have the goodness to make a distinction between the Picturesque and the Beautiful.' 'Allow me,' said Mr. Gale, 'I distinguish the Sublime and the Beautiful and add to them in the laying out of grounds a third and distinct character which I call Unexpectedness.' 'Pray, sir,' said Mr. Milestone, 'by what name do you distinguish this character when you see it for the second time?'

The principal picturesque painters were Gainsborough, Crome, Morland, and later Constable and Cox and a host of minor water colourists (who did illustrations of old ruins for the antiquarians). It is true that both Constable and Cox would have claimed to be natural painters and not imitators of old pictures, but their interest in textures and light and shade were picturesque qualities. Turner was more of a Sublime Romantic.

The picturesque is a way of seeing Nature derived from seeing pictures. To painters it meant that they chose a scene of trees, hills, light and shade, and old plaster or stone walls which was similar to something they had seen in the work of the old masters, and, in consequence, a scene which could be translated easily into paint. If Nature did half the composition for them they were all the more pleased, so they loved autumn tints because of their rich, painter-like tone resembling

old varnish. They liked evening light which brought out the form of things and made commonplace objects, haystacks and barns, into majestic silhouettes. Yet they did not merely copy Nature but used natural effects. There is a natural drama about light and shade, for men feel their way towards light as naturally as plants. Sancho Panza exclaims: 'Courage, master. There is still sun on the wall,' and the homely remark has a general significance. In the art of a period one can sense a prevailing mood. Picturesque landscape, especially in moonlight scenes, can be morbidly sentimental, for I call sentiment morbid, *not* when it is spontaneous, but when it is deliberately and wilfully excited. The artists of the eighteenth century did set a value on endurance and they had a sense of necessity. They had no popular belief in some evolutionary process which makes everything inevitably better and better, and which will dissolve the necessity for everything disagreeable in Time. On the contrary, Time and Necessity were the awful enemies. One must remember the people then read the Bible, and the cultivated men of the period looked back to the ancients, not forward to some Utopia. They instinctively admired ruins, the enduring hills and old gnarled trees, or anything that put up a brave fight against time.

R. W. ALSTON.

THREE ESSAYS

DARK ROOT AND DEAD WOOD

WHAT attracts us, like a draught of Lethe, in the novels of Russia is the *mindlessness* of their world, the sense of the same mindless life going on in seemingly endless time and boundless space. When thought gets a grip of one of the characters it is almost consciously felt as a fever, and the patient is tortured until he either throws it off, dies, or goes violently insane. Even the servile ' levelling ' of the Russian, religious or egalitarian, seems like a man levelling himself to sleep. As soon as we leave the steppes behind to travel eastward or westward we pass through great civilisations, where Mind has cut up time and space into style and form, until in the New World we go out of Mind on the other side, where the fever is not thought but escape from thought, where there is mindless restlessness instead of mindless growth, mechanism instead of vegetativeness. Humanity is a tree whose roots are somewhere in the longitude that runs northward from the Biblical lands, the longitude of the prophets, a tree which has already become dry and brittle in its topmost branches in the longitude of the Americas. Or was it always so, and were the cruel civilisations of old America animated by a real spite against organic life and mind, a real worship of mere soulless scale and blind force? Did their cult of the hideous, like much of modern art, proceed from the mere automatism of suppressed impulse—was it, as it were, the shadow to the exaltation of consciousness implied in their cult of the sun? Was their aristocratic socialism (opposite to the plebian utilitarian socialism of Russia) the supreme example of the attempt to rule life by the abstract and dehumanised Will—the norm to which the modern Americas of the rackets and the camarillas on a far lower level are also tending, however much the tendency be disguised by the rags of Puritanism in the North and the rags of Latin Liberalism in the South?

The question is much debated nowadays of where the next great culture is to be looked for—always supposing there is to be another great culture—and it is most commonly thought that it will appear in Russia or in America. Such a belief seems to me to ignore, as is the modern habit, the spirit of place, paying regard only to the spirit of directional tendency. Culture is a good bourgeois (in spite of modern appearances to the contrary; but is not everything topsy-turvy to-day ?). When it goes to the Russias it is to become generalised in the instinctive mass; when it goes to the Americas it is to become denatured among the rootless rich. The one world is a fluid communal homogeneity in which the soul as we know it drowns, the other is a hard competitive heterogeneity in which it withers; and so, I suspect, it has essentially always been. For the very cruelty of the Russian nobleman was hot and impulsive like the excesses of a mob, while the cruelty of the Red Indian savage was cold and systematic like the ordeals of a crack public school. Whatever civilisations these countries have produced were conditioned by their isolation and consequent need for a whole and balanced life; but their contact with the more positive lands has accentuated, by polarisation, their essential negative character, until in Russia the spiritual base has fallen out of the world and is dragging us down with it, and in America the material roof has cracked and is covering us with its débris. European class and Asiatic caste are atmospheres in which culture can grow in organic differentiation; for the Russian slave-equality is like pure nitrogen which suffocates, and the American 'free'-equality is like pure oxygen which burns to nothing.

THE NOT IMPOSSIBLE SHE

'Man born of woman must of woman die,' said a famous wit, and the relations of man's changing self towards the universe may best be seen in his shifting attitude to that broken-off half of himself which is in turn his benediction and his torment. One might put it that the primitive man's attitude was one of thankfulness, that of the culture man loyalty, that of the freed individual selectiveness; and we see these moods mirrored in the successive historical cults of the

mother, the wife and the mistress. The power and importance of the mother, which is still a feature of Latin countries and of the lowest or most primitive class in every country, expresses the primitive man's grateful sense of dependence, his abnegation of personal will and choice. In the legend of the Virgin Birth the pagan cult of the mother and the new Christian cult of the chaste bride are, with the aid of a miracle, amalgamated; and, broadly speaking, it is the element of maternity which is stressed by the South European painters and the element of purity which is sung by the North European poets. The Christian love of the virgin and the child (so different from the modern objective love of children—the love of the child's objectivity) is man's love of the symbols of his power of choosing—the power whose discovery is the whole romance of Christendom. But the idea of faithfulness was implied in the romance of choice; the Christian, like a tree, could send out his branches in freedom, but their spread was conditioned by the central pull of the roots, whereas the pagan was a stone that would lie wherever it fell. Finally, modern man, like the animal, is a tree that got up and walked. By progressively cultivating his power of choice, by continually intensifying his will, he has come to give to the momentary symbol of it the first place of honour, and the modern institution of divorce is virtually the dethronement of the wife by the mistress, as Christianity was the dethronement of the mother by the wife. For us the ideal woman is the woman we have not yet met; our god is not memory but surprise. As the pagan put away his wife for sterility, and the Christian for infidelity, we contemn her for mere familiarity; and if this is felt to be hard on the wife, the Christian cult of the bride—in the northern nations and the upper classes—was felt in the same way to be hard on the mother. Actually the modern woman desires to be loved as a dream and not as a habit; but, desiring this, she cannot complain if man wakes up from the dream. But woman will attach man to her again—the vegetable-become-animal will evolve into a mentally-rooted human being—when and if she learns to appeal, not any longer to his loyalty towards the past, but to his curiosity about the future, learns to contain within herself even more surprises than the manifold changeful modern world which he leaves for her sake; just as nations will attach the best

citizens to them again when they learn to satisfy—differently to, but perhaps better than, the mechanical working of world supply and demand—their most cultivated desires. And man, on the other hand, will suffer himself to be tied when and if he learns to see in *the child*, no longer his own dead and unregretted innocence, but a new and exciting mystery—no more the embodiment of his outgrown self, but a nearer approach to that human norm of which he himself is an outgrown embodiment. When and if . . . In proportion as the prospect is fair it is problematical. For before the broken bridge of marriage is mended again European man may perish dreaming of the ever-new woman, muddling, in his desire to escape from the Wife, the Ideal in his head with the Mother in his blood; while the servile and gregarious races which still live fruitfully on the lower levels will close in and inherit the earth.

QUIA ABSURDUM

If to-day we all live in the squalid workmen's huts of pragmatism instead of in the imperial palace of philosophy, it is because the back and front of that edifice have been overthrown by the subterranean heavings of the Irrational, which is the cause of all the minor earth-tremblings of our time. For the back and front of the speculative reason are respectively the Fact and God, or, as the philosophers say, the A Posteriori and the A Priori. And Time has at length shaken and dissolved even these granite walls of the mind, which the Christian architects raised to be a fit and lasting habitation for the sovran spirit of man. For neither of them will withstand the critical mental climate of the present day. The ultimate argument for the existence of God is that the Perfect must also be real—for, lacking reality, it would be imperfect; the ultimate argument for the Fact is that particular things must be isolated and distinct—for, lacking distinctness, we could not call them things or think about them. But he who pursues his thought unaffrighted to the end cannot avoid the two enormous questions which are thus begged. For, if there be a Perfection which is real, then the Imperfect is unreal and illusory; and, if there be particular things which are isolated and distinct, then the particular instances of those

things must be isolated and distinct, then universal ideas—that is to say, all our words and thoughts—must be a mere practical makeshift, and there is nothing but the infinite possibilities of combination of the last irreducible atoms—there is in fact nothing because there is everything. On the one hand, the world evaporates into mere 'imagination'; on the other, imagination, as in a dream, becomes the real world, for everything which can be imagined must be literally true. In short, the Many is the One and the One is the Many, the serpent catches its tail in its mouth, and all argument is discovered to be an ineluctable circle. Now every pure and profound philosopher *must*, finally, so argue, as St. Paul was willing to 'speak as a fool,' or as the greatest artist (but only the greatest) must disregard the limitations imposed by his medium; and the more unthinkable thoughts of metaphysicians—the ideas of universal illusion and eternal recurrence—are the richest in significance, just because they are so evidently mere symbols of what can never be put into words. When Tertullian said, 'I believe it because it is absurd,' his belief was sublime *because* it was foolish, as the logic-chopping of most of the later scholastics and casuists was foolish without being sublime; only that Tertullian, as a Christian, tried to make irrationality itself rational, and the modern sceptic would turn the tables on him by saying, 'Your belief is absurd by the very fact that it can be expressed in logical form'—for the modern sceptic has arrived at showing rationality itself to be irrational. Must, then, humanity be condemned to live evermore in rough workmen's shelters because all the architects have become musicians and build insubstantial palaces in the void? Will thought and practice never again be wedded? The answer is, I think, that the Irrational must be once more allowed for as the starting-point and the term of our thought as of our life; we must accept the fact that we live on a volcanic planet, and be content to build in light but delicate materials. So in our philosophy, in our art, we shall construct bright and fragile booths and paper houses for the spirit; we shall avoid the rude granite of religion and tragedy which is so much stronger than we the builders that it first weighs down our souls and at last crushes our bodies. We shall have done at last with those solemn impostors Absolute Truth and Absolute Goodness; and no

more be seduced either by pagan pride or by Christian pathos —which is only pride's other face. We shall cease from attempting, Lucifer-like, to defy omnipotent Time; rather with gay *humility* and courtier-*like* tact we *shall* anticipate and run to fulfil our master's ever-changing whims. We shall learn every fresh posture and adjustment of the cosmic etiquette, and build to-day, it may be, a summer-house against the transcendental heats, to-morrow a hunting-booth for the empirical chase. And when the bearer of the bow-string comes we shall not shrink.

ARLAND USSHER.

A. E. HOUSMAN'S COLLECTED POETRY[1]

It is unlikely that A. E. Housman will make anything like the appeal to present-day youth that he made to the youth of 1900 or of 1914. But why? What contributed in the first place to the really startling enthusiasm which *A Shropshire Lad* seems to have aroused during the two decades that followed the first printing of 1896? It certainly was not at all the same feeling as that which led the young bloods of *New Verse* to search their souls, or at least their hearts, during his obituary period, in justification of a writer whom one would have so easily have expected to find them treating with contempt. Housman's verse seems to have had the happy knack of supplying the critics and readers of several generations with just some special detail of their own particular confection, always in such restricted proportions as never really to queer his chances with the next comer, but yet sufficiently to make them feel that they lose no standing by accepting him as an ancestor.

The 'poetic' reasons for accepting Housman seem to have died away with the Georgians: but apparently the personal and psychological reasons made him of even greater interest to the later schools. It is hard not to feel kindly towards a man who, however reactionary and woolly his technique, was actually known to have bought copies of modernist magazines, and the inner conflict which raises its head everywhere, and which finds explicit expression in *The Welsh Marches*, was bound to endear him to our modern collectors of case-book items. Perhaps on the whole, both for those who remember it, but still more, I believe, for that incredibly large number of people who actually suffered from it, that early enthusiasm remains a mystery. I recollect being myself charmed by a vigorous appraisement of the poems towards 1916, and yet feeling uneasily at the time that they

[1] *The Collected Poems of A. E. Housman.* (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*)

must have in them, apart from their actual obvious content, something, some power of suggestion, some consonancy in mood with that of the critic, which might explain what he said. There is no doubt that among the influences which served to stiffen the rather vague poeticality of the Georgians lay very firmly that of Housman. So that, if it is not blasphemy to set these names in juxtaposition, he seems to have occupied the place, along with Bridges and Hardy, now accorded to Hopkins and Mr. T. S. Eliot.

Housman, on his appearance in the 'nineties, presented a special and unusual combination of the elements of poetical life then current. His classical training gave to his poems a certain rigidity and formality of construction, a power of compression, and at the same time of conveying elaborate situation within such compression, that belongs to Latin verse. This tendency, reaching his contemporaries through the less direct tradition of French poetry, had with them become modified on the way to an intense concentration on a small and neat perfection. But Symons, Dowson, and even Lionel Johnson, generally associated it with material or mood which had too local a colour to carry its readers outside the decade itself. The influences of the *fin-de-siècle* fashion for painting delicately idealised pleasures of the town, or for exploiting and echoing the faint nostalgias of the Symbolistes, of Swinburne, or of O'Shaughnessey, were of the past rather than of the future. But while the turn of the century took away any meaning *they* might have had for new poets, Housman's complete lack of charm and his relative directness acted as a preservative.

He also appealed to the current mood of pessimism that demanded for its full expression the adoption of some unfortunate local area such as Wessex, or in this case Shropshire, and the forcing upon it of an unhappy pastoral convention. In doing this he had at his call the growing public which was admiring both the imitation Maupassants of the period, and the native-bred novelist of the calibre of Hardy, and which had been previously taken with 'the laureate of pessimism' —James Thompson, the author of *The City of Dreadful Night*. What made his pessimism the more acceptable to a generation which was already coursing afar under the bright but varied banners of Kipling, Shaw, Wells, Chesterton and Belloc, was

probably not these associations, but the fact that, like Leconte de Lisle, Housman drew his pessimism in draughts from the fountain or the Classics, and that, like Bandelaire, he wrote at times with a harsh and rhetorical vigour. And both these things fitted in quite reasonably with that deference to French taste that characterised the period generally.

Finally, in phrase, he appealed to the ears that first licensed that peculiar deformation of the written language which is associated with cheap newspaper journalism, and which had already been giving its distinctive colouring to the verse of Kipling. He seems often to go out of his way to use always the less living words, those that have been most smeared over, as if he found, indeed, in the absorption of cliché into his texture, or in the invention of phrases which have just the right non-conducting unsuggestiveness of cliché, the very best material for some of his most typical effects. 'The hilly brakes,' 'the forsaken west,' 'the woodland brown,' 'the autumn dale,' 'blowing realms,' 'high-hilled plains,' 'trefoiled grass,' 'whispering night,' 'sceptre-shaken world,' 'the sands of eve'—all these are picked at hazard from well-known poems that have made Housman's reputation. But what do they mean? They, and a host of others, are just things talked about, not impressions conveyed. And it is to be noted that this employment of cliché has not the artistic justification of the younger modern poets, who reflect with these blemishes their own impatience with a world which can present itself to their consciousness only as cliché. It is simply, as style, second-hand. A generation that has absorbed the technique of the Imagists cannot away with it. Yet Housman's classical training encouraged him in this very mannerism. For it demanded what seemed to him the same sort of generalisation of experience.

The style, then, depended very little on that keen sensibility to the sensuous aspects of nature which gave its peculiar and enduring tone to Victorian poetry. Although simple in some ways, it has none of the limpid and fluid simplicity of Swinburne's long lines, except for No. XLVIII of *A Shropshire Lad*:

'Earth and high heaven are fixt of old and founded strong.'

Historically it seems to be more definitely connected with the

Church hymn, and it is quite conceivable that he was unconsciously directing himself at the one form of non-utilitarian literary expression through which it was possible to assail that new and strange reading public of the 'yellow press' of the 'nineties.' Some of his most striking poems seem indeed, from the technical point of view, to depend upon nothing more than the deft balancing and forceful organisation of what in isolation might have been thought very conventional phrasing. But what such unpromising elements could be made to achieve is well illustrated by the famous *Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries*, grandiose in its rhetoric, capable of producing an unforgettable effect, and undeniably great.

The spiritual world of A. E. Housman behind this carefully constructed façade is at times strangely unsophisticated. For him as an artist, whatever he may have believed as a scholar, a tragedy is simply a sordid or catastrophic happening, and to invest his incidents with sufficient atmosphere he works up an elaborate and artificial pastoral terminology of 'lads' and 'cans' and 'carts' and 'gallow-trees,' a society whose denizens go 'listing for a Lancer,' or knife each other gloomily, with a short abrupt line at the end of each stanza to make their dismissal more brief. His greatest success is in conveying, in spite of these artificialities, the crisis or pith of the story in the very minimum of words. All through, the essential thing is the presentation of the people and their actions. There is the same epigrammatic clarity about the story in *The Fairies Break Their Dances* as in No. XXV of *A Shropshire Lad*, where we have sufficient detail respecting Fred, Rose Harland, and 'I' for us to be able to develop a genre novel out of the situation. Here, indeed, the colloquialism, often presenting an unhappy and false note in Housman, does just what is required—indicates the social milieu, and hardens the emotional tone.

The concentration on murders and hangings and sudden deaths belongs very definitely to the world of the uneducated sensationalists for whose pleasure the new journalism of the 'nineties' catered. Housman, in these poems, may be considered as giving some sort of acceptable art form to the popular taste in news, much as Coleridge did to the broadside ballad, Kipling to the Music-hall ditty, and Masefield to the Salvationist's 'testimonial.' Actually the passion for the sordid

was one which declared itself quite strongly in the 'nineties' and had the sanction of Zola and Verlaine. Most of the poets kept it for their lives, or better still their legend, and wrote the delicate music for their poems. Only Wilde and Housman touched on really sordid aspects of human nature, and by comparison one must concede that the latter did not fall into the defect of romanticised sentimentalising. *Eight O'Clock*, No. XV of *Last Poems*, is worth pages of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*. Neither have any significance beside Villon, but in the former we have a complete mastery of the technique of words and rhythm, used for a single dramatic moment, and freed for once of the artificiality that mars the poems on similar melancholy themes in the more characteristic metre.

It is an unlucky business for a poet when he happens to have laid down with some cogency a general theory of his art. He perhaps feels it to be very sound in his own case, and his readers may feel it to have an added value as coming from one who has himself struggled through to some recognisable public success. But it frequently comes about that by his own standard he is condemned. In all its detail one would not apply this comment to Housman. But there is no denying the fact that the term 'glorious words' as a justifying summary of the essential element in song, and the idea that song might normally take its rise in that rather equivocal moment when the physical heaviness of a digesting meal and the glowing and mellowing haze of the postprandial pint have combined with the regular rhythmical surge of the motions of walking, are suggestions that contain in themselves material for the complete cancelling-out of his own inspiration.

For the words are, on the whole, not 'glorious.' They are at best but a classically trained writer's threadbare imitations of words which he realised once to have been 'glorious.' Housman in *The Name and Nature of Poetry* quoted several of those more or less meaningless wonders which stand near the highest points of English literary expression. By comparison, phrases such as 'The chestnut casts her flambeaux,' 'The half-moon westers low, my love,' 'Wake not for the world-heard thunder,' 'West and away the wheels of darkness roll,' 'By shores and woods and steeples,' 'Delight it is in youth and May to see the morn arise,' are recognisably 'pseudo.'

On the other hand, if the 'song' owes its inspiration to a certain state of the digestive system—and, within certain limits, one is not averse to accepting the possibility in a general sense—then, what becomes of all the importance Housman attached to the philosophical aspect of his poems? That Housman did attach such importance is clear from the Baudelairean moment when, after the prim wit, the artificial almost Georgian colloquialism and the strained phrasing of the concluding references to Mithridates in 'Terence this is stupid stuff,' he proceeds in No. LXIII of *A Shropshire Lad* to give just the same subject-matter—the justification of his method—in the very tone of the French poet, even to the use of the flower imagery.

Housman provides a type of poet in some respects out of the ordinary. In his earliest work he presents his material in an undifferentiated form. His characteristic dramatic situations, his emotional atmosphere and his philosophical thought co-exist in practically all the poems of his first volume. Normally one expects the poet to synthesise the elements of his art as he develops greater control. But here we have an increasing differentiation, until in the later books we find a very clear-cut division between certainly the emotional and the philosophic elements. On the one hand we have work which is purely lyrical, and which exhibits that playful and frivolous handling which one expects in the lyric. An outstanding example of this is *Fancy's Knell*, No. XLI of *Last Poems*. Here, there is the delicate and light touch of the pastoral symbolism, the neat lilt of the old-fashioned air and the ripe and easy perfection which sets it with Blake's *The Echoing Green*. On the other hand we have an increasingly numerous development of the gnomic type of verse, a type which with Housman conforms definitely to Classical model. It is probable that among the latter are to be found most of the poems that receive admiration to-day, since Housman seems to have replaced Kipling as the poet of the Traditionalists. But the former, beautiful as they sometimes are, and shot through with his pessimism, seem to reveal a freedom of mood and an artistic responsiveness to emotion far enough away from the sort of poetry that originally gave Housman his fame.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

BOOK REVIEWS

East End My Cradle, by Willy Goldman (Faber and Faber, 8*s.* 6*d.* net).

This is a remarkable first book, not because, as the publishers' 'blurb' condescendingly says, it leaves us 'wondering how in the world such vivid unsentimental writing can have been seeded in Wapping and Whitechapel,' but because such reticent, simple, straightforward and detached writing is rare anywhere in a new and young writer. The young writer generally uses autobiographical material for the purpose of imaginatively imposing himself upon people and events that were in fact never completely grasped, assimilated and accepted; the autobiography becomes an apologia and a way of re-experiencing that salves the writer's *amour-propre* and enables him finally to evade the truth. As a consequence he becomes partial to what he considers to be the best or most spectacular aspects of his nature, and by the use of coloured and poetic prose makes himself the hero, usually the injured hero, central to the total experience.

Mr. Goldman seems so thoroughly to have experienced and made peace with himself and his experiences—at least in this phase of his life—that he is able on the whole to make an observed report in the manner of a naturalist, simply, honestly and succinctly. He is said to have referred to his work not as autobiography but as 'rapportage'; and it is suggested by his publishers that this is because 'he has the gift . . . of wanting to tell us about the East End rather than about himself.' This, as I have said, has much truth in it; but there is a great deal more of Mr. Goldman in it than they seem to know. I, too, have known, as intimately if not so recently, this very world, its Yids versus Goys, its back streets and their games, its elementary-school life, its home magazine-making, its sex problems, its poverty, smells, 'sweat' shops, Monkey Parades, class distinctions, and heartaches. It is true that my experience antedates his by fifteen to twenty years; but the book reveals how remarkably little that Ghetto world has changed since then. Again and again, however, it has struck me how differently certain aspects of it have impinged upon Mr. Goldman's imagination. There is obviously *temperament* in the book, and

'objectivity' achieved through that temperament because of the passionate conviction of the writer that this must be the truth because for him it could not have been otherwise. Practically all the tender side of even the most poverty-stricken Jewish home has been left out, the Sabbath eve of shining candlestick and blessing, white tablecloth and sacramental loaf, the peacefulness of the Sabbath itself when one could read the latest library book in ease, the gaiety and excitement of the Passover nights, the small coloured candles of *Chanukah*, the saffron cakes of *Purim*, the synagogue on certain nights of the Feast of Tabernacles (the Jewish harvest festival), the mystery and dream-haunting quality of slum street lighting and shadow, the relationship of mother and small son. Sometimes, it seems, the 'rapportage' even fails, particularly when Mr. Goldman goes out of his way to comment rather than record; while sometimes I think his memory is at fault, as for example when he sets down the alleged views of a number of small schoolboys on women. 'Women appeared to us as objectionable—if necessary—creatures, demanding an impossible fidelity from the male. . . . You needed to have them, it was true, and towards gaining this end you were justified in "being nice" to them and deceiving them with soft words . . .' He exaggerates the horror of the long hours spent in the *Kheder* (the Jewish 'Sunday' school, but held often after school during the weekdays). He says that 'a humane society —if such a society is compatible with the existence of a ghetto—would pin a medal on the breast of every one of its survivors'; but omits (excepting in an oblique way later) to emphasise the vast nostalgia for the ghetto in so many of the Jewish hearts that have known it, and how the Jew will cling to it even when he can afford to leave it; how insidious and attractive is the memory of that close, over-intimate, overcrowded, smelly, but very alive human world: the family and tribal 'pull' of it. The love of home in the Jew, wherever he may have been born (he wanders by compulsion rather than by choice, and is the most conservative of men in this), made my own parents, who had fled from Russian persecution, continually extol the superior virtues of climate, scenery, people, food, even sometimes government (!) of 'home' as they called it, to their children, till in outraged patriotism we set-to to defend and praise the wonders and perfection of *our* home—England. No! Medals are not really required; and the ghetto is no bad incubator for an artist, as Mr. Goldman and others have proved! The latter part of the book, in which the author describes his first attempts at creation, his first approaches to literature, and his will to break from home and the ghetto-world, is less interesting than the beginning. A certain venom begins to creep into his descriptions; and his com-

[illegible] on art and literature are a little shaky, as when he refers to Wells as a 'most noteworthy' descendant of Defoe. There is one stylistic mannerism (borrowed from Wells, I think) which I wish he would drop: the use of asterisks to create atmosphere and to make his sentences trail away. That sort of suggestiveness is alien to his style as it would have been to Defoe's, just as it suits the very tendentious and often false manner of Wells. Perhaps he might also be more economical in the use of the word 'complex.'

Let me, however, leave readers of this review with no misapprehension; this is almost the best book on the East End of Jewry I have read—truthful, vivid, interesting, far from, and a grand antidote to, the sentimental gush of a Zangwill or a Golding. This is the real thing, as good as much of Gissing in the same *genre*, and even with something of the Defoe in it, whom Mr. Goldman so obviously admires. He is, I believe, 'made' for good prose writing, and a prose writing in the best traditions of the *English* school. The reader will find nothing of the lush, exotic temper which is supposed to be a fundamental characteristic of the Jew; but he will be carried along easily and swiftly by the 'story,' and emerge with the knowledge and feeling of a new world. A writer's second book is often his testing time; I await Mr. Goldman's with confidence.

Ten Victorian Poets, by F. L. Lucas (Cambridge University Press, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

The majority of these essays were originally broadcast talks. As broadcast talks they probably did well enough—they are full of quotations, and it is pleasant to listen to poetry, although perhaps not read to us by the usual B.B.C. 'languids'; and their sort of rhetoric might have, not too closely engaged as we are when listening, made some sort of show of criticism. But why they were published we cannot understand at all.

Mr. Lucas admits that 'those who have a familiar knowledge of Victorian poetry can look for little new.' His hope is 'to encourage a wider reading of that poetry by a wider public.' But if the wider public is to be introduced to Browning, Swinburne, Patmore, the Rossettis, Clough, and Hardy, amongst others, by the sort of lush nonsense which abounds in this book it would be much better for it not to come their way at all. These essays are full of the sort of 'talkie-talkie' about poetry which we thought had died out with the rhetorical criticism of the 'tasters' of poetry in the late 'nineties and Edwardian era; they are stale, superficial, condescending, with sweeping, sententious, unsupported judgments, with a soupçon of Lytton Stracheyism and the imaginative biography to *épater* the old

critics—'a sociable frisking little gentleman' (of Browning)—with none of the real questions answered. The book was a burden to read; and, after a while, we felt that the only way to make it possible for us to go on to the bitter end was to mark all the preposterous and controversial passages. As we now turn the pages there seems to be a battalion of such markings! Therefore let us set down some of these passages at random (with observation and query) and leave it at that.

'What poetry can hope to do is . . . to provide for us an escape into illusion and the solace of a braver disillusion.' What does this mean?

'"Poetry," said Matthew Arnold, "should be criticism of life"; it is the sort of thing critics say; and no great harm comes of it, until poets start believing them.' Has Mr. Lucas ever really *understood* Arnold's dictum? And what on earth can he mean by the latter part of the sentence? Obviously, it is the sort of things critics say.

'[Browning's] speculations were rather a South Sea Bubble, however brightly coloured.' This is an impertinent as well as a stupid thing to say about the man who wrote *Bishop Blougram's Apology* and *Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

'[Browning's] hills lie like giants watching a hunted beast at bay, their chins upon their hands; his trees cluster round a lake as wild men round a sleeping girl, or gaze at the sun setting in the cloudy west, as a girl after her lover . . .' Good heavens!

Browning had 'the conscience of a pavement-artist,' this because he could print a poem 'from the first draft, leaving the punctuation to be corrected by a French friend.' 'The conscience of a pavement-artist' is, the reader will agree, *magnificently* apt!

Mr. Lucas suggests that the 'ragged and rugged' style of Browning became 'the more ragged and rugged' in response to the Browning Societies, that 'It paid Browning then: since then it is Browning who pays.' This is a petty undergraduate pseudo-Wildesian (and what more pseudo than that!) play on words, and unfair and untrue and insulting in the bargain. Later, the cat is out of the bag. 'Extremely vital, he was also a little vulgar . . . the self-made man who thinks to brazen out lack of breeding by lack of manners.' *There* sounds the thin devitalised donnish voice of the 'full of quotation' well-cushioned gentleman.

[Arnold] to the end . . . remained half Greek and half Hebrew, half poet and half prophet.' As everybody knows, there is no deep prophecy amongst the Greeks and no great poetry amongst the Hebrews.

'Renan says somewhere of . . . Marcus Aurelius that he lacked

one vital thing—the kiss of a fairy at his birth. Arnold had not been left unkissed; but . . . he studied only too successfully at times to forget it.' Sir, sir, are there no better ways of saying what you want to say!

'Clough had now found his own vocation: he had begun to doubt.' *Doubt* as a vocation! Is this a sort of Fifth Column profession, a technique of being always 'against the government'?

'One may like a poet to wear other than daisy chains, even though at times he clanks and stumbles in them.' *There's* a grand and illuminating metaphor to indicate that a poet may also indulge in other matters than pure beauty!

Of the Pre-Raphaelites: 'Their main principle was to return to Nature; most artistic revolutions are, indeed, returns to Nature.' Stick to literature as best you can, Mr. Lucas! Mr. Lucas has obviously never seen a Picasso or a Braque.

Of Rossetti: 'For rebels like Arnold and Mill and George Eliot were rebels *only of the intellect*, fighting for freedom of thought; but behind this young Italian lay a rebellion of the senses, a war of liberation of the passions.' (The italics are ours.) The 'war of liberation' we think an excellent description of the activities of Rossetti and, as we gather later, of Swinburne as well!!

Mr. Lucas compares Rossetti to Blake. This is a model of inept comparison. There is at *no* point such comparison to be made. We are sorry. There *is*—Mr. Lucas makes it—'poet and painter in one'!

Of Christina Rossetti: 'No striking ideas, no startling imagery; merely pure poetry.' Pure fiddlesticks! Because 'she wrote much depressing verse on a depressing creed,' (we quote Mr. Lucas), he does not seem to realise that it was a very 'impure' compulsive element that made her conflicts and even the most lyrical of her poems. Of her intensely Christian and lovely poem, *Uphill*, he says this: 'Here is something more sinister than the melodramatic flesh-creepings of Edgar Allan Poe' (*sic !*); and of her as a human being: 'This Mariana of Albany Street was born to have been one of the great lovers of history,' on the evidence of passion in her poetry!! No! This is too much. As we re-read passage after passage we are made to realise again, but with even greater forcefulness, how really shoddy this book is.

A few more quotations and let us have done. 'Swinburne remained to the end . . . exuberantly young.' The man who was, above all, never really young, unless young be synonymous with 'goblin' and with arrested development!

'Swinburne stands besides Byron as a poet of eloquence and of liberty.' Oh liberty, liberty, what crimes are . . . !

'Philosophy . . . demands that we take her dreams for truth; poetry, more wisely, offers her dreams as dreams alone,' which shows no acquaintance with philosophy and little with poetry.

Mr. Lucas, apropos of Hardy, says: 'It is not sad poetry which is depressing; it is bad poetry.' And bad *criticism*; ever so depressing, ever so saddening!

L. Aaronson.

Present Without Leave, by W. D'Arcy Cresswell (Cassell, 7*s*. 6*d*.).

English literature of this century has witnessed for the first time considerable impact of the Australasian mind upon its otherwise almost purely European contexts. With the Fanfrolico Press and *The London Aphrodite*, the Lindsay Clan—Norman, Philip, and Jack—descended in the mid-twenties upon what they would call our effete experimentalists, and demanded, and gave us, vigour, rawness, robustiousness: art of the Dionysian rather than the Apollonian type. Since, it is true, their 'movement' has subsided into a sort of delightfully vivid and unimportant historical novel writing just in time to catch a public already stirred up by Mr. Robert Graves's *I, Claudius*. But their unexpected obsession with classical literature—their translations and imitations of Petronius, Sappho, and Aristophanes—gives them one point of contact, possibly a common acceptance of homosexuality as in theory at least essential to culture, with the mind of Mr. D'Arcy Cresswell, who hails from the sister island of New Zealand, and who, inspired by Cæsar and Tacitus and the more 'manly' Latin writers, has pursued in these degenerate latter days, amid a more austere trial of isolation and neglect, the path of a Milton and a Wordsworth.

That Mr. Cresswell, like these august predecessors, is conscious of his high calling, and regards his whole life as conducted under a special providence, much as they did, is obvious to readers of *The Poet's Progress* which he published in 1930. The present volume is, properly speaking, the second part of that work, and covers in considerable detail his career subsequent to his first long stay in England. It opens with a brilliantly satirical account of New Zealand, which his continued absence seems to have enabled him to see rather as Swift saw Lilliput, carries him back to England where he moves with an honest but extraordinarily ingenuous pleasure

into the exalted society of the lettered aristocracy, and thence to New Zealand once more where, in a sort of intellectual wilderness of his own creation, he is enabled to work out the details of his poetic and personal philosophy.

It is not easy to see how far Mr. Cresswell in himself justifies his claims to our attention on any of these topics. For him the omens which direct him at critical moments are enough: the flight of swans, the hare—its eye the most sensitive and elegant I have ever looked into,' the 'large silver herring' leaping into the water, the 'dozen dead sparrows near my doorstep.' But we lack, too, the contact of that personality which evidently still charms Sir William Rothenstein, and which at first charmed, but later filled with qualms of uneasiness, such patrons as Sir Edward Marsh and Lady Ottiline Morrell, bitterly experienced as they were already in the strange intractability of men of genius. And we can only feel with the 'Count de Montalk,' a fellow-countryman about whom, for some reason possibly not unconnected with the latter's lampoon *Against Cresswell*, he remains discreetly silent :—

> That if he did not ooze an occasional sonnet
> I should, for one, most greatly wonder on it.

Mr. Cresswell is indeed presented on the dust-cover blurb as a poet of importance, and one may concede that in the traditional manner he affects, *Poems*, 1924–1931, show some ability in that welding of image and thought which he finds so lacking among the poets of the day. But in the poetry he quotes as his in *Present Without Leave*, he goes no further in the matter of the sonnet than Wordsworth, no further in the matter of blank verse declamation than the opening tirades of some of the books of *Paradise Lost*, and in poetic drama, though with an air of great discovery, no further than a minor Elizabethan like Dekker.

Most of his notions, though he himself seems unaware of the fact, and indeed rather glories in being 'not of these times,' fall in with the present tendency—exemplified by Mr. Aaronson—to seek in poetry a 'whole experience' rather than disjunctive fragments. He condemns in his contemporaries of the late twenties the separation of abstract and concrete which led to the grittiness of their style, without

realising that this very grittiness was a phase necessary to their salvation, and that only by passing through it could they—say, in the case of a specific poet, like Mr. T. S. Eliot—reach that simplicity and directness characteristic of 'public poetry.'

For the more things have public weight, the more simply they should be dealt with, whereas things of only private importance may be allowed some elaboration, to induce the same mood for the trivial and amusing as that which still overflowed in the writer.

The terminology implies a different political interpretation, but the conception behind it is similar to that of Christopher Caudwell in *Illusion and Reality*. In his insistence on the need for a harmony between the poet and the 'public system,' moreover, he is theoretically with the 'Leftist' poets of Yesterday, though his remedy for its lack is to try and draw sustenance from the 'Ancients, who always move me most from being nearest to concrete nature; not nearer than Chaucer or Wordsworth or Ruskin'—queer grouping!—'or many moderns; but nearer to their public system (which is how poetry appears to me) than any society since.'

The 'exiled deities' of 'that Antipodean Hades of darkness' where he was born drew him back to themselves in a manner which D. H. Lawrence would have appreciated and revealed to him the desirability, already proclaimed by Mr. George Reavey in parts of *Quixotic Perquisitions* in 1932, of overthrowing what in the jargon of the day was called the 'Copernican Universe'—the universe of mechanical man, of the man who has transposed the notion of revolution from the realm of astronomy to that of sociology. So that

it was as if the whole framework of this Modern Universe, as we know it, stood in my way, and I could find no crack nor opening whereby to get through it, into the real or Poetic Universe which I knew was beyond.

Hence the philosophy, expounded partly in Socratic dialogue at the expense of Dr. Johnson, and partly in the analysis of the famous 'Thesis' towards the end.

Over and above the many interesting problems of all sorts which the book raises from time to time, *Present Without Leave* has an undoubted and absolute value in its purely

literary aspect. Its sheer *naïveté* is unusual and devastating. It stands comparison with *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* of Mr. W. H. Davies, and with *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* of Miss Gertrude Stein. But in neither of these is the author so delightfully unconscious of what the people around are thinking as is Mr. Cresswell. Atmosphere is conveyed sufficiently—for instance:—

> It was late autumn, and the woods that surrounded the house were damp and sunless and wet underfoot. I was all the time restless to be in London again, but enjoyed my visit and the strange smell and moistness of the woods and hearing my friend and his wife play on the spinet and viol in the evenings.

Moments spring to life vividly: the meeting with Bennett, whose 'deliberate and exacting gaze' did not prevent his prose mind from blundering sadly, to the unusually submissive Cresswell, over the relative suitability of 'ye' and 'thee' in the poems he criticised, Mr. Aldous Huxley's characteristic warning against 'the pale mauve mud of Victorian verse': and, among a host of minor people affectionately rendered in prose or sketched in black and white with an almost Phil May economy of line, the 'cautious visit' of Aunt Bertha and the astounding incident of the hats.

These things all reveal a sweep of observation far beyond the merely literary, and they all receive their final perfection from the strangely classical style—the 'exact and quiet' style, according to Tietjens, of the seventeenth century, which embalms them. The author is amusingly conscious of it. 'I threw off all my weakness in the happiness of once more writing so well,' he says subsequently of the opening chapters of this book. Some of the tricks become irritating—the continual use of the word 'whereby,' in a peculiar and dialectal sense, is an instance—and one feels the touch of Defoe in the habit of tacking loosely on to a colon and an 'and' some statement with only the very dimmest association with the preceding clause. But a sort of classical wit permeates the whole, and particularly the earlier sections, as when he says, in pithy comment on certain types of legislation, 'It is characteristic of prudish and sectarian law-givers that they had rather their laws were passed than obeyed, dreaded than revered.'

The Living Thoughts of Thoreau, presented by Theodore Dreiser. (Cassell, 2*s*. 6*d*.)

The English Vision, edited by Herbert Read. (Routledge, 3*s*. 6*d*.)

An anthology is always a mixed evil, whether considered from the point of view of the public, the people anthologised, or the anthologiser. When it is the work of a man already distinguished in letters, there is added to all its natural defects the feeling that it is probably being used as a means of expressing under a cloak what the editor is intellectually or artistically inadequate to express himself. But when, as is happily sometimes the case, it comes from a man whose achievement in some other medium does not in the least qualify him to tackle the job, there is a reasonable chance that the stuff he has collected may, like the old silk dress, stand up by itself. It is on this account that it is possible to give the somewhat limited approval to *The Living Thoughts of Thoreau* which one withholds from *The English Vision*.

Doubtless a good deal in Thoreau might be found of interest to the present day: and the extracts selected for us by Mr. Theodore Dreiser may well serve to freshen our appreciation of the lucid, daintily picturesque, slightly astringent type of pensée or, in its more elaborate form, méditation, in which his so-called philosophy finds expression. Thoreau is sufficiently foreign—French, rather than Anglo-Saxon, in his choiceness of style—to enable him to slip behind the modern reader's rigid guard against Victorian elements in most nineteenth century writing. Some of his ideas suggest starting-points for the developments which led Mr. T. S. Eliot to proclaim himself 'Royalist and Catholic.' Some of his dicta strangely anticipate D. H. Lawrence. Compare this for instance, with the latter's famous metaphor of the flame burning for itself:

> What a foul subject is this of doing good! instead of minding one's life, which should be his business; doing good as a dead carcass, which is only fit for manure, instead of as a living man—instead of taking care to flourish, and smell and taste sweet, and refresh all mankind to the extent of our capacity and quality.

A few indications of similar contacts with modern thought

would have been very welcome in presenting to *The Living Thoughts Library* his 'marginal note' on the New England Transcendentalists, and in enabling us to feel that individual value of which Mr. Dreiser protests himself so conscious. Actually, he insults our intelligence with an unenlightening summary of Thoreau's leading ideas, and prefaces that with a portentious ramble over 'modern thought,' in the course of which we are reminded, amid much similar jargon, that Thoreau ran 'the gamut of most of the by now stereotyped problems of life or matter-energy in time-space.' It is with an unintentional irony that the publishers seem to have imported this particular 'kindred spirit' to prevent our being discouraged' (their word!) by 'the involved phraseology of an outmoded style,'—that of Thoreau!

The English Vision proposes as its aim 'an expression of the national ideal which would be valuable, not only as a guide to all Englishmen, but even as an example for the world at large.' It is therefore unhappy that Mr. Read should have felt himself forced to select only such aspects of his country's literature as would have been palatable to Conrad's 'English gentleman of the time of Palmerston.' The spectacle of D. H. Lawrence toadying to his aristocratic patrons, of John Ruskin talking the most arrant 'tripe' about the influence of the absence of mountains on the genius of Shakespeare, the treatment of Education under none but its Public School or near Public School guise (though this does bring forth a half-hearted apology), the unscholarly fantasia of John Richard Green on the English Renascence, all these are calculated to justify the harshest hostile critics of things English. It is remarkable, too, on the whole, how poor the style and how muddled these presentations are. Lawrence's *Gleaming Segment of all England* is good, as prose. Wordsworth's *Principles of English Gardening* also stands out. But otherwise, beyond the workmanlike but almost purely 'National Government' exposition of the *Historical Ideals*, there are only the superb and mounting rhetoric of Milton and the unfailing zest of Hazlitt, of which to feel at all reasonably proud.

One explanation of this is that Mr. Read has attempted the impossible. His ideal seems to be subject to limitations of all sorts, some personal, some determined by the æsthetic reactions of certain literary cliques. And this ideal he wants

to see expressed by 'Englishmen who were perfectly conscious of what they were doing or saying.' Such a method would have produced an admirably explicit piece of work if applied to French writers. Applied to the English, it means for the most part falling back on the second-rate. Much play, for instance, is made with the name of Chaucer. And why not? But what did Ruskin or Chesterton know of Chaucer? After all, there *was* Blake.

BENJAMIN GILBERT BROOKS.

Evgeny Onegin, by Alexander Pushkin, translated by Oliver Elton (Pushkin Press, 7*s*. 6*d*.)

We owe our gratitude to Professor Elton for bringing Pushkin, and particularly *Evgeny Onegin*, nearer to us. Too much stress has been laid in appreciation of Russian literature on a particular type of a baroque gentleman (or lady) with too much soul, too much remorse, conscience, rapture. Onegin is not of them: he and his '*climat moral*' are like one of the very fine, nervously etched, beautifully tinted engravings of St. Petersburg of the early nineteenth century. It is the portrait of a disenchanted Russian, not unlike a disenchanted European of any country; it is a tale of Russian society emerging from the Napoleonic Wars, a society as complacent, as silly and as disillusioned as any other, but a society that produced Pushkin and his favourite hero Onegin. Onegin did not 'do' anything—he was a useless bourgeois. He was also the precursor of a long line of individualists who, after the initial periods of disillusion, scepticism and dandyism, became the active thinkers and revolutionaries of the late nineteenth century. It is not yet impossible that this Russian will rise once more in a country fertile in great experiments, great upheavals and great men.

Pushkin's favourite work was *Evgeny Onegin*. It is not only simple, nearly sparse in form, precise in the choice of words, particularly in the choice of a single epithet which sometimes takes the place of an entire description; it has also all the qualities of a great national poem, with all the peculiar rhythm and colour of the Russian language.

It is the translucid world known only to the ancients, in which nature is reflected as vividly as in a silver stream. No oratory, only

[illegible] no superficial glamour; all is simple, all is full of an inner light not immediately visible; concise, as only true poetry can be.

Thus Gogol about Pushkin. A real translation—should one say transposition?—could perhaps be done by a poet. There is an affinity between some of the younger English poets and Pushkin. They share his disillusion, his irony, and their attitude to society to-day is not unlike Pushkin's attitude to what he calls 'the mob' after the Dekabrist rebellion; their realism, the use of everyday language, their lack of oratory would make their interpretation of *Evgeny Onegin* most interesting. Professor Elton's is not a poet's translation, but it is intelligent and faithful in metre and rhythm. He does not quite evoke the iridescent bubble, but he does not prick it either. At times, mostly in descriptive passages and in the *a parte* woven by Pushkin into the pattern of the poem, he is as near the style and the spirit of the original as possible. *Evgeny Onegin* is beautifully produced, with an admirable foreword by Desmond MacCarthy, and some discreet and tasteful, if not always inspired, illustrations by Dobujinsky.

And now that the first step is taken to bring us nearer to the beginnings of Russian literature, could not that direct descendant of Onegin, Lermontoff's *Hero of Our Time*, be rediscovered?

Anna Kallin.

The Living Thoughts of Nietzsche, presented by Heinrich Mann (Cassells, pp. 144) (The Living Thoughts Library).

It is an almost superhuman task to present to English readers the thought of Nietzsche in a small volume. Heinrich Mann's method is to choose extracts from the main works of the philosopher, and to string them together into a continuous story divided into sections illustrating the main currents of his thought. He has applied the synthetic method, and attempts to give the reader the quintessence of Nietzsche in the literal sense of the term. Much that is of interest in Nietzsche are his aphorisms, and these one misses. The reading presents less difficulty than might be expected, as Mann has not burdened his story with the most perplexing of Nietzsche's contradictions and with some of the uncontrolled flights and excesses of his turbulent imagination. Mann gets

behind all that and sets out to let Nietzsche tell us what he really meant when he was not trying to startle the reader out of his complacency by some violent conception or blasphemy. Mann's introduction to the text on the other hand does not fulfil its explanatory purpose at all well.

However much one endeavours to tone down Nietzsche one cannot escape the fact that he was a false prophet. He searched truth with a passion that was violent, and one cannot take the Kingdom of God by violence. In order to find the hidden meaning of life, Nietzsche examined in his impatient, arrogant and tempestuous way the implications of the State, of philosophy, of science, and of the Christian religion, most of which he rejected, and he ended by glorifying the instinct as the supreme expression of reality. The life that surges up from one's subconsciousness, to get as near to it as possible, and to remove the conventional barriers that impede its expression, whether created by the State or by religion, that was the path to life abounding and real. Even reason, the ultimate controller of the hidden forces, the judge of good and evil, must be set on one side, if we were to use our intuition, the perceiving faculty, to the full.

There is no doubt that from the deeps of one's being come often those lucid and sudden perceptions of hidden truths. As Pascal wrote, 'Le cœur a des raison, que la raison ne connait pus.' But it is equally true that nothing can be more deceptive than the hidden forces of our unconscious mind. Man is too much a creature of the world, the flesh and the devil, in modern parlance, of the herd, the sex and the ego instinct to be able to remove the barrier of reason without incurring dire penalties. The lesson of Christianity is that the reason enables us to distinguish divine impulses within us. In seizing passionately upon the intuition as the key to life, Nietzsche had become obsessed with a half truth, and glorified the psychic forces of the human personality with dreadful consequences to himself and to his host of young disciples. He conceived an *élite* of men who would really *live* close to these sources of human power, they would give full play to these forces, untrammelled by conventions and moralities alien to life. Christianity was of value in keeping the majority of men contented in their miseries and petty duties and in their servitude so that the supermen might

flourish in whom alone Nietzsche saw the future significance of humanity.

Hence his insistence on brutally assertive personalities, on the breeding of a stronger race, on the need to restore an order of rank, on the value of war. Heinrich Mann, who in his youth, like most other German youths, fed enthusiastically on Nietzsche, feels uneasy when he contemplates the results of that teaching. He writes apologetically that Nietzsche, had he foreseen all this, would have thought differently: 'gone would be his curiosity for "rigid discipline," for "violence and craft." His "blond beast" would stick in his throat, for that matter he never really knew anything of its complexion nor of its low grade physiognomy.' This, however, is not to excuse but to condemn Nietzsche. He is indeed the anti-Christ of philosophy, the spiritual forerunner of the anti-Christ who rules Germany to-day. And what an *élite*, what a hierarchy for whom the German people live in servitude to-day.

When the pillars of European civilisation are being undermined by the most destructive forces ever seen since the Barbarian invasion of the Germanic tribes 1,500 years ago, it is scarcely the time to dwell on the thoughts of Nietzsche, the destroyer of spiritual values. What is of importance does not lie in his thought, but in his supreme mastery of the German tongue; his poems, little read, are for the same reason, of very great interest. A translation cannot therefore convey what is of value in Nietzsche. Posterity will value not his thought but its vehicle.

The Restoration of the Peasantries, with Especial Reference to India, by G. T. Wrench, M.D. (Daniels, 6*s*., pp. 147).

To Mr. G. T. Wrench the part a peasantry should play in the evolution or development of a nation is an article of faith. For he brings to its discussion not only his own observations in India and elsewhere, supplemented by learned reports of administrators, but also a belief in the moral value of intimate contact with the soil. A peasantry untainted by the commercialism and acquisitiveness of the Western world would, he feels, develop, if left to itself, a sane type of civilisation in which the citizen's wants are reduced to primal

necessities. In India Gandhi, declares the writer, preaches such a change of values, a return to the peasant ideal not of the satisfaction, but of the control of man's numberless wants. A land-owning peasantry that maintains the fertility of the soil enables a people to survive the rise and decay of periods of culture and civilisation. Mr. Wrench writes a chapter on China to illustrate this dictum, and another on the fall of Rome partly caused, he maintains, by the disappearance of peasant proprietors. To-day, we may add, the vigour of a peasant nation is indeed well seen in Finland's heroic fight against the Red army recruited from the collectivised robot farmers of the Soviets. Mr. Wrench talks at length of the alarming extent of soil erosion in Western countries, but are we to infer that this soil is mainly due to the disappearance of the peasantry and to the use of the tractor? It is not always easy to follow Mr. Wrench's thought, as it is not free from the romanticism of the East. What Mr. Wrench has to say on the peasantry in India is of practical value: he shows that British administrators have avoided some fundamental errors, but that co-operative banks have not succeeded in protecting the peasant from foreclosure.

PHILIP CONWELL-EVANS.

Parliament, by W. Ivor Jennings, M.A., D.Ll. (Cambridge University Press, 1939, pp. 548, 25*s*.)

Mr. Ivor Jennings has produced a handbook on the work of Parliament (Commons and Lords) of encyclopædic proportions. Although several works analysing the practices of Parliament have held the field for a long time, Mr. Jennings has made a useful, indeed an indispensable contribution to the literature; he has assembled a wealth of material of the most recent date to illustrate his descriptions of the work in the House of Commons and in the constituencies. It is not an easy book to read, because the vast accumulation of fact, though skilfully grouped and analysed, is almost unrelieved by reflection. This method has its advantages. The book will rank as a classic guide to Parliamentarians who look for precedents, and as a rich 'source' for political theorists, who will henceforth have no excuse for vague generalisations and

flights of fancy when they discuss questions of reforming the constitution.

Mr. Jennings' methods are well illustrated in his chapter on *Vox populi*; this theme does not tempt him from the rigid path of concrete data. It is a joy to him to find, for instance, that a Royal Commission on Transport has examined about forty public and private bodies who have views on the subject, and each of these bodies Mr. Jennings carefully enumerates for the edification of the delighted reader. He shows that the voice of the people expresses itself far more on important legislative questions through group interests and associations than through the Press. The views neither of newspapers nor of Members of Parliament can rival those of coal-owners' associations and unions of coal-miners when the Government has to legislate on coal questions. Mr. Jennings dwells at great length on the part played, for example, by the National Farmers' Union in relation to legislative action on agriculture. The Member of Parliament, unless he represents these interests, has little influence on legislation the main features of which have been approved by the sections of the people whom it concerns. The reader is made to feel the comparative unimportance of the Member of Parliament in many other ways. He cannot initiate legislation except on rare occasions, and even then every obstacle is placed in his way; if he is a Ministerialist his duty is to keep silent in debate; he has to vote as instructed by his Whip. He has meaning chiefly as a member of a rigidly disciplined team. And the business of the House is carried on and completed by the play and counter-play of two highly disciplined teams, those of the Government and Opposition.

Mr. Jennings notes a change in the technique of opposition since the advent of Labour. Obstruction has gone and the opposition is constructive; it has its eyes chiefly on the country outside and hopes by its conduct in Parliament to win over that comparatively small floating vote which sways from one party to the other at successive elections. This fickle floating vote, whose existence is due to our simple methods of election by absolute majority, is by an odd paradox the most effective stabilising instrument of our Constitution. It ensures advance on evolutionary lines, and reduces the distance separating Conservatives and Labour so

effectively that a change of Government is as little disturbing as in the old days when Whigs followed Tories, or Liberals followed Conservatives. Labour has to show itself almost conservative and respectable to the floating voters, and the Conservatives have to induce a belief in their 'progressiveness.' Mr. Jennings leaves the reader with a lively impression of the genius of compromise and adaptability possessed by the British people.

In the chapter on financial control we realise once again how the bulwark of British constitutional liberty rests on mere devices introduced from time to time to remove particular grievances. These acts of procedure, in themselves seemingly unimportant, have acquired a uniqueness and a meaning which exercise a considerable influence on the behaviour and outlook of the Member of Parliament, whatever his politics, and indeed this influence spreads over a much wider field—it shapes the political instinct of the British people and serves to control and direct political events along paths of harmonious change. Mr. Jennings had no doubt all this in mind when he set out with such industry upon his expository task and took care to avoid obtruding his own views upon the spectacle of the growth of precedent and practice in which Englishmen live and move and have their being.

T. P. Conwell-Evans.

The Machinery of Justice in England, by R. M. Jackson (Cambridge University Press, 16*s*. net).

The purpose of this very interesting book is to give an account of the working of English public law, a subject which, as Dr. Jackson complains, has played, until recently, a quite insufficient part in the training of the lawyer. The best introduction to the law is, he contends, a study of the institutions and environment in which lawyers work. He has set out therefore to describe the processes of civil and criminal jurisdiction and the cost and manner of their administration, and this without overloading his book with a mass of superfluous historical erudition.

An examination of the actual administration of the law raises, naturally enough, a number of questions as to how far

that administration is effective or stands in need of reform. Here Dr. Jackson has much that is of interest to suggest. He notes, for example, the decline of enthusiasm for trial by jury, hailed by Lord Camden in the eighteenth century as 'the foundation of our free constitution.' It has been commonly assumed that the independence of juries served in the past as a safeguard against judicial oppression, but Dr. Jackson's examination of Howell's *State Trials* shows that the findings of eighteenth-century juries in sedition cases were, in fact, most capricious. At the present time the whole system is widely criticised. Juries are called upon to follow long and complicated cases without having before them those transcripts of evidence upon which judge and counsel rely. They are asked to give positive answers to questions which are often technical and sometimes highly controversial. They are required to assess damages though they possess no special qualifications to guide their decision, with the result that the sums awarded are often quite arbitrary and are determined by the composition of the jury in question, which may think in terms of thousands where another may think in hundreds. Further, the system is far from being representative. Jury service is confined to the upper and middle classes, whose views and prejudices are not likely to be those of the working-class prisoner. This is, of course, even more true of the special jury for which a manufacturer in litigation with a trades union would probably ask in the expectation that the type of person qualified to sit would be more likely to hold 'sound' views.

Yet reform in this, as in other directions, is beset with difficulties. No single department of state is responsible for justice, while under our party system there is little inducement for any Government to press forward legislation for which there is seldom any great popular demand. Nor is it likely that substantial reform will come from the Bar, which is largely controlled by men who have done well out of the existing system and see no good reason to change it. The conditions of success in the law are such as to foster individualism, and the successful barrister, and hence judge, is not likely to be unduly critical of an order of things which has brought him wealth and distinction. Thus there is often a serious clash between the ideas of judges and modern

social tendencies, for while the common law is, in itself highly individualistic and upholds the liberty of the subject to do what he wills with his own, much modern legislation is based upon quite contrary assumptions. Yet statutes whose express objects have been to interfere with property rights, as for example in the interests of slum clearance, have been so interpreted as to nullify the intentions of Parliament, the courts, in effect, applying a philosophy of individualism and *laissez-faire* in a society which has long abandoned that philosophy. The result is unfortunate, for, as Dr. Jackson puts it, 'Social legislation can rarely be comprehended if its effects are to be conceived simply as an issue between two individuals, an issue which is the centre of the traditional common law procedure.' Criticism such as the above points clearly to that very defect in legal education to which Dr. Jackson has drawn attention, an undue concentration upon legal history as enshrining certain fundamental concepts, eternally fixed in the order of nature and an inadequate regard to the effect of their application upon individuals and society.

R. N. CAREW HUNT.

Building the Canadian West, by James B. Hedges, Professor of American History, Brown University (Macmillan Company of New York).

We Must Be Free, by Leslie Roberts (The Macmillans of Canada).

Professor Hedges is concerned in his book with the land and colonisation policies of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The author's earlier studies of the influence of the railway upon the settlement of the North-western States of the United States aroused his interest in the rôle played by that same agency to the north of the 49th parallel, where in the Prairie Provinces approximately one-fifth of the total land area alienated by the Dominion Government was granted to the Canadian Pacific and its subsidiaries. He has produced a work of great interest and importance to those who are enthusiastic about Canada's development, for mistakes and disillusionment can only be avoided by a study of the past.

Lately Sir Jocelyn Lucas asked in Parliament if the Board of Education would 'endeavour to obtain an extension of instruction in the schools on Britain's work for colonial development and on her future responsibilities?'

This book, which has been written mainly from manuscript materials in the archives of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, contains subject-matter for interesting history lessons. Who would not be thrilled to learn that a handful of men, who had succeeded in converting the bankrupt St. Paul and Pacific road in the United States, building it up to the Canadian boundary, and negotiating a traffic arrangement beyond to Winnepeg, were now to form a syndicate to build about 2,000 miles of railway through the Prairie Provinces and British Columbia to the Pacific in return for a cash subsidy of $25,000,000, and a land grant of 25,000,000 acres, tax free, and 'fairly fit for settlement.' These successful business men were George Smith, James Hill, Donald A. Smith, R. B. Angus, and John Kennedy—names which are now household names in Canada, not to mention the peaks in the Rockies named after them.

The first work of the railway, which was completed in five years, in 1885, when Donald Smith (Lord Strathcona) drove the last spike in at Craigellachie, in the Rockies, was that of colonisation. As in the U.S.A., the onward rush of the pioneer and of the railway had gone hand in hand. Communities of homesteaders formed at a substantial distance from the railway only in the knowledge that where they went, the railway would soon follow. Mormons, Mennonites, Hungarians, Icelandics, Scandinavians, French, Roumanians, were all assisted by the generosity of the C.P.R. to settle on the prairies. They were attracted by good advertising, by financial aid, by advice and by inspectors. The Company not only acted as good colonisers in the choice of the right type of settler, but they promoted agriculture by research into the variety of wheat (Red Fife) best suited to the short season of the West, and by the introduction of new farming methods and tools. In general the Company was guided 'by the intelligent selfishness of the prudent business man in exploiting its own railway lands,' but they administered them in the interests of a sound development of the country. They became an agency of land settlement second in importance

only to the Government. After a lapse of fifty-seven years, when conditions are changed, and the initial hardships are overcome, it is easy to criticise and bewail a waste of national resources in the land subsidy terms, but to a young country development is essential, and is too often retarded by a multitude of counsellors and indecision. Even Leslie Roberts, who in *We Must Be Free*, writing of the bankruptcy of the railways since 1920, when the Canadian Exchequer paid the losses by buying back a lot of this railway mileage, 'So the people acquired most of the railways they had helped to build, paying considerably more than any privately-owned corporate enterprise,' admits that the crux of the present state of affairs lies in the fact that there are not enough people to be transported. Perhaps the next era of settlement, which is bound to follow the war, will afford a solution. Or may not the right answer be that the Empire, acting under a Supreme Empire Council, will own all the water, air, and land routes, which are the life lines of this Commonwealth of Nations? Can we imagine a war without facilities for moving goods? Why hamper our peace problems of renewal of trade and re-distribution of populations by the bankruptcy of privately owned railways, or leave them to the mercy of conflicting political parties?

The activities of the C.P.R. to bring people from the United States, Great Britain, Northern Europe, and the eastern provinces of Canada itself to the West, through agents, Settlement Clubs, and by special excursions, were in general successful, and, in justice, it should be stated that the land subsidy was thus justified.

In this excellent history of the C.P.R. the author has surveyed the whole of the national scene in the Canadian West, with a clarity and detail which make it the standard work on the subject.

In *We Must Be Free*, Leslie Roberts merits from anyone who has had years of residence in Canada (like myself) a sincere tribute of gratitude that he has the outspoken courage to unveil the flagrant infringements on freedom that too often mar the fresh adolescence of that young Dominion.

Inspired evidently by the Quebec Padlock Law against Communism (under which anyone suspected of Communistic tendencies might without trial be padlocked out of his own

offices), the author goes on to survey such shackles on freedom as the unemployment question; the inaccuracy of the Press; the system of politics for spoils and not for service; the school system which turns out youth unfit for the two major needs of the country, agriculture and development of the natural resources; and so on. Since the book was written (September 15th, 1939), the Duplessis Ministry responsible for the Padlock Law were decisively beaten on October 25th in the Quebec election, largely, though not wholly, because Duplessis' criticism of the Government war policy seemed to imply an unwillingness to support Great Britain against Germany. This defeat is itself evidence that freedom still triumphs in Canada.

And what does 'freedom' imply? Mr. Roberts himself answers 'the planned State, but that organisation does not indicate a movement towards absolutism, or necessitate depriving the subject of his liberty.' What has to be done is to organise the State for its tasks. The root of the matter lies in a changed machinery for securing democratic responsibility. So long as the old frontier tradition of office as party spoils is maintained, it is difficult to get hold of men of high capacity. Salaries are too low, and office is made economically attractive too often to the venal type of politician, who is tempted to enrich himself through graft. 'Anyone entering public life immediately becomes vulnerable (to such criticism), and he must expect to be labelled rogue, no matter what he does, for the simple reason that the citizen has come to believe that all men in politics are damaged goods, so far as their ethics are concerned.' Mr. Roberts disagrees cordially with these critics. He believes that Canadian public life is as honest as the Canadian business life. 'I believe the average politician is as anxious to promote the *bien être* of Canada as any man outside the arena, as courageous as the average citizen engaged in commerce and as good a Canadian as the average occupant of pulpit or editorial sanctum.' Had I not lived in the Middle West for seven years, and witnessed a quarter of a million of private investors' money 'gone west' (a term I only fully realised the full significance of then) through mismanagement, which would not have been tolerated in the Old Country—although a Senator was among the directors; had I not seen the moratorium, which benefited

the farmers, ruin the real estate companies; had I not heard it asked even of a new parson 'What does he get out of the job?', I should not have been able to disagree with Mr. Roberts. Perhaps the Middle West is too near the border. The reform of the political parties who control policies and spending, the reform of lawyers who turn and twist the law to their own ends, hinges on the necessity of training for leadership in the Canadian democracy. Business calls for able and equipped men in public office. Education is free. The aim should be that of Plato, whose ideal Republic demanded men trained from early youth in the strictest intellectual discipline. Who else are fitted to organise a planned State, which will be the 'guardian' of the nation? Should it have been such an outstanding feat in Mr. Roberts' eyes that the present Prime Minister insisted that the job and contract hunters stay away from his door?

I am at one with Mr. Roberts when he states that what Canada most needs is a 'vision of life.' The desperate battle of man for a livelihood in this new Dominion often obscures the fact that 'man does not live by bread alone.'

In this vast country, with its scattered homesteads, man is without public opinion to restrain him. He is tempted to get rich quickly, since the criterion of success is the material one. Yet, in spite of all the crop of ills existing from the very speed with which Canada has formed itself into a Dominion, the heart of the people is sound. The immortal spirit of man is not something imposed from without by a church, a government, or an economic system, but something nourished from within the private man, and it is common property. I have seen it in the private soldier, the friendly neighbour, the generous homesteader, the sympathetic community (whose 'chest' relieves unemployment), the courageous outpost teacher, the hard-working and indomitable farmer, and by these tokens Canada is a democratic nation.

These books should find a place on the shelves of everyone interested in the development of Canada, especially to-day when we must soon apply ourselves to making the world a fitter place for free men.

KATHLEEN NEWTON.

The Fens: The Mediæval Fenland (12s. 6d.); *The Draining of the Fens* (21s.), by H. C. Darby (Cambridge University Press).

Macaulay has left a very unfavourable picture of the Fens and the fenmen, of a 'dreary region, covered by vast flights of wild-fowl, a half-savage population,' leading 'an amphibious life, sometimes wading, and sometimes rowing, from one islet of firm ground to another. This account is not wholly true, says Dr. Darby in his study of *The Mediæval Fenland* and *The Draining of the Fens*, but it seizes on what is peculiar about fen-life and describes it as characteristic. Macaulay had good documentation for his picture, from the lives of the mediæval saints who founded remote monasteries in the islands of the Fens, and from a host of chroniclers and local writers. A contemporary of St. Guthlac, who founded the Abbey of Crowland in the eighth century, describes a district of 'immense marshes, now a black pool of water, now foul running streams . . . manifold horrors and fears, and the loneliness of the wide wilderness.' The saint is shown in one of the plates in these volumes voyaging in a boat with two companions; and that the mediæval artist was not altogether dependent on fancy is illustrated by a later statement that Crowland could only be approached by water, and much the same was true of Thorney Abbey. In the middle of the eighteenth century, indeed, farmers in the neighbourhood of Downham Fen had to row through their orchards to gather the fruit from the trees. And throughout the record we read of the use of stilts by the inhabitants of Fenland. In the fourteenth century there was a boy who went on *ligni pedes* into the marsh to look for ducks' eggs, and was drowned. And Camden in his *Britannia* tells us of the rude, uncivil and envious Upland-men 'who stalking on high upon stilts, apply their minds to grassing, fishing and fowling.'

In these last words he gives us an epitome of the Fenland occupations, other than agriculture. Reeds and sedges, fish and fowl abounded in the Fens. Pike of extraordinary size are mentioned in the Middle Ages, besides numerous other fish, and above all eels. Eels, indeed, filled many of the uses of currency; debts were frequently paid in them, and rentals and tithes defined in terms of thousands of eels, or 'sticks.'

Hence the mediæval payments which went by the name of 'fish-silver.' Fowling among the vast droves of water-birds, particularly duck, mallard and teal, was a characteristic occupation of the Fenland. In this region the system of decoy by wild birds, first introduced from Holland and of which Defoe has left us a lively description, was carried out perhaps more extensively than elsewhere in England. As for agriculture the silt lands of the Fens were particularly fertile, and by the fourteenth century the Fenland is shown to have been many times more prosperous than the Upland. The massive churches for which the region is famous were no accident, but tell a tale of wealth and prosperity based upon fertile acres of corn and rich herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.

The reason for the formation of the Fens is simple. The rivers that now drain into the Wash have gradually cut into the chalk which once stretched across it, and the submergence of the land has completed their work. The sea gained access to the Fenland, which had for its limits the harder rocks around. This basin has been gradually filling up by the processes of sedimentation, forming beds of peat inland, bordered by the silt towards the river mouths. Here and there higher and more resistant lands protruded above the general level, forming the 'islands,' Ely, March and the rest, where the early saints planted their monasteries, fertile spots in the mediæval wilderness. Throughout the Middle Ages life in the Fens was one long struggle against inundation. Individual and collective efforts kept the lands more or less drained, ditches scoured and banks built. Then floods would come, and once more land go under water, and the battle begin again. Not until the time of James I was a comprehensive plan for draining these lands, as against individual and isolated efforts, attempted. Here the name of Vermuyden, the Dutch engineer, is, of course, outstanding. His work, as Dr. Darby shows, was not—could not be—permanent. He failed to grasp some essentials of a very complicated problem, he was generally unpopular and was distrusted by his colleagues, yet the force of circumstances again and again thrust him to the front. Above all, he was blind to the phenomenon of the shrinkage of the peat. For as the land was drained the drying peat beds shrank, leaving many of the main channels

flowing at a higher level than their subsidiary feeders. Along the Hundred Foot River, for example, 'could Vermuyden's channel have remained at its first height, it would now appear as a veritable aqueduct running across a basin of peat!'

After Vermuyden came the age of the windmills, characteristic feature of the Fen landscape. They provided the only means of clearing the water, but they remained local palliatives by which the owner attempted to solve his problem, throwing the water from his land, regardless of what damage it might do elsewhere, hoping that somehow it would find a passage to the sea. So things continued, unsatisfactory, if picturesque, until the coming of the steam engine and the modern engineer. Here Dr. Darby concludes, leaving the Fenland one of the most arable areas in England. 'The draining of the Fenland,' he says, 'is indeed one of the mighty themes in the story of Britain.' He has told the tale in minute detail, with great knowledge and evidence of a vast amount of research among records and archives of all kinds. Certainly the task need never be undertaken again. It is an impressive and solid piece of work. Too solid perhaps: paradoxically, these are dry pages.

E. St. John Brooks.

The Life of Charles James Fox, by Edward Lascelles (Oxford University Press, price 5*s*., pp. 345, with Illustrations).

This 'Life' of Fox has been republished in Sir Humphrey Milford's attractive popular series, the Oxford Bookshelf. There have been several studies on Fox by Trevelyan, Hammond and other distinguished historians, but these biographers have been concerned mainly with the first half of Fox's life covering the period of his brilliant opposition to the folly of the American War. Mr. Lascelles has been anxious to emphasise the later period of opposition maintained during the French Revolution and the war that followed; he shows that Fox's estimate of the so-called revolutionary movement in this country was sounder than that of Pitt, and argues that if no statesman of Fox's eminence had continued to proclaim at a time of panic his faith in liberty and justice and his hatred of tyranny and oppression, the claims of democracy might have been drawn from constitutional into revolutionary methods in the nineteenth century. Mr. Lascelles draws an intimate picture of the loose and cynical manners of the times when government

remained a privilege of a few Whig and Tory families; he vividly portrays Fox's magnetic personality inspiring affection and loyalty of an unusual kind in spite of the vagaries of his conduct. It is strange to find combined in the character of Fox the intellectual outlook of a Hampden and the selfish instincts of an incorrigible gambler and pleasure seeker. This peculiarity may explain the fact that the book does not contain a single reference to the profound moral revolution produced on the middle and working classes by the Wesley movement during Fox's lifetime. Although Fox saw more clearly than his contemporaries what lay behind the French Revolution he entirely missed the meaning of the evangelical movement, as a forerunner of political reform and as the main factor which decided its evolutionary nature in the new industrial England.

T. P. Conwell-Evans.

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> I have no doubt but, if we can get close to the enemy, we shall defeat any plan of theirs; but we ought to have our ideas beyond mere defensive measures.
>
> NELSON, in 1795.

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

No. DCCLXII—August 1940

THE SITUATION

Germany has begun to lose the war. She all but reached the summit when final victory would have been hers. She could never have hoped for the command of the sea. She certainly hoped for the command of the air. Had she secured it, or had she even been able to offer a serious challenge to the Royal Air Force in the aerial spaces above the British Isles, victory would have been hers. As it is, the Royal Air Force, although far inferior in numbers and operating at far longer range, is much more formidable over German soil than the *Luftwaffe* is over British soil.

Hitler himself has, in his address to the Reichstag on July 19th, admitted, for the first time, that the war will be a long one. And, for the first time, he has recognised that Germany might lose it, in so far as he has declared that either she or Great Britain will be destroyed. His absolute faith in final victory has gone: there is an '*either—or*.' That he made no serious proposals for peace (when, as victor hitherto, he could make proposals of the most serious kind) shows that he is altogether obsessed by the war, that peace means nothing to him. He must go on—he cannot escape his own nature, which is his own destiny. Nor has he the will to escape—he is the unresisting bondsman of the dæmonic forces that have always possessed him, that have sustained him and have driven him forward to where he now stands, that make him unable ever to turn back. Even if he

were to win *this* war, even if he were to enter London as a conqueror, these forces would still be his master and drive him on to further conquests. If he went on and on, until he had conquered the whole world, he would suddenly find himself in the presence of the void, for there would be nothing left to conquer. His whole life's work would seem vain and he would either take his own life or, seeing that the reason for his life had gone, lose his reason. Cromwell said: 'No one rises so high as he who knows not whither he is going.' Hitler does not know 'whither he is going.' He advances, on his own admission, 'with somnambulist certainty.' But the somnambulist does not know 'whither he is going' but goes on and on. And so Hitler goes on and on, unable to stop.

His appeal to England's 'reason' was, in reality, an appeal to her madness. It was an appeal from a madman (for all his cunning and resourcefulness, his political and military genius, Hitler is a madman) to the madness he seeks but does not find in others. To comply with his appeal and end the fight and lift the blockade, leaving him in possession of all his conquests, allowing Germany to import petrol, food, and other essential supplies, so that she could renew the fight, strengthened and refreshed, would not be reason but madness. It would make Hitler master of all Europe, England included. This is the 'reason' in his appeal to the madness he hoped to find, but has not found, in England.

And yet, it would be an error to answer him back in his own fashion or, indeed, to give him any answer other than that the war must go on in the situation as he leaves it. Despot, madman and somnambulist though he be, and sure of himself, he cannot always remain sure of his own following, of his own people, or of his neighbours and present or future allies. If he were to address himself to the authentic reason that is in this country and in the Government, his words should be considered on their intrinsic merits. Some day the war must come to an end. That day seems far off, but it may be nearer than it seems (there is never any certainty in these matters). A war lasting longer than is needed for England's final victory would be a disaster second only to a war lasting not as long as is needed. There is much to be said for a forbidding silence with respect to war aims, a silence that will keep the enemy

guessing while not precluding any peace proposals he may have to make. The easier it is made for the enemy to capitulate, whatever outward form capitulation may take, the better. The more difficult it is made for Hitler to refuse capitulation, when the time comes, the better also. The capitulation of the foe in some form can alone end the war if it is to be won, for to break the power of Germany is, or ought to be, England's essential war aim (and to keep that power broken her essential peace aim).

The war, now, must go on. According to Hitler, it will be a war to the death. Either the British Empire or the Third Realm must perish. He has, for the first time, publicly declared that he will destroy not only England but the Empire. There can be no doubt at all that, to do so, he will stop at no sacrifice and shrink from no method that his cunning and ruthlessness can devise. Mad as his purpose is, the means he will employ to achieve his purpose will be coldly reasonable and yet inspired with his peculiar genius. His speech on July 19th was the maddest he ever made—it was also the calmest, the coldest, the most reasonable (reasonable in tone and manner, reasonable in content, reasonable, even, in its calculated mendacity, reasonable in all, save in its ultimate purpose).

Two main courses are open to Hitler now—the maximum concentration of all available forces for the immediate attainment of his ultimate purpose, or the maximum dispersion of all his forces for the gradual attainment of that purpose. The former course would mean the combined blockade, concentrated bombing, and invasion of the British Isles in the near future; the latter would mean every variety of attack and pressure—political, economic and psychological, no less than military, naval and aerial—on all the exposed or vulnerable points and supports of the vast defensive system on which the power of Great Britain and the Commonwealth depend.

For the first time since the outbreak of war Germany is being hit harder than she is hitting. Unlike her foe, she has in a sense been at war not for less than a year, but for more than seven years. In those seven years and more she has won three series of victories, some of them brilliant, some of them ignominious, all of them sensational. Each series has had its own peculiar character, but all have had the same ultimate

purpose, the conquest of Europe. The victories in the first series were won over herself—the better self, perhaps, but also what was, and always will be, her weaker self—Republican democracy. These victories destroyed the Weimar Republic, and established the solid 'home-front' which was the indispensable prerequisite for war abroad.

Hitler then created the wider strategic basis for the Second World War by the re-occupation of the Rhineland, the union with Austria, the seizure first of the Sudetenland and then of the whole Czechoslovak Republic. This was the second series of his victories, which were won by outwitting and outmanœuvring the other Powers, and without firing a shot.

It is probable that Germany meant to begin actual hostilities in the spring of the present year, after having made herself master of Poland. The armed resistance of the Poles brought on the war prematurely (from the German point of view). The conquest of Poland, which was to have been 'peaceful' (like the conquest of Czechoslovakia), belongs to the third, instead of (as originally intended) to the second, series of German victories, to the war proper. As the Western Allies remained securely on the defensive, and allowed Poland to be overrun, Germany lost little by her miscalculations.

Germany was, in all essentials, able to begin the 'real' war at the time which her High Command had deemed the most favourable to herself, namely, in the spring of the present year. She overthrew all her enemies, save one, in the third series of her victories—the conquests of Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium and France.

But what is to her the final campaign of the war is to her remaining foe, England, the initial campaign. For England, the 'real' war began with the German conquest of France. Her warlike effort has not nearly reached its maximum, whereas the German effort has perhaps begun to pass its maximum.

As we have seen, Germany has, in a sense, been at war for seven years. Those seven years have been a period of immense effort and sacrifice, even if the loss of life was small until the present year. Long before the Second World War began, the German public was propaganda-sodden, it had begun to exhaust its nervous energy, symptoms comparable with those of industrial fatigue had begun to set in, and the

reaction to victory, even over the foreign foe, was not particularly jubilant. The economic self-sufficiency imposed since 1933 by the National-Socialist system was a foretaste of the British blockade, which did not, therefore, come as a psychological shock (the German public having grown used to rationing and other restrictions), but was, nevertheless, all the more serious in so far as it was imposed, as it were, on an already weakened organism.

The British blockade of Germany is, beyond a doubt, much severer than the German blockade of the British Isles. The aeroplane, which is the chief blockading weapon in German hands, has carried constant, harrying warfare into England. But the Royal Air Force is showing itself so superior, squadron for squadron, to the *Luftwaffe*, that Germany is, at the moment, losing the war in the air, and therefore in danger of losing it altogether. It seems certain that she cannot allow the British aerial offensive against her munition works, depôts, marshalling yards, oil refineries, and so on, to continue without fatal prejudice to the output of her war industries and to the stability of her home front.

More than seven years of prodigious war-like effort, including ten months of actual warfare that may well have cost her a million killed and wounded, find Germany just beginning her main task, the overthrow of England, who begins her own task in combative mood and with an effort that is nowhere near its climax.

Although Germany is losing the war, she has not lost it. She still has advantages so immense that an almost superhuman effort on the part of England and the Empire, of her armed forces and of her civilian population, accompanied by the greatest steadfastness and resilience in the event of reverses, will be needed if the war is to be won—as it *can* be won.

Whatever course Germany will choose so as to convert the losing fight into a winning fight, its nature must soon become apparent. At the time of writing—July 23rd—it would seem that a general assault on the defensive system of England and her Empire as a whole is being prepared. Whether the invasion of the British Isles is possible or not, must be left to the judgment of experts. We are inclined to agree with those who deem full-scale invasion impossible,

but should like to add that the loss of, say, 10,000 or 20,000 men means nothing to Hitler, that while air-borne and sea-borne invasion by such numbers would not achieve the object of full-scale invasion, namely the seizure of the capital and of vital strategic points (and therefore of the country as a whole), it does seem to us possible that small and powerfully equipped forces, totalling some such number, could arrive and cause much damage and perhaps even demoralisation while perishing in the attempt. Such landings might even be repeated, the injury that might be done being well worth the sacrifice. This possibility is not a new one. When he discusses the invasion threatened by Napoleon, Mahan, in his *Life of Nelson*, refrains from expressing an opinion 'as to the fortune of the military operation in England, a landing once effected.' But he does regard it as 'singular that men fail to consider that Napoleon would not have hesitated to abandon an enemy in England, as he did in Egypt and in Russia. A few hours' fog or calm, and a quick-pulling boat, would have landed himself again in France, while the loss of 150,000 men, if it came to that, would have been cheaply bought with the damage such an organised force could have done London and the dockyards, not to speak of the moral effect.'

If Hitler were able to despatch forces to England in series aggregating 150,000, they would, doubtless, be destroyed, and destroyed quickly. But 'the loss . . . would be cheaply bought' for the reason given by Mahan.

England's testing-time is at hand. The presence of a powerful army at home (an army that is, unit for unit, perhaps the finest in the world) and defensive measures that have been made the more formidable by the willing and disciplined co-operation of the public, confront the Germans with the hardest task they have yet attempted—so hard that they may refrain from the attempt. That is to say, it may be that they have rejected the project which they have certainly been considering for years, the conquest of England by invasion. But it does not follow that they will refrain from the assault on the British Isles. Turn elsewhere they almost certainly will, but it also seems certain that while they may not invite disaster by engaging in a full-scale offensive, they will harry, harass these islands in the air, on the sea, and by landings,

and will intensify their blockade, chiefly by aerial attacks on shipping and in dockyards. In other words, they will not (unless we are greatly mistaken) attempt to deal the 'decisive' blow, the *Blitzkrieg* of which they have made such a close study, but will exercise an ever-growing pressure which may be reinforced by series of subsidiary blows and thrusts in the hope of placing such a strain, not so much on the armed forces but on the organised life of England and on the mental and physical endurance of her people, that her power will be broken in, say, a twelvemonth.

But although the Germans in general and Hitler in particular will always prefer to do one thing at a time, they will also be busy elsewhere, all the more so, as they must reinforce the Italian effort, seeing that the defeat of Italy (of which there seems to be little prospect at the moment) would be disastrous and perhaps fatal to the Germans.

It would appear to be certain that Spain and the Balkans will become media for increased German-Italian pressure exercised so as to contest England's command of the Mediterranean. That she should retain that command is vital to the successful prosecution of the war. It will remain vital when the war is over.

We shall, in our next issue, examine the Mediterranean and Eastern European situation and also the possibilities of revolutionary leadership which, we are convinced, are open to England on the Continent. Mahan, in the great work we have already mentioned, wrote that in Nelson's day, England was then 'the one centre around whose action, wisely guided, the elements of discontent, already stirring, might gather, upon the occurrence of a favourable moment, and constitute a body of resistance capable of stopping aggressions which threatened the general well-being.'

These words are as true of our own day as they are of Nelson's.

Let us now consider the French tragedy and try to draw some conclusions from it, although the extraordinary lack of information about recent events in France, as well as about her present state, renders nearly all that can be said on the subject in a general way very tentative and provisional.

As we have seen, Germany had to create a strong 'home front' before she could begin the Second World War. France

was defeated in the field, but this defeat was not in itself irretrievable—it became so because her armed forces lacked fighting spirit, and because her 'home front' crumbled. The defeat of France was a collapse as much as a defeat. The French nation, wearied and demoralised by many years of senseless internal strife and by the corrupt practices of her politicians, had a kind of nervous breakdown at the first severe blow. That blow, the reverse at Sedan on May 17th, was not of the kind that precluded recovery, especially as the French are the most resilient of nations. But France did not recover, either in a military or a psychological sense. The rot of defeatism pervaded the army, navy and air force, especially the higher ranks (and the highest most of all). The nation as a whole was apathetic—English observers were often amazed by the apparent indifference of the French citizen population as a whole to the fate of France, although many individual Frenchmen were stricken with visible grief when they began to realise the extent of the disaster and the unspeakable shame and humiliation. Some French units fought well, but there can be no doubt that if the French armed forces as a whole had possessed as good a fighting spirit as the British Expeditionary Force and as the Poles and the Czechs, the campaign in France would still be going on and the German-Italian coalition would be suffering such heavy losses and enduring so severe a strain that there would be serious thoughts of peace in Rome and in Berlin.

The general apathy of the French was highly characteristic. The most dangerous opinion that can afflict a country at any time, though most of all in time of war, is the opinion that 'the ordinary person' will be no worse off under foreign rulers than under his own, so that it matters little (and is certainly not worth so much suffering and sacrifice) 'if the Germans win.' This opinion, if sufficiently widespread, will make defeat in war certain. We have observed it in this country, too, and suspect that it is being spread by means of a deliberate 'whispering campaign.' We are convinced that it is not widespread and does not correspond with any general mood as it did in France. But it is a deadly foe that demands the greatest vigilance, though it cannot be defeated merely by repressive measures (necessary as these may be). A variant which we have encountered of late is expressed in

words such as 'England is going Fascist anyhow' or 'What is the use of fighting when Fascism is coming just the same?' The implication is that it would be best to come to terms with the enemy at once. Fear of native 'Fascism' will always tend to promote defeatism on the 'Left,' just as fear of native Communism tends to promote defeatism on the 'Right.'

Fear of Communism certainly had a strong defeatist influence on the minds of Pétain, Weygand, and many of their military and political associates. The ignorance and unworldliness of these two commanders appears to be colossal. It seems that they feared revolution far more than they feared the enemy. Not that there was no danger of revolution in France—only the danger was mostly increased by the fear of it and by ignorance of its true nature (and therefore of the way to meet it). Pétain bears a curious resemblance to Hindenburg. It is the second time in recent years that a senile Field Marshal, having helped to lose a war, has connived at surrendering to its deadliest foes the Republic he is pledged to serve. It is the second time, also, that a senile Field Marshal is the accomplice of those who, fearing the Red Bolshevism of Moscow, capitulate before the Brown Bolshevism of Berlin. As for the present French administration, 'c'est de la pourriture,' and it is not the least of France's tragedies that in her defeat, her bondage, and her mutilation, she is not being led exclusively by men dissociated from intrigue and corruption, that the 'new France' is led not by the best but by the worst men of the 'old France.'

Public opinion in England has not turned conspicuously against the recent friend and ally, fearful as the cost to England of her defection will be. And, indeed, the French tragedy merits awed commiseration, rather than resentment: its causes go very deep. It is part of the modern moral and religious crisis, of which the National Socialist Revolution is another part (perhaps the counterpart). Much will have to be said about this tragedy, and more will have to be learnt. It is a subject for dispassionate study and much thought.

The situation in France, when she was invaded, was pre-revolutionary. Widespread apathy, above all in war time, is the typical signal of oncoming revolution. It reveals the decline of the patriotic spirit at the emergence of a new prestige (indefinable as yet, but always associated with class

or faction) that has begun to obscure or replace the prestige commanded by the national symbols. Had the Germans concluded an old-fashioned peace with their defeated foe, that is to say, had they annexed certain provinces and resorted to military occupation only as far as was necessary to ensure the fulfilment of the terms of peace, in other words, had France been left, in the main, to herself after her defeat she would have drifted rapidly towards revolution and perhaps to open civil war (it is not impossible that she will do so still).

This is, of course, what the French Communists anticipated and, indeed, tried to promote. Lenin said, somewhere or other, in his blunt way, that to be a good revolutionary one must be a traitor. He and his fellow revolutionaries desired the defeat of their own country in war. The French Communists were active promoters of defeatism in France just as the English Communists are in England, the only difference being one of degree (the French Communists were, and presumably still are, a large party with a huge following amongst the working class, whereas the English Communists are a small, though dangerous, set, rather than a party, with a very small following amongst the working class). French Communist propaganda specialised in attacks on England and on 'British Imperialism' just as the English Communists specialised in attacks on France, not *although* she was an ally, but *because* she was an ally, Germany being on the whole spared, precisely *because* she is the enemy. This is the oblique method of promoting defeatism, and is preferred because it is safer to attack a foreign, even if allied, Power in time of war. But it is efficacious nevertheless—indeed, no propaganda could be more deadly than one that promotes distrust and discredit amongst allies.

Had there been a revolution in France, the Communists would have played a big part in it, though they could hardly have prevailed, for there is a big difference between 1940 and 1789—then, as now, the peasantry are the ultimate masters of the situation, but they were for the revolution then and are against it now. There is also this difference, that out of revolution then a new national spirit was born, whereas the revolutionaries of to-day, in France, as in this country, and in the Right as in the Left, are the instruments of foreign and

hostile or semi-hostile Powers, the Communists of Russia, the Fascists of the German-Italian coalition.

There was, perhaps, a slight chance of a French national revival in 1937 when the representatives of the Front Populaire took office. But Léon Blum, although a man of intelligence and refinement, was not a personality. The Communists were unable or unwilling to break with Moscow—that is to say, their ultimate purpose was anti-national. The Fascists had begun to disintegrate, but their cause was being promoted more dangerously than ever by several politicians and certain propertied families who have for years sacrificed the interests of their country to serve their own (a sacrifice that has been made in vain, as events will soon show).

Democracy has no intrinsic merit. Nor is it a system of government. It is a spirit, or rather a trend, that should be strong in all peaceful and civilised societies. Pure democracy, as the ancients knew very well, is next door to despotism, is doomed to a brief and ignominious existence, and leaves despotism in the extremest form as the only alternative. France, under the Third Republic, was indeed a free country, but the freedom that is not based on respect for the dignity of the individual soul, but on that easy toleration that will admit no hierarchy of values, and regards all opinions as having the same ultimate validity (and is inclined to doubt whether there is a soul and to believe that it does not particularly matter whether there is or not) will never last, but will, unless it undergoes timely transformation, be replaced by tyranny.

Freedom can only prevail if it is restrained by an ethic of some severity, an ethic that *may* be enforced by the law, but *must* be a generally accepted convention, a religious belief, and a part of the common consciousness. Freedom under any other conditions gives the political gangster, the venal politician, the fanatic and the charlatan their opportunity. It becomes so tolerant that it will tolerate even those who are determined to overthrow it—that is why those who want unfreedom will always demand freedom. Absolute freedom is always the prelude to absolute despotism. That very ancient lesson has been taught afresh by France.

THE EDITOR.

A 'MARATHON WAR'

The Prime Minister made a disconcerting disclosure of the state of mind prevailing among those directing our war effort in the course of his broadcast talk to the world on July 14th. He said:

'We must prepare not only for the summer, but for the winter—not only for 1941 but for 1942, when the war will, I trust, take a different form from the defensive in which it has hitherto been bound.'

This calm acceptance of a Marathon of a war, the assumption that, in the strategical conditions already existing, we should be content to wait some twenty months or more before we shake ourselves free from the shackles of a defensive in which we have hitherto been bound, is a grim exposure of the extent to which the influence of the 'Western Front' school of strategists still dominates our leaders. This is not a static war of trench fighting: we must not be content to substitute for the siege of the fields of Flanders a long-term siege of the isles of Britain. The Nazi strategy has opened to us the possibilities of an immense war of movement, of ex-centric operations on his weaker flanks. Our command of the sea must be used, and not hoarded. It is not to be buried, like our stocks of radium, in deep holes, lest it do some hurt to someone. It should do hurt, to the enemy. And do it quickly and consistently. Offensive against the enemy's weak points—and they are obvious—must distract his attention from his attempted 'siege' of Britain and break it by deflecting his energies to other fields.

The picturesque simile of Britain as a beleaguered fortress is one of the unhappiest and most dangerous thoughts that could possibly be spread among us. Unhappy, because if it were true it would be depressing. Dangerous, because, being untrue, it may (and indeed is tending to) mislead us as to the methods by which the war should be fought. It is so

demonstrably untrue. A beleaguered fortress does not receive, every week, some 1,500–1,700 shiploads of new provisions, stores and munitions. A beleaguered fortress does not despatch, from its garrison, reinforcements and freshly built units to the aid of its operations in distant fields, as we are doing. A beleaguered fortress is not in daily and hourly communication with seven-eighths of the outside world, as we are. We are *not* beleaguered. We are working on exterior lines, free to move as and when we will to any theatre of war. And we have no need to wait until 1942 to move. This must not be another Seven Years War. Hitler wanted a *blitzkrieg* and we can give it him. But not by allowing ourselves to be bogged and entrenched in the Maginot mentality of the old Western Fronters. That era of the war passed with the collapse of France. Whatever arguments the trenchlodytes might have formerly advanced were swept away last June. And it is to be remembered that the onrush of Hitler was pulled up short, not by trenches and dugouts, not by anti-tank traps and 'deep defences,' but by the Defence of the Deep. He stopped short because he reached the sea. There his vast war machine cannot function. There he is powerless to interfere with any moves we make. We have, in this country, thought too long of the sea as 'a moat defensive to a house.' The sea, to him who has the mastery of it, is a vast manœuvre ground whereon he can deploy his forces in freedom, preparatory to an offensive at any point and at his own selection, and the enemy cannot say him nay.

Those vast open spaces whereon we can move at will must be utilised. The strategic position to-day does not, in its main aspect, resemble that of 1914. We are not 'bound to a defensive' in the North Sea. Enemy naval forces are no longer concentrated, in almost numerical parity to ours, in that one arena. Nor can there be any chance that they may be thus assembled. Just as Napoleon planned vainly to unite his squadrons from Toulon, Cadiz, Brest and Lorient and found himself everywhere checked in the endeavour, so any attempt by Hitler to reinforce the remnants of the German Fleet by junction with the Italian Navy would be checked. The North Sea, in this war, is a secondary theatre of operations. One could wish that the Prime Minister

would find the time to refresh his memory, in his own Life of Marlborough, of some of those trenchant memoranda of William III and the Duke on the subject of their plans, sent for Rooke's guidance in his operations in the Mediterranean. A popular journal recently poured scorn on what it called '1815 and all that,' burlesquing the students of history whom it dubbed the Wellingtonians. But Wellington was something more than a name for a pair of boots. Nelson was something more than the better half of a technical term in wrestling. History, properly read, is the chart by which the national leader can safely steer the Ship of State. It shows the reefs and shallows as well as the navigable channels. And the history of England in the Mediterranean is the chart which, to-day, should be open on the navigator's table on the compass platform.

The crying need for an understanding of the lessons of history was shown at the moment of the French collapse, when collaboration of the French Fleet was lost to us in the Mediterranean. There were people in this country, and among them some who should be leaders of thought, who murmured despairingly that we should have to abandon the Mediterranean. They had no intention of being defeatist, but actually they were advocating the very move which, each time it has been taken in the past 300 years, has led Britain to disaster and a bad peace. And in this war, more than any other, the Mediterranean is the strategic centre. It is there that the war can be won by us, and won before 1942, if we will but take the offensive vigorously.

Italy is the weakest point in the Axis, and it is through the smashing of Italy that we shall accomplish the smashing of Hitler. An aggressive and sustained offensive against Italy is the true strategy for this country now. There is no need for us to keep our eyes fixed on our own shores and sit waiting for the 'great German invasion.' If that is attempted the naval forces we have in home waters and the army we have here can quite effectively deal with it. But in the meantime we have great forces assembled in the Mediterranean, and even without the help of the French Navy we are in control of that sea. The course of the operations out there has already demonstrated our material and moral superiority over the Italian Fleet. There is no need for cheap jeers

about 'Italy wins the Boat Race' when discussing the brush in the Ionian Sea east of Malta between an Italian squadron and the force under Admiral Sir Andrew Cunningham on July 9th. The Italian Admiral's avoidance of close or prolonged action was perfectly justified, because he was in markedly inferior force. The main British strength consisted of three battleships of the Barham class (according to a newspaper message from New York, quoting Rome despatches) with twenty-four 15-inch guns, while the Italian main strength lay in the two reconstructed Cavour class battleships, mounting twenty 12·6-inch guns. The fire-power of the two sides was: British 95,000 lb. of shell per minute; Italian, 36,000 lb. Anyone who contends that it was cowardly for the Italians to withdraw is qualified for the Suicide Club—and would have the benefit of an 'unsound mind' rider in the verdict.

The significance of the incident lies in its demonstration of our material superiority over the Italian ships and its further demonstration of the inability of an Air Force, working in close proximity to its landing and refuelling grounds, to interfere with the movements of a fleet of warships. The Italians claimed to have carried out effective bombing during the whole day preceding the action. They claimed later to have sunk and damaged several of the ships both in Admiral Cunningham's force and in another British squadron operating to the west of Malta. These claims were simply untrue. One ship was hit and she went on with her work. (Incidentally the interesting idea has been put out that the Italian airmen were misled into thinking that outbursts of anti-aircraft fire were the explosions of their bombs, a not impossible explanation in view of the fact that it was the first time they had seen from above the A.A. batteries of warships in action with live shell.) The brief encounter, too, was of value as showing how baseless are the claims of Mussolini that his Air Force forbids any operations by hostile warships anywhere near the Italian coasts. We know, by the hard experience of the losses sustained among our destroyers during inshore operations off Norway, Holland and Belgium, that all warships are not immune from fatal damage by air attack, but that does not say that none of them should ever run the risk of destruction in the carrying

out of essential operations of war. It would be as reasonable to say that no destroyer should ever go into an area where submarines are operating, because she might be torpedoed. It is the percentage of risk that must govern the decision, and experience so far has shown that air attack obtains a lower proportion of hits to bombs dropped than does any of the other forms of destruction at sea. We have an official Italian figure (if we care to believe it) that throws light on this. General Pietro Mattei of the Italian Air Force told members of the foreign Press at a conference in Rome that between July 8th and 14th the Italians had carried out fifty air attacks against the British Fleet in the Eastern Mediterranean basin. In those fifty attacks, he omitted to mention, only one bomb hit a target.

A further lesson from the incident must provide unpleasant reflections for the Italian naval command. Admiral Cunningham's force was operating right across the Italian lines of communication to Libya. Rome's cohorts overseas in North Africa are to-day more dependent on sea-borne supplies than were the men of the Cæsars. Mussolini was apparently persuaded by Goering (and by his own hopes) that Italian convoys from Taranto and Naples to Tripoli and Benghazi were assured of full protection against naval attack by the mere presence of Italian aircraft on the shores of the Ionian Sea. No warship, he believed, would 'dare' to approach the routes. That fond belief is rudely shattered, and although on this occasion we found no convoy at sea, Rome must now envisage the imperative necessity of providing heavy naval escort as well as air protection for all transports and supply ships proceeding between the Mother Country and Libya. This must ultimately lead to a drastic clash between the two Navies, a thing the Italians do not want, in view of the proven superiority of the British material. But the convoys must be escorted or else the supplying of the overseas Roman Empire must be abandoned. It will be seen in what a cleft stick the Italian Command now finds itself—and what a golden opportunity for offensive action by us is presented. Admiral Cunningham has shown by his first incursion into the Ionian Sea that he is not lacking in the *animus pugnandi* of which the late Sir James Thursfield was so vigorous a champion. He must not be checked by a timorous

defensive policy at home. A far finer tactician than Beatty, he has all the dash and fighting spirit of that popular hero. He has every quality of a sea victor, and it is the duty of our leaders to give him full support in his projects and not to keep him and his ships carrying out abortive 'sweeps' with no ultimate object until some Greek Kalends when the Western Fronters are dead of their own inanition and we recover from that 'defensive' to which we need never have been bound.

The heel of Italy is the heel of Achilles in the Axis, and it is to the Mediterranean that we must carry the war, a sea-borne war on the weak flank of the enemy, a sea-borne war in those waters where Blake first showed to an astonished Europe the importance of Britain in the polities of nations; where Rooke, despite his obstinate obstruction to a strategy he could not understand, was a constant anxiety to Louis XIV; where Nelson grappled with the threat of 'a universal monarchy in the person of the Corsican.' There is to-day no King of Sardinia, no Queen of Naples, no Grand Duke of Tuscany *e tutti quanti*. But geography is unchanged. Atlases are altered by men, but the earth and the sea are where they always were whatever colours we may paint them on our political maps; their influence on man's destiny is no less now than it was in the Peloponnesian War. So, too, with the immutable principles of strategy. The first Peloponnesian War lasted ten years. On the one side at the end the army was undefeated and on the other the navy. Both sides had pursued secondary aims throughout the war. They had tried merely to reduce the resources of each other, and the outcome was no more than an armed truce. How like to our 'Great War' of 1914! In the second of those ancient wars Lysander completely overthrew the Navy of the Athenians: there was no passive exertion of sea power. And the decision by battle was really a decision. The defeat of Athens was final.

So in this war of ours, there must be decision. 'It is, as Mr. Pitt knows, annihilation that the country wants and not merely a splendid victory of twenty-three to thirty-six.'

Annihilation of the Hitler régime cannot be achieved solely by the semi-starvation of two-thirds of Europe. It cannot be achieved by pursuit of secondary objectives. That régime is founded on the sword and must perish by the

sword. There is a cruel jest, current recently, according to which 'an Italian officer drew his sword and cut down a side street.' The jester spoke more wisely than he knew. The Italian has drawn the sword and has opened up a side street down which we may, if we will, cut our way. It is not by abandoning the Mediterranean but by using it that we shall strengthen our own defence in the secondary theatre of war, the North Sea. It is not by piling up defences on our own coasts, but by seeking out and defeating the enemy on his that we shall preserve our hearthstones from desecration by the Nazi boot. It is the old lesson of history that so many of our political leaders (and quite a few of our Admirals) in the past centuries have failed to understand. It is not enough to command the sea. We must use it. The one is static warfare. The other is offensive. And the time for it is now. Not in 1942. Was it not Archias who remarked wearily, 'I will deal with it to-morrow,' when he was shown a letter warning him of a conspiracy against his life?

H. C. FERRABY.

CONSERVATISM, ITS FUTURE AND MR. CHURCHILL

When Mr. Chamberlain announced over the wireless on May 10th that he had surrendered the Premiership to Mr. Churchill he announced the end of the Conservative Party as we have known it. A political revolution was implicit in what happened between the Norwegian debate and Mr. Chamberlain's broadcast. The full significance of that violent interlude, violent, that is, for British politics, has been slow to emerge. Only now is it being seen for what it was, a great turning point in our political history. Even yet its import has not been grasped by the bulk of those chiefly affected—the members of the Conservative Party. Only a discerning few among them have understood the true inwardness of these events. They, at least, know and confess what strikes so many in other parties as all too palpable, that the war and its antecedents have killed the Conservative Party far more completely—if we may assume degrees of mortality in a political party—than the last war killed the Liberal Party. They also know and confess that if an election were possible and were held, the Conservative Party would be blotted out, at least as near as makes no matter. A member of the party's inner councils expressed this opinion in almost these very words the other day. The Norwegian debate, which resembled a physical act of retribution rather more than a debate, brought the massive edifice of Conservatism to the ground. It is perhaps understandable that they that sit among the ruins should be the last to realise they are ruins. When Mr. Lloyd George, with immeasurable scorn, flung his notes down on the table and told Mr. Chamberlain that the only service it was left to him to do to his country was to resign he symbolised in his wrathful little figure public opinion doing execution on Mr. Chamberlain, but also on much more than Mr. Chamberlain, on the incompetent and nerveless régime that was founded and has lived for nine

years on the unhealthy, swollen majorities of 1931 and 1935. Even yet, one repeats, the truth about the change that was borne on the hurricane of the Norwegian debate has not come home to the majority of the Conservative Party. They still look to Mr. Chamberlain as leader, not to Mr. Churchill; and Mr. Chamberlain, of course, is leader of their party, though Mr. Churchill is in every real sense their leader in Parliament. They hug the notion, so many of them, that Mr. Chamberlain was scandalously treated and unjustly overthrown, if he was not actually undone by intrigue. Their blindness has not left them. As it has been for nine years so it is still; their eyes see not. They have provided England with two of the worst Parliaments it has had in recent times. Now they delude themselves into believing that Mr. Chamberlain fell, not by the weight of his own failure, but by the pressure of unscrupulous foes, some in his own camp. Some manage to be publicly indignant still, two months after the fall. And their indignation takes even comic forms. Its chief expression is a staged silence when Mr. Churchill enters the House; sulky mortals confronting Jove with a frown. Jove sits down and digs Mr. Bevin in the ribs or he caresses his knees with his expressive hands. Labour is cheering. The Liberals are cheering. So are the unregenerate young Conservatives whom Mr. Churchill led in his free-lance days. Why trouble about the silence of the moribund? Jove does not. They can be left to their awakening. It will be rude. But to what end their anger? To what end their silence? That will not put Humpty-Dumpty back again or reverse the political revolution that came in the Norwegian storm. Nemesis is only exacting the penalty for nine years of weak government and weaker diplomacy. Judgment is given against the 400 'Yes' men; against 400 Conservatives who believe in the strong hand but supported a Government and a Foreign Secretary who trembled before Japan in Manchuria; against 400 Conservatives who considered the All-Red route as a divine ordinance, but winked at the threat to it at its most vital point, Spain; against 400 Conservatives who, when war had caught them up, thought it could be won by a half mobilised nation. There is no satisfaction in going over this distressing record, and there would be no justification for

it if it were not that it explains the revolution that has come about. This story is a painful part of the consciousness of every Englishman to-day, and it will be long before its authors are forgiven. A country that has found Conservatism inadequate to either peace or war or even to maintaining the bare interests of England, will have little to do with it in peace after a victory won by a Government that in all its virile parts is Left-Centre and is suspect where it is not Left-Centre. The shape of our politics after the war is beyond descrying and this is no time for crystal-gazing. But it is not prophecy to say that Conservatism as we know it will not play an important part in it because, as has been said, that kind of Conservatism no longer exists to play a part. One says Conservatism as we have known it. There is a Conservatism that answers to something deep in the English character. It is the Conservatism of an earlier tradition that mainly lives on in the surviving aristocratic and service elements of the party. It is the Conservatism of *noblesse oblige;* the Conservatism that was quickly depleted in the House of Commons when the fighting began and gave distinguished names to the first casualty lists. It is the Conservatism of the Stanleys and the Devonshires, the Cecils with all their quiddities, the Wolmers and the Cranbornes, the Northumberlands and the Hamiltons, the Burghleys and the Wintertons. To that sort of Conservatism adaptation and rebirth will always be possible in England. But that is not the Conservatism that has been in control of the party for a long time. What has been in command has been a hybrid Conservatism, union of plutocratic industrialism and anti-Socialism; a Conservatism concerned only for its wealth and permanent ascendancy at home and the abettor abroad of whatever it conceived to be a bulwark against Socialism. England? What place had England, England in its totality of rich and poor, of the not so rich and the not so poor—what place had England in so self-regarding a political philosophy? Quite a secondary place. And this could masquerade as Conservatism and Lord Baldwin could find its sanctions in Disraeli's teachings! That sham is ended.

Could Mr. Churchill recreate the party; give its doctrine a new meaning for a new world and so re-establish its power? The question is asked because Mr. Chamberlain has virtually

nominated Mr. Churchill for the Conservative leadership. He has said that if he resigned the leadership he believes the Conservative Party would elect Mr. Churchill in his place. It might; but if it did it would be from motives of self-preservation, and not from love of Mr. Churchill. Mr Churchill is not and never has been entirely of the faith, and on the infrequent occasions when he has gone to the party conferences to back a particular cause, the antipathy to him in many quarters, especially among the official nabobs could not be concealed. But why does Mr. Chamberlain take it for granted that Mr. Churchill wants to become leader of the Conservative Party? Their conduct towards him in the House of Commons since he became Prime Minister might well be sufficient to kill any latent desire of that kind, if there is such, in Mr. Churchill's bosom. But what need has he of the Conservative leadership? His position is so strong at the moment that he could sweep the country as leader of the Churchill party. It has been axiomatic among the Tadpoles that no leader, however powerful, could carry a party to power by the mere force of his own popularity; not in these days of adult suffrage and enormous electorates. He must have a great party organisation behind him, they decreed. They believed it. It was not merely that they had a vested interest in party machines. Most other politically-minded folk believed it too. Well, it was a quite eminent Tadpole who was saying recently that Mr. Churchill had only to put forward candidates in his own name and he could carry them to victory without a party machine and against any other party machine. That is Mr. Churchill as he stands now. Why should he want to lead the Conservative Party? But assume he leads us to victory, how unparalleled in all our history will be his position? Powerful with the people beyond Chatham or Lloyd George, there should be little temptation to him to step in as saviour of the Conservative Party. And will he not recall the terrible fate of Mr. Lloyd George who also won a war and was made a tool of by the Conservatives? But all such warnings and tactical considerations apart, can a man of Mr. Churchill's imagination and historic sense ever believe that the Conservative Party can be the instrument for raising the new Britain that the old Britain will have so richly

deserved by its conduct in 'its greatest hour'? It is highly improbable. His political life has been about equally divided in point of time between membership of the Conservative and membership of the Liberal Party. No party can easily hold Mr. Churchill; he is nearly a party himself. But he was perhaps more at home in the Liberal Party than he has been in the Conservative Party, and only Conservatives have pursued him with spleen as the apostate of 1903 who preferred Free Trade and office to Tariff Reform and 'the desert.' They never realised that there was another and more charitable explanation; that the young Churchill of 1903 had conquered earlier than Macaulay a competence with his pen and was a free man who chose to follow the light of a strong intellect pointing him to the most hopeful political movement of the time, the Liberal renaissance. And he did splendid service in it. Conservatism was then too sterile for that adventurous mind. And no one could say of the restless figure that sat for so long below the gangway in recent years that it was finding its presence in the Conservative fold congenial or that the fold (including Lord Baldwin and Mr. Chamberlain) was finding him congenial either. No; he has never been during either of his sojourns in the Conservative Party completely of it, and the party has accurately sensed it. Such Conservatism as has broken out in him from time to time has been of the aristocratic and humane tradition that disdains all affinities with the Neo-Conservatism of the plutocrats.

Mr. Churchill may well be our only hope for the peace as he is for the war, but to meet the tasks of the peace he would have to disburden himself of any entanglements with this decadent Conservatism, and one firmly believes that he would. The bonds are light. And has he not already said that he considers it better that he should lead no party while he is head of a Government of all parties? He keeps his freedom so far, and it will be easier to keep as time goes on, and his personal ascendancy grows. He will have no need of the Conservative Party. Indeed, he has none now. The country has put him where he is. He is not there on the sufferance of any sulky Conservatives.

H. Boardman.

AN ARMY OF PRE-OCCUPATION

POLITICAL penetration and organised treachery—the means by which Germany has conquered some seven nations of Europe—are not weapons familiar to the armed forces of this country. While year by year, since 1933, the enemy has been perfecting a technique of intervention and sedition, the only method of conducting a campaign known to our forces hitherto has been to capture territory by artillery or aerial bombardment—after which troops occupy the devastated area. Only by propaganda has an attempt been made to undermine resistance in advance—never by direct action. At present our military organisation in this sphere is entirely defensive. The Field Security Police is designed only to prevent Fifth Column and other subversive activities in the field. We have developed nothing to take the war into the enemy's camp.

There would appear to be in this country some kind of revulsion against the use of parachute troops and Fifth Column personnel, as something not quite 'sportsmanlike.' There is a feeling—reflected in our invocation to the Almighty, in the National Anthem, to 'frustrate their knavish tricks'—that ruse is contrary to our military code of honour. The Germans, it seems, possess every military quality save that of honour, and it is not felt fit that we should emulate them. If this were really the case, then it were high time—as has been suggested by some wag—that we return all Staff Officers to regimental duties, as being too honourable to practice deceit, and employ for Staff work instead a corps of business men, as being experienced in the technique of doing other men down. But, in fact, the Germans are re-discovering and employing ancient, half-forgotten means of war. Ruse is as old as warfare itself, and the classic example is the Trojan horse. We ourselves, to quote only the 'Q' mystery ships of the last war, have not entirely ignored the lighter (or perhaps darker) side of war. It is not an accident that there is no French or German word for 'bluff.'

What is proposed in this article is the formation of a new specialist offensive force, recruited and trained for a particular purpose—the instigation of revolt behind the enemy's lines and interference with Germany's war effort on the home front to the extent, if possible, of paralysing it. There need be nothing 'un-English' about our using such a force, except in the nationality of some of the men employed.

The strong opposition, not to say xenophobia, that exists to-day both in official quarters and in the country generally towards employing foreigners in national service, is leading us to neglect an extraordinary opportunity. We forget our history. It was chiefly German troops that defended England against the Jacobites in the 1715 and 1745 rebellions and defeated the Young Pretender at Culloden. Both Marlborough and Wellington owed a debt to the German mercenaries under their command. To-day we have Polish seamen and airmen operating with our forces: Norwegian military and naval units have been working in conjunction with ours: the Dutch High Command functioned for a time from London: Czech and Polish divisions are now over here: and finally we have French forces, under General de Gaulle, continuing to fight with us.

In this topsy-turvy situation is the material for the formation of a unit which, if employed adroitly, might well regain for us the initiative and, to use President Roosevelt's phrase, strike a dagger into the enemy's back. On May 15th, five days after the battle of France opened, a leader in *The Times* contained the following:

> At the beginning of the war the suggestion of a British Foreign Legion was rejected, mainly because we had then so many of our own people to enlist and to equip; and Allied citizens in this country have since gone either as individuals or as units to join their national or other formations in France. . . . But there can be little objection to the formation from among both older and more recent refugees of a Foreign Legion; and there will certainly be a widespread desire among the refugees themselves to serve in this way if circumstances prevent them from serving in any other.

The international unit which is proposed in this article would *not* be just another Foreign Legion, in which the presence of foreigners was something quite incidental, merely providing

extra man-power, but a composite unit comprising specialist troops to be employed for a particular purpose. It would be a force comprising, firstly, all those who volunteered for this highly dangerous and responsible type of warfare, and, secondly, all those who, by reason of linguistic ability, and/or special knowledge of the region to be tackled, and/or technical proficiency in handling (or sabotaging) telephone exchanges, power stations, wireless transmitters, etc., are obviously required for the job in hand.

Any unit which is to be accepted by the Services must base its appeal, not on its membership, but on its special function. The tendency to-day is all against the formation of new units of an independent character. The day when 'Lovat's Scouts' or 'So-and-so's Horse' were welcomed by the War Office, as bodies recruited by some local chieftain (and its equipment probably financed by him), passed after the Boer War. It would not be possible to-day even for a 'Sportsmen's Battalion' to be formed as in the last war. Conscription has dispensed with the need for some special appeal to recruiting: men find themselves in the Army now whether or not they feel specially attracted towards serving in a particular unit.

The case for an international unit is therefore based entirely on grounds of military expediency. Briefly, its purpose is to effect large-scale sabotage and demolition in the enemy's rear, coincident with revolutionary rising among the nations oppressed by Germany. Its function might be described as an organised combination of the political *Putsch* and Fifth Column activity. 'International Brigade' cannot describe it; firstly, because it would in no way be a polyglot collection of Left Wing adventurers; secondly, because its purpose is to provide not just extra troops but a unit with a very particular function. Neither is 'Fifth Column' a description, in that it suggests a body of traitors and spies. The proposed unit would comprise, rather, a body of idealists and technicians: the fact that it does not yet exist denies it the opportunity of operating in the manner of the Fifth Column, which has generally been resident over a period of time in the country which it has been decided to attack.

Sporadic, isolated and premature outbursts of sabotage or revolt in enemy territory—apart from being exceedingly difficult to effect—would be disastrous *now*. It might be

mulating to our public opinion at home at this period to be
le to announce on the B.B.C. that forces working inside
emy territory had blown up a factory in Essen or demolished
railway bridge in Jutland. But the effect would be terrible
this stage of the conflict, for the Germans would—in the
se of Essen—go through their local lists of previous Social-
emocrats, etc., and incarcerate or exterminate the lot; while
the case of Jutland, they would deal with the Danes with the
me ruthlessness with which they dealt with the Czechs after
e premature outburst of revolt last September.

Fundamentally, the scheme is based on the general assump-
on that at some time or other during the war there must be
ovements of revolt among the oppressed peoples and per-
ps among the Germans themselves: that no such move-
ent, however, no matter how carefully organised from within,
n possibly succeed against machine guns and the Gestapo,
less it is powerfully supported by organised outside inter-
ntion at a decisive moment. No Quisling can succeed unless
ere is an enemy to attempt invasion from without: the
ldiers inside the Trojan horse did not themselves capture
e city—all they did was to open the gates. There must be
' pin pricks '—and no reprisals. To introduce the scheme
w would be fatal. The objective can only be achieved *en
sse*. Intervention by the unit designed for this purpose
ist be the *well-prepared, decisive blow*, coinciding with the
volt of the oppressed peoples.

What can, and should be, effected *now* is the recruiting
d specialised training of the unit. Deprivation of liberty
n be a process embittering to the best-intentioned, and a
riod of internment is not the best prelude to an invitation
volunteer for a dangerous, combatant unit. For that reason
e necessary preparations should be taken in hand without
lay. We have already lost in France many exiles from
ermany and Italy who would have been only too eager to
ve their assistance in any endeavour to overthrow the régimes
those two countries. We have amongst us thousands of
ermans, thousands of Czechs, of Poles, of Norwegians,
itchmen, etc., who detest the Nazi tyranny, who possess
eady a military training, who long for an opportunity to
ntribute to the downfall of Hitler and the liberation of their
n particular country; and who could, because they are

natives, operate in their country with the sureness of natives, and with the chances of their being apprehended much reduced.

Instead of regarding foreigners here as potential saboteurs of *our* military machine, we should regard them as potential saboteurs of the *German* military machine. Germany is using, and used in the last war, any and all dissident elements of enemy nationality who took shelter with her. In 1916 Germany landed Sir Roger Casement on the coast of Ireland, and his arrival was the sign of the Easter Rebellion: this might have been, save for a miscarriage, an enormous embarrassment for us. In 1917 Germany transported Lenin in a sealed train from Geneva to Russia, where he started the Bolshevik Revolution which put Russia out of the war with Germany. During the 'Great Inertia,' in the first eight months of this war, Germany was using William Joyce to conduct the wireless campaign against us (he is 'Lord Haw-Haw'), and François Ferdonnet ('le trâitre de Stuttgart') to direct radio propaganda against France. From recent arrests we can gain some idea of the rôles assigned to other renegades in this country. And, of course, there is nothing new in this. When it was the Spanish who threatened invasion there were plenty of English gentry prepared to work for the King of Spain, and Burleigh and Walsingham were kept busy with their version of 'Section 18*b*' arrests.

We have amongst us here battalions of Casements, Lenins and Joyces in our exiles from Germany and in the hosts of Poles, Czechs, Norwegians, etc., who are to-day on this side of the German Army's lines, men who not only would gladly undertake an active part in the downfall of the Nazi régime but would bring a variety of talent to the job. Thus we should have among our refugees here men who have expert knowledge on the waterways, the electrical system, the telephone apparatus, the railway communications, the industrial installations and the topographical lay-out of practically every important town in Central Europe to-day. We should set about exploiting their knowledge and ability right now.

As the war progresses, with possibly Spain, Switzerland, Sweden, the Balkans and Turkey in the war, so the opportunities both for recruiting the man required and for exploiting the unit will increase. We should now, for example, be look-

out for the D'Annunzio type of Italian in exile (Don arzo, for instance) who is prepared to play a part in such ivities on the Allied side now that Italy has come in against

In this connection it is very important to us that the lish and Czech Legions should have been evacuated from ance. These troops have an important rôle to play. They ould be kept for a decisive moment and then introduced o Poland and Czechoslovakia by air or other means, where ey will carry out the tasks allotted to them and provide the cessary impetus to a successful revolt.

There are several factors which would favour our employ-ent of such a unit. German troops are now stationed on ech, Polish, Danish, Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian and French il. Any parties of our international unit intervening sud-ly (by parachute, say) in any of these parts would be erating on *friendly* soil, and would be able to count on -operation from the local population: particularly so as of urse the force would be chosen to comprise nationals of that rticular territory. So the danger of being attacked by the ril population would be discounted. They could be pro-ioned and sheltered by the locals. (If the enemy got wind the likelihood of sudden intervention by such a unit ey would scarcely run the risk of giving arms to the civilian pulation, especially in the territories which they have raded, as we are arming our Local Defence Volunteers.) ndings by small troop-carrying aircraft are practicable in ost parts of Central Europe—either on the vast hedge-less ains, or, better still, on the numerous broad waterways of ermany and the lakes of Southern Bohemia. What can be hieved in this way, when careful preparation and surprise are mbined, was shown by the Germans' capture of Waalhaven port, despite its being guarded.

Another circumstance which is more in our favour has ready been referred to. This is our ability to draw upon a st number of Poles, Czechs, Germans, Norwegians, etc., :., necessary for the efficient operation of the unit in the rritories concerned, whereas Germany can obviously have ly a limited number of renegade Englishmen for Fifth olumn or similar operations in our territory. There is an-her advantage, more psychological. We are dealing with enemy who is more capable of being bluffed on the large

scale than any other people on earth. Germany is the country of the classical 'Hauptmann von Koepenick' episode. The position to-day is that anyone representing himself as an official of some body or other, especially of course of the Gestapo, can get away with almost anything. Though the extraordinary efficiency and ubiquity of the Gestapo renders a sporadic or unorganised revolt almost impossibly dangerous inside the country, the German capacity for being impressed by a show of important officialdom is a big advantage in our direction. And this gullibility would have to be exploited by members of units on occasion.

(In this connection, I can quote an example :

In Berlin, in 1937, a newspaper colleague of mine had his room entered and possessions rifled by a common thief who had passed concièrge after concièrge by saying that he was from the Gestapo, and it never occurred to anyone to ask for his papers : this incident occurred when the correspondent was attending a special meeting of the Foreign Journalists' Association to protest against the expulsion of *The Times'* representative !

The force should not be brought into operation, it has been emphasised earlier on, until the opportunity is ripe for striking a decisive blow. Otherwise not only would the unit concerned be likely to be massacred but the strategy would be revealed. (As, it might be contended, we should have reserved our pamphlet-dropping until such times as German morale was weak enough to be receptive to our propaganda ; and, as again it might be argued, Germany's use of the magnetic mine—and even of parachute troops—might have been much more devastating if delayed longer and used without warning on this country.) There are, however, occasions on which particular units of this force might be used. It is outside the scope of this article to suggest what particular objectives could suitably be envisaged, but if there were oil wells to be demolished, a pipe line to be cut, a river to be blocked, in territory where it would be inconvenient or impossible to send a Regular force, a unit of the proposed force might well be able to carry out the work swiftly, economically and inconspicuously. If there were a question of threatening Germany with armed uprisings in her Eastern border regions (as was suggested in the April editorial of *The Nineteenth Century*), the employment of a particular unit of our

specialist force (bearing in mind the number of Poles and Czechs available to us, and also the not inconsiderable Ukrainian population in Canada) might again be indispensable.

We in this country are strongly inclined in our military strategy against any 'side-shows.' But any activity that embarrasses the enemy in his rear at a critical time must definitely be worth our while. The unit would harass the Germans, just as their forming the 'Austrian Legion' (from dissident Austrian Nazis) harassed the Dolfuss and Schuschnigg Governments and their forming the Sudeten Freikorps (from among Henleinists) harassed the Czech Government. We know to our own cost what it is to face, with forces trained only for 'straight' fighting, an enemy which employs guerilla tactics and sabotage, etc.—for we had this experience in the Boer War and in Ireland after the last war. If the Sinn Feiners harassed our Black and Tans, so we too could harass the enemy, provided our special troops had been trained in the necessary tactics.

With such a force in existence there would be some incentive to desertion from the German Army. While the only reward for running the gauntlet of desertion is internment for the remainder of the war in an Allied prison camp, few Germans will feel encouraged to take that risk: if there were a chance of employing their military training in a unit where they could help to contribute to the overthrow of the Nazi régime, this would act as a considerable incentive to desertion. German Army officers fear the defeat of the Nazi régime because they are afraid of losing their professional livelihood. But when they are given the choice between defeat and joining another formation, regular soldiers, too, would be able to decide more easily to desert. Men are not actuated only by idealistic motives.

(It was the far-sighted employment of volunteer Czech troops by the Tzarist Army Council on the Russian South-Western Front on patrol duty that brought over the 8th and 28th Prague regiments from the Austrian-Hungarian Army at the beginning of the last war: these regiments formed the nucleus of the Czech Legions that fought with the Allied Armies on the French, Italian and Russian fronts.)

In forming a super advance guard to the Allied troops, in operating in the rear of a German Army, in giving the

impetus to revolt among the German civilian population a the other oppressed peoples, in forestalling a likely attem by the Soviet after a German defeat to set up a revolutiona régime in Germany and Central Europe—such an internation force would be fulfilling the function of an army of pr occupation.

No undertaking in war has ever failed to get voluntee because it was dangerous. The Czechs and Poles would figl desperately, as would indeed all the other nationalities. T Hampstead non-Aryan is not the only kind of German exil The 300 Sudeten Democrats whom their leader Wenz Jaksch is anxious to recall from their exile in Canada to figh over here might be increased by those of them who ar already serving in the fighting units of the British Army an in the Pioneer Corps. These men, in the long crisis i Czechoslovakia that preceded Munich, proved their potentialit as fighters for democracy. The German exiles who fought fo the Spanish Government, under General Julius Deutsch anc Ludwig Renn, were not the least brave of the Internationa Brigade.

Whether such a force operated collectively or in individua formations, the glamour attached to it, and its own high pur- pose, would attract the volunteer who relished danger Having commanded a unit in the skiing battalion destinec for service in Finland last March, since disbanded, I kno that from one platoon alone of that force at least half a dozer men prepared and capable to go almost anywhere and under take any job would be forthcoming. A commander with con- siderable personality would be needed, with something of the T. E. Lawrence and Garibaldi touch. Such men we have, toc

Such a unit—small in numbers, select of purpose—migh well accomplish what orthodox armies of millions may fail tc achieve. Our faith in victory must rest on the hope that Go is on the side, not of the biggest but of the best battalions Browning, in one of his poems, warns us against 'That lo man,' who 'goes on adding one to one,' while 'This hig man, with his great aim to pursue,' fails in his endeavour :

> This high man, aiming at a million, misses an unit.

Perhaps there is a moral here for us to-day.

ALEC G. DICKSON.

DIARY OF THE WAR

It is still difficult to realise to the full the fact of France's utter capitulation. The hopes expressed here four weeks ago, hopes which had some foundation, have in the meantime been hopelessly falsified. The French Colonial Empire has failed to carry out the hastily given promise of 'no surrender,' the French Navy and the other fighting services have bowed to Marshal Pétain's command, no remnant of resistance or determination to carry on the war can be discovered on French soil. In Vichy the new rulers have whole-heartedly adopted a policy of submission; defeatism has secured its triumph in defeat. Their tone is becoming more and more anti-British, their domestic policy follows the Fascist model, their hopes for the future of France rest on a new and anti-British order in Europe. The Vichy version of this new order has for its ideal the establishment of a Latin bloc, comprising Italy, France and Spain, which will exist side by side with a powerful Germany and an independent Russia; this bloc would come into being at such a time as Italy recognises the Axis for what it is—an instrument of German foreign policy for the greater glory of Germany alone. It is the aim of the Pétain Government, therefore, to convince Mussolini that the interests of his people would be better served by a political combination of Mediterranean Powers under the leadership of the Italian Empire.

The passive spirit of their leaders has apparently permeated to a depressing and dangerous extent to the French people themselves. Thus France becomes an ideal field for German propaganda, for the dissemination of anti-British feelings, for the encouragement of anti-Semitism, of which there are already manifest signs. A nation gagged and bound, no longer able to exercise the rights of free men or to punish the leaders responsible for its fate, must be provided with a scapegoat. The Nazis have one to hand; it has proved its worth in Germany.

The real causes of France's breakdown are not yet fully apparent. It can be stated with some confidence, however, that the current stories of corruption, of negligence, of treason, form only a small part of the truth. The roots lie deeper; they may be buried in history. One day, perhaps, the collapse of France in 1940 may be attributed to the country's inability, during the uneasy years of peace, to shake off the effects of the immense suffering caused by the war of 1914–1918. It may be argued, on the other hand, that France never accepted the implications of her victory over Germany. Or, by a strange irony, the judgment of the conqueror may prove to be correct. The *Voelkischer Beobachter* said on June 16th:

The Maginot Line has fallen. The manner of its fall appears as a symbol of the great events resulting from the German Revolution. It has often been said, and not without reason, that the Maginot Line, that great fortress of concrete and iron, truly portrayed the spiritual petrifaction of the France of Versailles. Rigid and immovable as this line was France's political thought, the formality of her behaviour. But in itself the Maginot Line symbolised reaction. It was built up on the experience of the Great War. Its creator, and with him the whole French nation, was convinced that the art of war had reached its highest development in 1918, and that there could be no advance in technique. They did not believe that Versailles could be reversed. With the generals who fought in Flanders and on the Somme, they were certain that in future the material would dominate the men.

The adoption of a new Constitution involving large-scale decentralisation, and the measures taken by the present French Government to prevent further resistance in the colonies, are indications that France in defeat has turned to the spirit of the 'new European order.' As Alfred Rosenberg, cultural adviser to the Fuehrer, has said: 'The French Revolution of 1789 has been buried in Vichy by the French themselves. Whatever their motives, this decision of the French Parliament means the complete forfeiture of the position which France had won for herself in the political and intellectual realm of Europe.' France's rulers wear blinkers still. Even before the destruction of the Fleet they could not and would not realise the extent of the enemy's designs against them, or that no grovelling can save them from a foe to whom sub-

ugation is merely a means of attaining his ultimate end, which is destruction.

This lack of realism on the part of the French Government compelled Great Britain to take action against the French Fleet. There is little to add to what has already been said about this dire episode. But it is worth recalling the words of the Prime Minister on July 5th, by which the imperative necessity of the action was made clear beyond doubt:

When two nations are fighting together in a long and solemn lliance against a common foe, one of them may be stricken down nd overwhelmed, and may be forced to ask its ally to release it rom its obligations. But the least that could be expected was that he French, in abandoning the conflict and leaving its whole weight o fall upon Great Britain and the British Empire, would have been areful not to inflict needless injury upon their faithful comrades, n whose final victory the sole chance of French freedom lay and es. As the House will remember, we offered to give full release o the French from their treaty obligations, although these were esigned for precisely the case which arose, on one condition—amely, that the French Fleet should sail for British harbours before ne separate armistice negotiations with the enemy were completed. 'his was not done. But, on the contrary, in spite of every kind of rivate and personal promise and assurances given by Admiral arlan to the First Lord and to his naval colleague the First Sea ord of the British Admiralty, an armistice was signed which was ound to place the French Fleet as effectively in the power of ermany and its Italian follower as a portion of the French Fleet as placed in our power when many of them, being unable to reach frican ports, came into the harbours of Portsmouth and Plymouth ome ten days ago. Thus I must place on record that what might ave been a mortal injury was done to us by the Bordeaux Government with full knowledge of the consequences and of our dangers, nd after rejecting all our appeals at the moment when they were bandoning the alliance and breaking the engagement which rtified us.

A few days later the episode was closed. The most powerful units of the French Navy had been rendered harmless for ome time to come. The immediate outcome was the rupture f diplomatic relations between France and Great Britain since restored in some measure by the appointment of a iplomatic agent), and thus ended an alliance which had been uilt up in order to counteract the German menace, the most

vital political issue of the country. Whether the Entente Cordiale can ever be reborn, whether France can ever again become an equal partner among European nations when Britain's victory has restored her freedom, it is too soon to surmise. The France of to-day must undergo a metamorphosis, a complete change of heart, before such a possibility can be even contemplated.

There can be no doubt that the plans of the Axis have been hindered, not only by the loss of the French capital ships, but by the course of events in the Balkans and the Near East. Germany and Italy had reckoned on being able to concentrate their united forces, plus the fruits of plunder, on an attack against this country. In the event, Italy is being hard pressed, both in the Mediterranean and in her colonial Empire; her dream of the Mediterranean as 'Mare nostrum' may be destined to remain a dream for some time yet. If Hitler and Mussolini, realising that a Battle for Britain may not provide them with a walk-over, decide on an attempt to secure complete domination in the Mediterranean, there are formidable obstacles to be surmounted—a considerable Navy, an Air Force whose striking power has survived its initial tests, Gibraltar and Suez like watch-dogs at the gates. An Axis control over the Mediterranean would have incalculable advantages for the enemy. He would gain the whip-hand over Spain, and access to South American supplies, he would effectively prevent the formation of an Anglo-Russo-Turkish understanding. The latter possibility is certainly feared in Berlin, for certain recent moves on the part of Russia cannot be said, assurances to the contrary notwithstanding, to be in full accord with the pact between Germany and the U.S.S.R., nor to fulfil Germany's calculations and expectations. It is generally believed that the Russian occupation of Bessarabia and Northern Bukovina was provided for under the terms of the pact. It is not so certain that Germany would or could concur in further Russian claims against Rumania. Signs and portents point to a great diplomatic gamble taking place in the Balkan countries, with Germany, Russia and Italy as the players. Germany is striving to counteract the Russian cultural influence in Bulgaria, Italy is doing her utmost to subdue pro-Russian feeling in Jugoslavia.

Russia's sudden swallowing up of the Baltic States, too,

... hardly fail to create an uneasy feeling in Berlin, whatever may have been said on the subject during the discussions which led to the pact of last August. And this uneasiness may be aggravated by the fact that Russia has so far exhibited ... eagerness to co-operate with Germany in a common understanding with Turkey. On the contrary, Russia appears to be working for her own ends towards the attainment of an advantageous position in the Dardanelles. This would be, to express it mildly, an embarrassment for Germany, and for Italy it would mean the creation of an altogether unforeseen problem in the Mediterranean. But it must not be deduced from all this that Russia's foreign policy is veering in a different direction, or that any moves which appear to be unfavourable to the Axis powers are therefore favourable to ourselves. Russia has profited by the German alliance to fulfil some of her imperialist desires; German example has enabled Stalin to do so by pre-Munich methods. He may now be ready to negotiate with an eye on the balance of power, but not with a view to serving the interests of any other nation. There is no place for altriusm in the Soviet mentality. The Kremlin has so far shown no sign of amity for Britain, no sign of enmity for Germany. May it not be that Russian hopes are concentrated on eventual revolution within the warring States, leaving Russia as the sole victor in the end? The exchange of views in Moscow may therefore be welcomed by the Russian Government, but rather as a tactical move than as a prologue to undertaking any new commitments.

In his speech to the Reichstag on July 19th Hitler dropped a few hints concerning 'the new order' that he proposes to establish in Europe together with his faithful ally. The hints added little to the vague generalities put out by the National-Socialist propaganda machine during recent weeks. Yet it seems clear that Hitler, and possibly Mussolini too, have some very concrete notions about this new European order, though Mussolini's ideas as perhaps less crystallised than those of the dynamic thinkers of the Third Reich. There may be very good reasons why Hitler and his lieutenants are unwilling to disclose the plan in all its details at the present juncture. But it is not difficult, having regard to the statements made in authoritative quarters in Germany recently, to

envisage something of what they have in mind. Hitler's declaration that this war is an anti-capitalist war, and that he is fighting for the downfall of plutocracy, is simply a misrepresentation of the truth. Hitler is not waging an anti-capitalist crusade. He is most certainly not imbued with the 'anti-capitalist desire,' as was his friend Gregor Strasser, the first to use this expression. Gregor Strasser was murdered by Hitler on June 30th, 1934. The slogan has been adopted for purely propagandist purposes, as a means to lure the workers of Germany and of the subdued countries into his net. If the masses are successfully deceived, he is confident that he will be able, military conditions permitting, to establish a new *German* order in Europe and throughout the greater part of the world. But such an order would not be founded on anti-capitalism; its essence would be, not a change of social structures, but an alteration of the political edifice. In the National-Socialist *Weltanschauung*, change of social structures occupies a very minor position. The Germanisation of Europe stands in the foreground, and by it the submission of the individual to the interest of the State is tacitly implied.

The Middle Empire of Europe, extending from the Russo-German frontier to the heart of France and including the Channel ports, is to form the background of Hitler's new order, and his able researchers are delving deep into the history-books to substantiate his territorial claims. The Treaty of Westphalia, which terminated the Thirty Years' War, must, it seems, be rectified; more than that, any territory that has at any time been German must return to Germany, and so they dig into the earliest ages of European history in search of possible spoils. Shifting their ground somewhat, these apologists further declare that countries with a falling birth-rate must cede to Germany any portion of their territory that Germany may see fit to lay hands on, that the future population may be assured. A writer in the German press has reminded his readers of General von Moltke's view:

> Since the days when Moltke examined the question of the western frontier, a new and decisive factor has arisen, which must govern all future developments: the size of a population, the strength of a population, as well as its achievements, must be in harmony with the space which is to give scope to its creative powers.

The new order, therefore, is simply this: Germany :serves for itself the right to suppress the French, the Poles, ıe Belgians, the Czechs and the rest by virtue of its so-called ıission. This ' mission ' takes no account of social order, or ,uropean responsibility, and pays no heed to religion or lture. Its culture is subjugation, its religion is oppression. 'he politicians of Berlin believe that by redrawing the map f Europe they can batten on the riches of European soil and :rmanently replace the present comity of nations as we nderstand it. This is the issue between ourselves and Nazi ermany, and that it is fully understood throughout the ritish Empire is proved by the reactions to Hitler's ' peace ' opeal. Day by day there is an increasing realisation that the uestion is not merely one of national preservation and social ırvival—we are fighting for the restoration and the main- :nance of a civilised Europe. We must win, or we are oomed to an immeasurable period of human thraldom.

Such is the issue. It must be faced by total military reparedness and by total moral readiness. Our activity in ıe strategical, political and propaganda spheres must be ıceasing, even if Hitler decides on a lull in total war. For im a lull is not a true pause: it is simply the concentration : effort on preparing the way for military action, on destroy- ıg the will to resist of his intended victim. His peace appeal 'as a blow at our national unity—a blow that missed its aim. ut his propaganda knows no halt. If he has decided that ıe war will be a long one after all, and that military action gainst this country can only be rendered possible after a long ege, he will try to cut our communications, to break our ,oral by any and every means. If we are obliged for the time :ing to remain on the defensive in a military sense, we should ke the offensive in the field of diplomacy and propaganda. 'e must outline *our* new order for Europe, state *our* war aims unmistakable terms, we must foster the hopes of the sub- gated countries and fire them with our faith. For it is e belief of millions that upon the defeat of Germany :pends the future of freedom throughout the world.

EUROPEAN OBSERVER.

SIR HORACE RUMBOLD ON GERMANY[1]

It is refreshing to come across the work of an Ambassador whose robustness of character, vigour, and honesty of intellect, and flair for perceiving and countering the wiles of his opponent render him a worthy representative of the British people with its sturdy qualities. Sir Horace Rumbold's experience of German affairs has been unique. He has served at Berlin in an official capacity for a time during three successive periods, that of the Kaiser, of the Weimar Republic, and lastly of Hitler. He was British Ambassador in Berlin from 1928 to 1933, and Counsellor of Embassy in 1913–1914, and during the days of crisis preceding the outbreak of the last war he was for a time in sole charge of the Embassy, as the then Ambassador, Sir Edward Goschen, was away on holiday. Sir Horace Rumbold's ability and judicial qualities became known to the wider public when he took charge of the Armistice Commission which was responsible for one of the few successes which could be credited to the League of Nations, namely, the bringing to an end of hostilities which had suddenly broken out between Greece and Bulgaria in 1925. His collaborators at the British Embassy in Berlin have often spoken to me of his fearlessness as a fighter. When I visited Berlin in 1933 it was rumoured that the Chancellor Hitler, shrinking before Rumbold's vigorous protests against the persecution of the Jews, took refuge in hysterical bawling with his hair falling over his eyebrows, behaviour hardly likely to impress the Ambassador who, for all his vitality and energy, has always insisted on preserving the decencies and conventions of social life. Rumbold has a gift for clear and simple expression, and is intolerant of vagueness and sentimentality. He has a swift dynamic way of getting to the root

[1] *The War Crisis in Berlin, July–August*, 1914, by Sir Horace Rumbold, Bart., P.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G., to which is added Sir Horace Rumbold's Despatch from Berlin, April, 1933, on the Hitler *régime* (Constable & Co., pp. 373, 18*s*. net).

of a thing, and producing from a complicated situation the bare essentials of the affair so that it can be understood even by a Foreign Minister. These qualities are plainly evident in his book, which constitutes a new and important study on the origins of the War of 1914–1918.

Many books have been written on this subject. Historians and University scholars of various countries have for the most part undertaken the task of analysing the difficult and confused period of the last twelve days preceding the outbreak of the war in August, 1914. The presumption is that they have the equipment, training and aloofness necessary to gather the evidence from the mass of documents on the 'Origins' published by the ex-belligerent Governments, and to pronounce judgment upon it. Many of the statesmen who took part in the events of those days have also published their account and added valuable information to the whole stock, but in general they wrote in defence of their own actions. Rumbold has not written a book of this kind; it is not a memoir, still less an apologia covering the last phase of a mission. It is a serious historical work which surveys dispassionately from a distance of twenty years the entire scope of the negotiations carried on from capital to capital, between London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and it makes full use of new sources collected by Karl Kautsky and published in 1927, revealing the transactions between the German and Austrian Governments both before and during the crisis.

Its special value lies further in the fact that scholarly analysis is illumined by the deeper knowledge and experience of an actual participant. In discussing the immediate origins of the last war historians have often erred in taking some of the essential documents at their face value, and in failing to perceive that many of the instructions sent by Foreign Ministers were just manœuvres designed to conceal intentions, and were not honest statements of attitude. The danger has not been entirely overcome of analysing the documents in a vacuum, so to speak, and this has resulted too often in abstract and anæmic conclusions difficult to reconcile with a common-sense view of the situation. Some well-known historians in Britain and America have, in this way, approved the verdict that, as regards the origin of the struggle of 1914,

'the nations stumbled and staggered into the war,' and hav thus condemned the judgment of Germany's guilt implied in the Versailles Treaty. The fair-minded Anglo-Saxon world reacted too far in this direction and exposed itself to the dange of being influenced by German propaganda which protestec the almost complete innocence of Germany. A well-known British historian assessed the immediate responsibilities in the following order: in the first plane of responsibility, Austria and Russia, in the second, Germany and Britain, and in the third, France. The younger generation in the Universities a decade or more ago have been brought up on these and similar theories, and political thought became deeply imbued with them; we lost sight of the fact of the *fundamental* difference between the Prussian-trained German, with his 200 years of indoctrinated militarism, and the European of other nationalities; we approached the German problem from a false angle; we were taken off our guard because, influenced by our historians, we no longer felt the need for vigilance.

Sir Horace Rumbold's book represents the first authoritative attempt to set the picture of 'the last twelve days' in its proper perspective. It was already apparent to Rumbold from the moment when he took up his post at Berlin at the end of 1913 what the attitude of the Powers was going to be. A sort of dress rehearsal had been provided on the occasion of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia to keep her hands off Albania (end of 1913); and further enlightenment came from Russia's reaction to the German military mission to Turkey of General Liman von Sanders (end of 1913). Austria-Hungary evidently felt confident that she could act independently of the Concert of Europe, and even proceed to aggressive acts in future without consulting Berlin, as Germany could be relied upon to back her and Russia was regarded as being unwilling to fight. Sazonow, the Russian Foreign Minister, complained, in December, 1913, of the danger of so interpreting her past reactions Berchtold, the Foreign Minister at Vienna, is described by Rumbold as a lightweight, the term, oddly enough, employed by British Ministers when referring to Ribbentrop. These two lightweights, Berchtold and Ribbentrop, made the same capital error in determining their aggressive policies; the former convinced himself that Russia would keep quiet in 1914, and Ribbentrop, as Rum-

bold points out, gave assurances to Hitler that Britain would not fight in 1939.

In 1914, France was peaceful, the pro-German Caillaux had won the elections and wished for an understanding with Germany. Britain was profoundly pacific, the Liberal Cabinet had a 'left and very pacifist wing'; two agreements with Germany had been initialled, one affecting spheres of interest in Portuguese colonial territory, the other the Bagdad railway. But Belgium was more anxious at this time; in November, 1913, the Kaiser had told King Albert that he thought war with France was inevitable and was near, and Moltke, the chief of the German General Staff, had puzzled the Belgium Government by asking what would be the attitude of Belgium in the event of a Franco-German war.

Another chapter dealing with the period preliminary to the July crisis deals with the question of the Anglo-Russian Naval Entente. Rumbold shows how Grey's difficulties were increased by questions put in Parliament by some Liberal members. These well-intentioned though naive and sentimental men had fallen into the trap laid by an inspired peace-professing article in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. By playing on the Liberal Group opposing Grey, the Germans tried to prevent the coming *rapprochement* between Russia and Britain. But Grey fortunately proved more than a match for the German statesmen and was able to defeat their efforts to break up the Triple Entente. One cannot help reflecting that British statesmen in 1936 were sadly lacking in Grey's insight and subtlety when they failed to maintain the Stresa combination (France, Great Britain and Italy) against the wiles of far cruder and more bellicose players like Hitler and Ribbentrop. The present Foreign Secretary, Lord Halifax, also lacks to a vital extent the energy and subtlety needed to counter effectively the diplomatic moves of the dictators. He is not a happy choice.

At the end of June, 1914, during a visit paid by a British naval squadron to Kiel, courtesies were exchanged in the course of which Prince Henry of Prussia said to Rumbold: 'You and we are the only white nations.' Britons who meet Germans have often heard this phrase with astonishment, and it is gratifying that Rumbold takes the trouble to examine its implications. The assumption struck him as being arrogant

and implying that Germans and ourselves were the salt of the earth and as such specially fitted to dominate other nations or races. The average Englishman thinks very differently, and Rumbold adds that 'the modern Nazi conception of a Nordic Aryan race would seem to be only a variant of the term "white nation," and to connote the same thing, namely, a peculiar fitness to dominate other and allegedly inferior races.' Indeed, we know that a Briton means by 'white man' someone who is absolutely trustworthy, genuine, chivalrous and decent, all qualities despised by Germans, who are less developed and who are dead to moral values; let us remember that no untutored black savage would be capable of some of the deeds which the German of to-day takes a pride in perpetrating.

It is depressing to find so many examples in Rumbold's book which incidentally show that the Nazis are not new types of Germans, but consistent developments of the old. Just as Ribbentrop forged documents to justify his attack on Norway, Holland and Belgium, so the Austrian Minister Forgach, as early as 1909, forged documents to justify his policy against Serbia, and similarly, on August 3rd, 1914, to justify the ultimatum to France, the German Government invented news of the violation of the frontier by French troops, and other false news to the effect that bombs had been dropped from French planes on Carlsruhe and Numberg, and that eighty French officers disguised as Prussians had crossed the Dutch-German frontier; the last item was pa[illegible]y choice and seemed to any one but a German utterly fa[illegible]; it was left later to Hitler, the world's greatest exponent [illegible] art of treachery, to adopt this vile German invention of [illegible]guising German troops in foreign uniforms.

Rumbold's analysis of the 'last twelve days' is done wit[h] scrupulous fairness; he omits nothing which could weigh the scales in favour of Germany, and yet the indictment which he elaborates from chapter to chapter, and sums up in a fearless manner, places, in the eyes of any fair-minded reader, the main responsibility for the outbreak upon Germany. When, for four weeks after the murders at Serajevo, Austria was contemplating action against Serbia, Germany's aim was to keep the ring between her ally and Serbia, and to ward off all intruders. In Germany's view, Austria-Hungary had been

presented with a welcome opportunity to crush Serbia once and for all, and this would give a new lease of life to the decaying Austrian Empire, who was Germany's ally. In pursuit of this purpose, Germany encouraged Austria to take military action before the impression made upon Europe by the murders had evaporated and Austria might still count on some sympathy. To other Powers, Germany showed a different face. She pretended that she was unaware of the crushing terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia, and she co-operated with the Austrian Government in fixing the date of its presentation, so that it should not coincide with the presence of Poincaré at St. Petersburg. She promised Austria that as soon as the ultimatum was presented at Belgrade she would point out to the Powers that the fact that the 'German Emperor was on his northern cruise, and that the Chief of the Great General Staff and the Prussian Minister of War were on leave proved that she had been as much surprised by Austria's actions as the other Powers had been.' While the German Government was thus manœuvring for position with 'calculated duplicity,' it was irritated by the intemperate behaviour of William, the Crown Prince, who was exulting publicly at the prospect of war, and by German professors, that strange race of men, who were equally loud-mouthed in their appeals to the memories of Bismarck and the military fathers.

The German Government's argument that the Russian mobilisation was the spark that began the blaze is effectively disposed of by the evidence which Rumbold brings forward. He also points out that German mobilisation had been proceeding for some time before it had been publicly decreed; Hitler has familiarised Europe with this particular kind of deception. The German Chancellor, Bethmann-Hollweg, actually urged on the Austrian Government the necessity of so manœuvring as to be able to saddle Russia with the responsibility of eventual European conflict. Rumbold shows that the German Government was never for one moment anxious 'for peace for the sake of peace.' At the last moment, July 31st, Austria becoming convinced that Russia would fight, showed herself more ready to respond to Grey's valiant efforts. Thanks to Grey's efforts, Sazonow, the Russian Foreign Minister, was also ready to talk with Austria, although

Serbia had by this time been invaded. But now, as Rumbo points out, Germany became the leading figure in the dispu and forced the pace on the pretext that Russia had mobilise Rumbold brings to light an amazing fact: Germany refrain from passing on to London Berchtold's acceptance of Grey final formula to which Sazonow had also agreed. The Ge man Government had in fact 'opposed all efforts at mediatio between Austria and Serbia and obstructed every proposal bu one aiming at the preservation of peace,' and that one excer tion it distorted out of recognition.

Once again in Rumbold's description we appreciate th superhuman efforts made by Grey to avert the catastroph Day after day, right up to the end, he made suggestion afte suggestion. He was supported by two very able adviser writes Rumbold, namely, Nicolson and Crowe; the form knew Russia well, and the latter Germany. Rumbold quot some of Crowe's minutes showing a searching awareness c Germany's intentions. It was fortunate for these advise that their chief, Sir E. Grey, was a figure great enough t welcome the assistance of permanent officials of outstandin ability and international repute. In recent years, Sir Robe Vansittart brilliantly followed in Crowe's footsteps, bu his Foreign Ministers, alas, were not of Grey's calibre.

In his preface to the book, Rumbold throws the light of h great experience on the Hitler *régime* and qualifies Hitler a 'a full-blooded descendant of Frederick the Great and Bi marck, whose technique of aggression and duplicity he h perfected. Those of us who had the opportunity of watchin on the spot the rise and development of Hitlerism had n doubt as to the menace it boded to the peace of th world.'

Before he finally left Berlin at the end of April, 1933, h sent to the Foreign Minister, Sir John Simon, a remarkabl despatch, giving an appreciation of Hitler's politics ar philosophy. How any British Government could fail to tak to heart such a warning must remain one of the great mysterie of British history. It is a document showing extraordinar flair and prophetic insight. Everything is in this despatch— clearly written in vigorous short sentences—all the horror that the future held can be read here. It is difficult to selec passages as the entire despatch is so relevant and concise; th

following extracts illustrate how Rumbold had penetrated beneath the surface as early as 1933 :

The Parliamentary *régime* has been replaced by a *régime* of brute force.

Sooner or later, especially if the President (Hindenburg) dies, the Reichswehr may be expected to throw in their lot with the present *régime*.

The only programme, apart from ensuring their own stay in office, which the Government appear to possess may be described as the revival of militarism and the stamping out of pacifism.

The German Government may therefore be expected to repeat their protestations of peaceful intent from time to time and have recourse to other measures including propaganda to lull the outer world into a sense of security.

To entrench itself in power for all time, it has embarked on a programme of political propaganda on a scale for which there is no analogy in history.

Here is a masterly summary in one paragraph of Hitler's principles :

Man is a fighting animal ; therefore the nation, he concludes, is a fighting unit, being a community of fighters. Any living organism which ceases to fight for its existence is, he asserts, doomed to extinction. A country or a race which ceases to fight is equally doomed. The fighting capacity of a race depends on its purity. Hence the necessity for ridding it of foreign impurities. The Jewish race, owing to its universality, is of necessity pacifist and internationalist. Pacifism is the deadliest sin, for pacifism means the surrender of the race in the fight for existence. The first duty of every country therefore is to nationalise the masses ; intelligence is of secondary importance in the case of the individual ; will and determination are of higher importance. The individual who is born to command is more valuable than countless thousands of subordinate natures. Only brute force can ensure the survival of the race. Hence the necessity for military forms. The race must fight ; a race that rests must rust and perish. The German race, had it been united in time, would be master of the globe to-day.

The ultimate aim of education is to produce a German who can be converted with a minimum of training into a soldier. The idea that there is something reprehensible in chauvinism is entirely mistaken.

They have to lull their adversaries into such a state of coma that they will allow themselves to be engaged one by one.

Hitler has sufficient native cunning to realise the necessity fo camouflage.

Rumbold points out that Colonel Hierl, appointed b Hitler head of Labour Service, is an

out and out militarist who had written a pamphlet showing tha their policy meant war in the long run, and his aim is the creation o the Wehr Staat (a war state).

Rumbold states:

I fear it would be misleading to base any hopes on a return to sanit or a serious modification of the view of the Chancellor and hi entourage,

and he concludes with the statement:

Someone has aptly said that nationalism is the illegitimate offsprin of patriotism by inferiority complex. Germany has been sufferin from such a complex for over a decade. Hitlerism has eradicated i but only at the cost of burdening Europe with a new outbreak c nationalism.

It is a thousand pities that Sir Horace Rumbold did nc remain for many years longer in Berlin or was not brough regularly into consultation by the British Government in th last three or four years. His knowledge and understanding c Hitlerism would surely have been of decisive value. Rumbol writes in his preface: 'It was a dangerous and profound illu sion to imagine that any Democracy could come to a lastin and satisfactory accommodation with such an evil and mali nant *régime.*' He quotes the view of a diplomat at Berli uttered nine months after Hitler became Chancellor: 'Ge many is not a normal civilised country, and the Germa Government is not a normal civilised Government and cann be dealt with as if it were one.' Many private individuals wit expert knowledge of Germany shared this view, and inform tion as to the Nazi Government's intentions and plans we conveyed by them from time to time. The authoritati nature of that information had been tested again and agai and was constantly justified by subsequent events. Despi this, it was puzzling to note the small use made by the Gover ment of these unexampled advantages of pre-knowled offered to them—advantages that are indeed most rarely m with in history. Since the publication of Sir Nevile Hende

son's book, *Failure of a Mission*, the explanation seems clear. The comfortable views of Sir Nevile Henderson were obviously less disturbing and more acceptable to Ministers obstinately bent on a policy of appeasement. Indeed I am almost led to doubt whether the views of the official 'man on the spot' would have been accepted if he had followed a sterner line and even if he had been able to back his views with the knowledge and experience and authority of a first-class diplomatist of the type of Rumbold.

To conclude, Rumbold has performed a vital public service in publishing this book at the present time; his study of the crisis of 1914 has a distinct bearing on the foremost problem that is to-day dominating our lives. It should be read and studied at every history school in all English-speaking countries, so that the new generations of Britons and Americans, the future upholders of the heritage of freedom, will not be led astray in the same way as were the students of fifteen years ago through the shortcomings of Liberal historians who were temperamentally unable to grasp the facts in all their ugliness. May the coming generations of Britons remember that scores of years will be necessary to purge the German of his Prussian virus, of that lust for violence and treachery. We should never forget that force without justice is tyrannous, and that justice without force is powerless, as Pascal wrote.

PHILIP CONWELL-EVANS.

THE RISE AND DECLINE OF ISOLATIONISM

It is not a difficult thing for people in this country to note th existence of certain forces and opinions in the United State: It is much more difficult to gauge their intensity and to fore cast their duration, for the history of the country is littere with the monuments of movements, from Know-Nothingisr to National Prohibition, which in their day seemed so vigorou as to be a permanent part of American life. We unde estimate, in fact, the extreme receptivity—which is almost th same thing as saying the changeableness—of the America mind. A few years ago we were inclined to treat isolationisr as the fad of a few benighted men in the Middle West. Ju as a little dispute between old friends may be made up over drink or a meal so, we thought, isolationism would vani as soon as the drums of Anglo-American friendship an democracy were beaten. Only when the Americans, not cor tent with holding their ideas, proceeded to embody them i such legislation as the Johnson Act and the Neutrality Act did we begin to take them seriously. Then, flying to th other extreme, we began to take them rather too seriously We assumed that isolationism was not only supported by huge and compact majority, but possessed also a coheren philosophy which separated it sharply from every other foreig policy. Our public men told us that if we attempted prop ganda in the United States we would do ourselves no good would, on the contrary, do ourselves untold harm. By defaul we accorded to isolationism a status different from that o other foreign policies: it was not compounded of the usua elements of such policies; it was a moral idea springing clea and single from the American soul.

The three main ideas in American foreign policy hav been what we may call, for want of better terms, imperialism isolationism and internationalism. Before we begin to us these terms we should notice that they are not mutuall

exclusive. An imperialist can also be an isolationist. Lord Beaverbrook's 'Empire Crusade' was a sort of imperialist isolationism. The movement which we are examining in this article might more properly be described as 'non-imperialist isolationism.' Internationalism, again, may be linked with imperialism, if it is co-operation with Britain against Germany. If it is co-operation with the Latin American republics it may merge either into imperialism or into a grander form of isolationism.

Still, the terms, overlapping though they are, will have to serve. The contest between imperialism and anti-imperialism is as old as the American nation. One is made synonymous with offensive, the other with defensive action. When President Hoover said in 1931: 'The first necessity of our Government is the maintenance of a navy so efficient and strong that, in conjunction with our army, no enemy may ever invade our country. . . . Ours is a force of defense, not offense . . .,' he was giving expression to a platitude dear to the American mind. For had not Washington declared that 'Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation'?

But, however much these reflections might appeal to the ordinary man (particularly if he did not live on the Atlantic seaboard), the course of American history showed that they did not appeal greatly to men in power. The Whigs had been traditionally in favour of a 'strong' foreign policy and W. H. Seward had been a Whig before he became a Republican. He succeeded in acquiring Alaska but the Senate refused to approve his plans for buying the Danish West Indies and acquiring a naval base in the Santo Domingo. The second of these plans was pressed by President Grant on a variety of grounds, strategic, geographical and economic, but without success. It was not until the late 'nineties that the flower of American imperialism reached its rich and sudden blooming. The issues between the alternative foreign policies were explicitly stated. One Senator declared that nothing in the country's past or in the necessities of the present called upon it 'to step off this continent in a career of colonial aggrandisement.' Senator Lodge replied with the explicit declaration that without sea power no nation had ever been really great. He added that sea power meant, in the first place, an adequate

naval force and, in the second, suitable naval bases. From another side the same argument was reinforced. The country's exports were coming to consist of a larger proportion of manufactured goods and a smaller proportion of natural products. But the discriminatory tariffs which were becoming popular in Europe threatened the American exporter. A speech by an Austro-Hungarian Minister in 1897 hinted at a general agreement among certain European nations to limit American competition. Thus the United States was compelled, or felt compelled, to increase its interest in Latin America and the Far East. The Philippines were annexed the principle of the Open Door was enunciated in respect of China. In Cuba the American Government retained the right to establish naval bases and to intervene by armed force in order to maintain the 'independence' of the country or to 'preserve' the Government. That right has been acted upon in Cuba by the landing on occasion of American troops. In Panama, Dominica, Haiti and Nicaragua there has been similar intervention to protect American interests. Such intervention was not accidental but a necessary outcome of the predominant American philosophy of the day. President Harding announced that the American navy guarded the security of American citizens all the world over. President Coolidge formulated his views with all his superficial lucidity

> Our Government has certain rights and duties toward our ow citizens and their property wherever they may be located. Th person and property of a citizen are part of the general domain c the nation, even when abroad. . . . The fundamental laws o justice are universal in their application. These rights go with th citizen. Wherever he goes the duties of our Governmen follow him.

If it were necessary, the Secretary of the Navy, Curtis I Wilbur, was prepared to elaborate the theory with illustra tions somewhat alien to Mr. Coolidge's rhetoric :

> An American child crying on the banks of the Yangtse a thousan miles from that coast can summon the ships of the American nav up that river to defend it from unjust assault. Any nation facing th sea can be called to account by our navy.

The dominant American philosophy of the day had no inten tion of using this force to support the League of Nations o

impose the judgments of the World Court. The ends for which force could be used were to be purely American, to protect American 'rights' and 'interests,' to guard trade routes, to secure the payment of debts, to keep open markets which might be closed by other forms of force. 'Foreign policies,' as Charles Hughes remarked, 'are not built upon abstractions.'

The situation was like that of the participants in the three-sided duel described in Marryat's novel. The isolationists and the internationalists, if they did not renounce war altogether, felt that the imperialists resorted to it far too readily. The internationalists and the imperialists deplored a policy which would reduce to a minimum the influence of America in foreign affairs. The isolationists joined the imperialists in regarding interests in non-American affairs as superfluous at best and dangerous at worst. But although the duel was three-sided, the arms of the duellists were unequal. The internationalists found in Mr. Cordell Hull an exponent of doctrines which could trace their ancestry back beyond Woodrow Wilson to the pacifism and free-trade of mid-Victorian days. But the failures of the League of Nations in regard to China, Abyssinia and Spain showed one limitation of this outlook: the fact that Mr. Hull, despite his hatred of tariffs, has barely been able to scratch the shining wall of the Hawley-Smoot Act, showed the other limitation.

The main conflict, however, has been between the isolationists and the imperialists. The post-1929 depression has had two effects. It has greatly reduced that volume of foreign trade which the imperialists sought to protect; it has lessened the purchasing power of customers to whose ports the navy was to secure the way. More important still, it has altered the whole basis of American thought. 'Dollar diplomacy,' it is argued, had failed to enable the American people to build up a stable way of life. More than that, this accumulation of capital that must find its way abroad was highly dangerous both to domestic well-being and to international peace. The exponents of this view (for which Charles Beard would prefer the word 'continentalists' to 'isolationists'), in his own words:

surrendering shop-worn reliance upon imperialist pressures, money lending and huckstering abroad . . . turned to the efficient,

humanistic use of national resources and technical skills as a means of making a civilisation on this continent more just, more stable, and more beautiful than anything yet realised.

As another writer, Herbert Agar, put it a few years ago in his *What is America?*:

America's new isolationism, based on the feeling that she has an exigent problem on her hands in putting her own house to order, is even stronger than America's old isolationism based on vulgar pride.

These domestic reasons for isolationism, this urgent desire to avoid foreign commitments in order to be able to refashion American life, have not been appreciated in this country. Isolationism is here regarded as almost entirely the product of friction between different conceptions of foreign relations. That is to overlook what is perhaps its most important source. But it was not, of course, the only source. There were many others, some very much in the nature of things, some almost accidental. America was subject to post-war disillusion, as Europe was. From the beginning of that period she was made to feel that her late entry into hostilities and the subsequent refusal of her Senate to enter the League of Nations had—quite unjustly—deprived her of most of the gratitude which the Allies ought to have rendered her. A little later came the cessation of payment of interest upon the war debts; later still the collapse of that system which American lives and American money had been spent to build up. Publicists depicted war as a hideous amalgam of horror and boredom, planned by Chauvinists and directed by Morons. 'What Price Glory?' screamed the cinema lights; and farmers of the dust-bowl, starving share-croppers, unemployed artisans, who could scarcely find bread, saw very little attraction in glory. The image of the unknown soldier faded before the reality of the known ex-soldier, extorting a few precarious coins from theatre queues with his, 'Buddy, can you spare a dime?' The entry of the United States into the Spanish-American war provided Mr. Walter Millis with material for his sardonic review of *The Martial Spirit*. The causes of war—of all wars—seemed obvious. The bully, the fool, the fumbling politician, the newspaper proprietor avid for larger sales, each of these contributed his share. As the memoirs of

statesmen, soldiers and sailors came pouring from the press, so the simple Wilsonian pattern was hopelessly obliterated. The leaders of democracy were transformed into a set of confused and snarling old men, incoherent in thought, paltering in action, hypocrites gambling blindly with the lives of youth.

Around one incident in particular isolationist sentiment crystallised rapidly. In April, 1934, the Senate set up a committee to study the munitions industry. It was not the first of several very pertinent recent inquiries. In 1931–1932 a committee had investigated the sale of foreign bonds and securities in the United States. From the evidence obtained it appeared that these sales were conducted with almost no regard to their economic significance either for the individual investor or for the nation as a whole. So far as the State Department and the Navy lent themselves to affording opportunities for these transactions, so far as there was a 'tie-up' between foreign policy and big business, the American public was encouraged to feel that only in a negative and passive foreign policy was there a minimum of danger.

The findings of the Senate committee, over which Senator Nye presided, were published during three years' investigations. They showed the international character of the munitions industry, its willingness to sell even to potential enemies of the United States, its propaganda against armament limitation, its close connection with officers of the fighting services. But the greatest 'revelation' was concerned with the financing of Allied purchases in America during the war. It showed how such purchases came as a godsend to the not very prosperous America of 1914; how they were stimulated until American prosperity had risen to a dizzy peak—and had come to be bound up with the fortunes of the Allies; how the necessity of providing facilities for these purchases led to the floating of those immense loans on which interest had ceased. Had it also led to American participation in the war? When Americans read a conclusion of Walter Page's, dated March 6th, 1917—'perhaps our going to war is the only way in which our present prominent trade position can be maintained and a panic averted'—they jumped to the belief that it had. The cry of the American girl on the banks of the Yangtse had perhaps been less instrumental as a

source of foreign policy than the cry, nearer and clearer, of the Wall Street banker.

The result was that the American mind became a mass of suspicion. Appeals to assist the country's foreign trade, to preserve the freedom of the seas, to assist the victims of totalitarian aggression, to save democracy—all these the American regarded as the more or less craftily designed snares to lure him from his safety. If the choice were directly offered—do you prefer neutrality or neutral rights?—he replied that he preferred neutrality. No less an authority than Admiral Sims put the dilemma explicitly in May, 1935. 'We cannot,' he said, 'keep out of a war and at the same time enforce the freedom of the seas.' When it appeared that Admiral Sims was echoing the views of a large number, perhaps of a majority, of senior naval officers, it seemed clear that the British-Mahan school of naval thought was hopelessly anachronistic. The neutrality legislation of 1935 w s the next logical step.

Once set in motion isolationism gathered force and recruits as it sped on. It drew pacifists from the ranks of the internationalists; its insistence on the necessity for domestic reform attracted a good many workmen and labour organisations; the Women's Clubs, the Peace Societies, the innumerable forms of Liberalism, took up the movement with enthusiasm. Senator Nye became a national attraction with his lecture on 'How I exposed the Munition Makers.' Last summer the movement received an additional impetus when the Republican opposition and the anti-Roosevelt Democrats found that it could be turned into an attack on the President.

Before we turn to the further history of the movement it is worth while to examine the attitude of the Roosevelt administration towards it.

Neither the President nor Mr. Hull had welcomed the neutrality legislation of 1935; nor did they like the evidence provided by the Neutrality Act of 1936 that the tide was still setting in the same direction. In the war between Italy and Abyssinia the President had thrown his moral influence into the scale against Italy. On the other hand, the application of the neutrality legislation to the Spanish Civil War, with its unfortunate consequences to the Spanish Government, was a deliberate withdrawal from the policy of offering to the demo-

cracies what aid could be offered within the law. The law itself, however, was soon afterwards changed again by the Neutrality Act of 1937 which, by giving the executive a wide discretion in the goods of which the export to belligerents might be prohibited, added very markedly to his personal control of foreign policy. In the same year war began between China and Japan. In this case the neutrality legislation was not applied. The policy of the administration shifted between encouragement to American citizens to withdraw from the Chinese entanglement, and intimations that it would continue to protect them if they remained. As regards the public mind, two things were clear. It was exceedingly difficult to make Americans neutral in thought, whatever you might make them in act; and it was impossible, without application of the Neutrality Act, to prevent the shipping of war materials to belligerents who could pay for them. The Japanese orders, in particular, were useful to offset the recession into which business had once more fallen.

In October, 1937, the President delivered at Chicago his famous 'quarantine' speech, in the course of which he pointed out that 'the peace, the freedom and the security of 90 per cent. of the population of the world was being jeopardised by the remaining 10 per cent.' The American reaction to the speech was generally unfavourable, but in January, 1938, the President sent to Congress proposals for a great increase in armaments, particularly naval armaments, the basis of a large conscript army and the concentration in the executive of the materials for, and the adjuncts to, war. In the face of drastic criticism in the House and the Senate very little but the naval proposals finally reached the stage of legislation.

The Navy Bill produced a curious alignment of opinion. Although the Democratic 'whip' was cracked, there was less enthusiasm for the Bill among many of the President's own followers than there was among the newspaper editors and columnists who, during this and the previous administration, had given the New Deal (and still more the New Dealers) the benefit of their unsparing criticism. Still, provision for a 'super-super-navy' had been made; and even though it was obvious that such a navy would be larger than any likely to be necessary for 'defence,' Congress had accepted such a force.

The Munich crisis naturally produced a reaction in favour of *isolationism*. American intervention in favour of democracy seemed fatuous if its professed friends in Europe were willing to do so little for it. But when it appeared that the ultimate crisis had only been postponed and that appeasement had been merely the cry of the ostrich, people in the United States began once more to question the intellectual and moral foundations of isolationism. Many writers, Carleton Beals chief among them, had been preaching the extent of totalitarian domination in South America; and the public was inclined to pass over declarations of the State Department directed there which, had they been explicitly addressed to Europe, might have been criticised as interventionist.

Isolationism was losing something of its appeal as a moral doctrine. It was less often presented as the only possible conclusion to be drawn from the geographical position of the United States. Rather, it was presented as a laudable economy in lives and effort. An American army and navy were superfluous in the European conflict; particularly in one which seemed to be moving at a snail's pace, and in which comparatively small forces, acting on the defensive, could destroy enormous numbers of attackers. Polls of public opinion recorded a belief among 67 per cent. of those questioned that the Allies would win without American help.

Nebulous doctrines such as appeasement and isolationism cannot easily be destroyed by argument, but they are fatally vulnerable to the shock of events; the invasion of Czechoslovakia, or Belgium, or Holland. Though the 'British-Mahan' school of thought had been attacked often enough, it did in sober fact lie at the bottom of American economic thinking. It was easy to make light of totalitarian penetration in Salvador or Guatemala so long as the combined navies could keep the seas. But what if the United States navy was left alone with the whole of the Western Hemisphere to defend on both coasts? It was easy to regard American life and institutions as safely insulated from Europe; but the events of March onwards showed the ferocious intensity of the German revolution as a military weapon and the paralysing effects which Fifth Columnists could produce.

Nothing save the capitulation of Britain is likely to avert American intervention in the war. As we have noted, the

three doctrines of imperialism, isolationism and internationalism were not divided by any rigid limits. They were fluid, and public opinion could run through the whole gamut of them without fundamental intellectual change. This circumstance, from which isolationism derived much of its strength, is now a source of weakness to it. It is not within the scope of this article to predict the form and date of intervention, or even to say whether it will come in time. The accident of election year is fearfully unfortunate for the British cause. As an American friend of the writer put it, the situation of his country is like that of a man suffering from a duodenal ulcer which will demand an operation before long, but momentarily more troubled by some small ailment such as a toothache. One thing, however, is certain: isolationism is now only one policy among others; it has ceased to be a sacred dogma.

W. L. Burn.

POLIGNAC AND RIBBENTROP

An Examen of Two Expansionists' Plans

It is a long time since England was last deprived of her Allies on the Continent. Comparisons have been made between the Battle for France and the Battle of Austerlitz, which both knocked out our main ally. There is another period in European history, less known, but strikingly similar in its diplomacy to the methods used by Hitler and Ribbentrop to prepare the continental system of 1940. In 1829 France was tempted to base her foreign policy on treaty revisionism, and make that revisionism a stepping stone to the mastery of Europe and the end of England as supreme naval power. We see the same deluded, unprepared England, grown great and lazy from her victories. We see in France a Foreign Minister who was alive to the galvanic changes that can be wrought by diplomacy used actively and secretly in its primitive sense. We see a great nation on the brink of resuming its traditional rivalry with England and its old ambitions in Europe. The policy of Jules-Armand, Prince de Polignac, who became President of the Council and Minister for Foreign Affairs to Charles X on August 8th, 1829, is remarkably like that urged upon Hitler by von Ribbentrop after he left London for the last time as ambassador in 1938. The French nation under Polignac was at the same parting of the ways in 1830 as the German people two years ago, but more able to alter its own destiny.

France had recovered somewhat from the first deep exhaustion of the Napoleonic wars. Europe was still as the Treaties of Vienna left it, with Holland and Belgium as a united kingdom under the House of Orange. England was pre-occupied with social reform and opposition to reform. The rotten boroughs and their defenders exercised a retarding effect on national life and affairs of state similar to that of the last National Government and the Central Office. Lord

Palmerston, in his diary, tells us that the Duke of Wellington had some influence in the appointment of Prince de Polignac, and that as early as December, 1828, the Duke advised Charles X in a letter to take the advice of Polignac. The Duke saw in Polignac a nobleman of reactionary tendencies, whom he thought he could trust to follow the lead of British policy towards Russia in the Turkish problem. Of the three powers most interested in the future of the Turkish Empire, Wellington wished France and England to co-operate as a check on the nearer power, Russia. It is unlikely that either Wellington or George IV disapproved of the reactionary and authoritarian measures of Charles X and Polignac at home, which reached their climax in July, 1830. They believed them to be no concern of theirs, so long as M. de Polignac carried out a foreign policy in keeping with their own. Wellington required the maintenance of the Treaties of Vienna and a policy towards the Balkans and the decaying Ottoman Empire that would prevent undue aggrandisement of Russia. Thus for many years there was a section of Conservative opinion in England which favoured National-Socialism as the military and social ' reaction ' and counterpoise to Soviet Russia. How much each was mistaken we shall see from the two plans under examination.

The principal material from which is drawn the plan of Polignac is an *aide-memoire* of his existing in the archives of the Quai d'Orsay, another memorandum which he laid before his *Conseil* in September, 1829, and the draft of a despatch (unsent) to the French envoy in St. Petersburg. His aim was the expansion of French power in Europe at the cost of her neighbours, and to break British commercial and maritime hegemony.

France, Polignac advised Charles X, if she wished to recover her position as first power in Europe, must reach an agreement with Russia secretly over the Turkish problem. The final aim must be to break the naval supremacy of Great Britain, which the Vienna Congress had confirmed and acknowledged as a stabilising factor in continental affairs as the price of obtaining independence from England on the mainland. France must resume her traditional policy of demanding and seeking the freedom of the seas. The Congress of Vienna had left Europe open to Russia, he said. England had cowed the Continent with the Russian spectre. Yet

the striking power of Russia had proved slight, whereas the navies of the world united could not match the British Navy. Russia must be turned towards Asia. Grievous wrongs had been done to France by the treaties of 1815, and she deserved not only to have her frontiers of 1789 again, but territorial expansion beyond them.

These ideas were accepted by Charles X as a basis for the foreign policy of France, whereupon Polignac gave them more substance in a memorandum which he laid before the Council in September, 1829. It claimed that:

France must obtain all Belgian territory lying between the Meuse, the mouth of the Scheldt and the sea, in order to guard Paris against invasion.

The Dauphin objected that England would never permit Antwerp to fall into the hands of France, to which Polignac gave a reply that sounds, though a century old, strangely Ribbentropesque.

'That proves that we must have Antwerp,' he said. 'Either we acquiesce for ever in the treaties of 1815 or we decide to take upon ourselves the enmity of England. With Russia, Prussia, Bavaria and most of the rest of Germany in league with us, we can coerce England.' He dismissed the counter-proposal of the Dauphin that France should annexe the Rhine provinces instead of Belgium with the observation that this would bring with it the hostility of Germany. At the second session of the Council to discuss his plan, Polignac unfolded it in all its terrible and simple grandeur.

Russia must be deflected into Asia. She might have Moldavia, Wallachia, Armenia and Anatolia. Russia might either penetrate India or take up a maritime position in the Mediterranean against England. The maritime position of Austria was to be strengthened by her taking Serbia and Bosnia.

The rest of the Ottoman Empire in Europe was to form a Christian Empire under the House of Orange, constituting another Mediterranean sea power as a rival to England. Holland itself was to be joined to Prussia, so that in the north of Europe a strong land and naval power be formed to counterbalance England. Prussia was to be further strengthened by the whole of Saxony, which she had demanded in vain at Vienna. Prussia should retain the northern part of her Rhine provinces to link her with Holland.

The King of Saxony should be compensated with most of the remaining Rhine provinces to be formed for him into a kingdom

of Austrasia extending from the Rhine to the Meuse with its capital at Aix-la-Chapelle.[1]

This plan may appear fantastic at first sight. It threatened with complete destruction the work of the Congress of Vienna, it would have meant thirty years of British national effort, blood, foreign subsidies and huge national indebtedness wasted, Waterloo wiped out and the naval status after Trafalgar greatly altered. Whether M. de Polignac's diplomacy could have remained secret for as long even as the great coalition against Frederick II of Prussia did is a matter for conjecture. To many the plan may seem incredible and unpracticable. Of course much depended on the driving forces behind it. Polignac revealed in the draft of a despatch to be sent to the French Ambassador in St. Petersburg, the Duc de Mortemart, how he meant to accomplish his plan. The pivot of it was Russia.

In his instructions to the Duc de Mortemart, Polignac stated that:

> The memorandum (summarised above.—Ed.) expresses our wishes, but we do not insist on all details. It could be brought about by a Congress, which we would only promise to attend if Russia promised us Belgium in advance for certain. The better method seems to us a secret understanding of both cabinets, to which Prussia and Bavaria could be drawn in. Austria would then have to comply and England would be isolated. The adhesion of Prussia would be the essential condition for an agreement with Russia. Should a peace between Russia and Turkey be already signed before the Ambassador carries out his instructions, he is to regard them as *non-avenu*.

That meant that Polignac sought a sudden decision which would face England with the problem of declaring war on France without being sure of continental auxiliaries. To deter her from this and to give her a chance of saving face, Polignac proposed to offer England the colonies of Holland (which was to be joined to Prussia). Moreover England was not in warlike shape. Of the British Army of 1831, Trevelyan wrote that 'smaller than at any other period in our modern annals, it was insufficient to keep order in England

[1] This extraordinary attempt to revive the central realm of the Carolingian Empire will interest those who have read Sir John Marriott's *The Middle Kingdom* in the June edition of *The Nineteenth Century*.

and Scotland, in addition to its usual task in Ireland.'[1] In such circumstances Polignac might have succeeded with his plan had not the Peace of Adrianople been signed on September 14th, 1829, removing the pretext for an eastern partition to which the whole plan was appended. These are the dangers that beset an island which believes in the principle of balance of power without holding land forces ready to throw into the balance. Then, as now, exact and rapid political intelligence from the Continent was essential to keeping abreast of the situation.

There is no doubt that Polignac still nursed his plan, although it was out of the question to apply it immediately. He was a son of that Duke Jules, whose Duchess had been an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette, and the Prince was obstinately haunted by the shade of Bourbon greatness. His hostility to British sea power was, as we have seen above, the mainspring of his foreign policy.

England was absorbed with rotten boroughs and the Reform Bill when, in July, 1830, the Paris Revolution freed France from a Government that had become increasingly authoritarian, and was leading her into the pernicious mistakes of the past. Charles X and Polignac, who had dissolved the Chamber and suspended the Constitution, went together. It was in every sense a moderate revolution, carried by the determined instincts of the French workers, while the reactionaries too, though immoderate in their aims, were not very different in their methods from other rulers of their day. They had no Himmlers. When the barricades held they went and made room for Louis Philippe. What oath the Duke of Wellington used, if and when he first learned of the true foreign political course which the Prince de Polignac had intended to steer, we do not know. He might have called it 'a devilish close shave.'

Ribbentrop, with his plan, came to power at a time roughly similar in German post-Great War history to the Polignac epoch in French history. That, and the nature of the two plans, is the basis for the comparison. We must reconstruct the Ribbentrop plan from known facts and dates and private intelligence, as it must have taken shape about 1935. In reading it we may have in mind the jubilant remark

[1] G. M. Trevelyan's *British History in the Nineteenth Century*.

made by one of von Ribbentrop's lieutenants returning to Berlin after the signing of the Munich Agreement. 'England has lost her last chance of making preventive war,' he exclaimed to a mixed company, 'in two years we will force the whole world to its knees.' Let us state the ideas of Ribbentrop in 1935 in the same naked language as Polignac put his plan.

National-Socialism must produce a convulsion in the ideological life of Europe, so that we can use the favourable conditions left by the destruction of the Versailles system to re-shape Europe according our own wishes.

Our immediate aim must be to remove the possibility of preventive war by destroying the states of Czechoslovakia and Poland, and detaching France from Great Britain.

Our ultimate aim must be the partition of the British Empire (*die Zerlegung des britischen Weltreiches* is the phrase that was current in Ribbentrop circles in 1938 and 1939) and a new world order favourable to Germany, to be maintained by the extension of National-Socialist ideology to other states and by German air and naval supremacy.

This basis was not finally approved by Hitler as German policy until February, 1938. He still hoped until then that England would accompany and aid him on part at least of his way into the sun. But in early, 1938, it became plain to Ribbentrop that Germany must go her way alone. He laid emphatic arguments before Hitler that he should now re-shape his policy on the alternative basis offered by the Anti-Comintern Pact and go south-east, discarding all thought of limited aims. On February 4th, 1938, it was announced that Baron von Neurath had been replaced by Ribbentrop as Foreign Minister, and that a number of conservative and moderate army leaders had been put on the retired list. At this stage we may formulate his plan in more definite language, the plan to which General von Fritsch, C.-in-C., objected in late January, 1938, in his last interview with Hitler.

We must exploit, was Ribbentrop's argument, the Anti-Comintern triangle (Germany, Japan, Italy) to the full. Russia must be squeezed into abandoning the Western Powers. We can extend the Anti-Comintern Pact to Spain and work back from Spain and Italy on France to obtain a Fascist Government there. This Government we can reward with French Canada.

We must interest Spain in her former South American Empire and in Gibraltar. She can also be rewarded with British possessions in the South Atlantic, and, with our consent, with Portugal.

Italy may become a Mediterranean power, and in return for our assistance in establishing the Imperium, will abandon the South Tyrol to us, receiving Nice, Savoy, Tunis, the French Alpine provinces and Corsica instead.

Russia is to be diverted towards India and Asia Minor. She may also take Finland and consult with us over the partition of Eastern Europe.

Japan is also to be diverted southwards upon British possessions. She may take Siam. It is not yet in German interests that Japan should clash with Russia in the north.

France is to be eventually reduced to her frontiers as they stood before the Peace of Westphalia (1648), relinquishing to Germany all territory east of and including Toul and Verdun.

Holland and her colonial possessions are joined to the Reich, the latter to be alternatively used as a bait to Japan.

Switzerland may be divided between Germany and Italy, two-third to Germany, Tessin to Italy, and perhaps the Vaud to France.

South Amercia, having been fomented by Spain and through Spain, could be convulsed by revolutions and the States detached piecemeal from the influence of North America. This movement would roll up to Mexico and the Northern States, strongly affected by internal activities and the growing strength of the German community.

South Africa, a Boer Republic, and a German Mittel Afrika.

Home Rule for England, Scotland and All-Ireland.

In all the states of the new World Order, the German communities are to have a sovereign status with German citizenship, and in many cases they will have settlements like those possessed to-day by Great Britain and France in China or those maintained by the Hanseatic League in the fourteenth century.

The progress of war has altered conditions, so that Ribbentrop must say of his plan, as Polignac did, 'we do not insist on all details.' A plan of such generous proportions admits of modifications. For instance, the efficiency of the British blockade and the need of more extended bases caused Germany to expand into Norway with a subsequent interruption in the rise of German naval power. But this plan, like that of Polignac, depends in its working on Russia, on a long-term secret understanding with that country, and on being able to isolate Great Britain, if possible. Polignac made the correct

political observation that States seemingly irreconcilable can be brought into agreement by degrees and pressure. In his day a coalition of France, Russia, Prussia and Bavaria could have invited Austria to share the profits and Austria would have been hard put to refuse. In this sense the Anti-Comintern triangle, with its underlying terms of constant exchange of military ideas, has served its purpose and confounded those who thought that the balance of power worked automatically. When Germany on August 23rd, 1939, compounded with her public enemy No. 1, many thought that the Anti-Comintern basis would fall to bits. Yet it still exists in Japan and Spain too.

If the Polignac plan was startling in its language, the Ribbentrop plan is startling in its nearness to success. The grand aim of holding a wedge between France and Great Britain is still pursued, although the Anglo-French Alliance survived the German diplomacy of 1938 and 1939 and forced Hitler to pursue his policy with other means, as Clausewitz would have said.

How was Ribbentrop able to carry out the beginning of his plan? Before it became official German policy he laid its foundations in the semi-official Anti-Comintern Pact of 1935 and in Nazi party propaganda. When he became Foreign Minister in February, 1938, he attached himself firmly to the second most powerful man in the Reich, Himmler. The Chief of Police hated England too, with the deep, cold hatred of the fanatic. There was class hatred in it. He cherished the same immoderate pan-German aims. He held in his hands the apparatus with which actions could be taken, politicians ruined, murders done, diplomatic incidents created. Not less valuable, his men were round Hitler. Ribbentrop therefore knew who came and went, what mood his master was in, what he said at breakfast, his comments on the dispatches and the English newspapers. He harmonised his policy with Hitler's mind. He and Himmler made sure that Hitler would never falter from the path which he had taken. There was further collaboration between these two. They held between them all connections with the outside world. The Foreign Ministry, the Consular Service, the Ribbentrop Office for Co-ordinating Activities Abroad, the Party branches dealing with *Auslandsdeutschtum* were all

merged or closely linked with the foreign branches of the *Gestapo*. While the moderate diplomats were thrust aside, Neurath, Bülow, Bassewitz, Mackensen, Aschmann, to name a few, the staffs of German embassies, legations and consulates abroad began to swell. Young, unpleasant and unscrupulous diplomats were posted all over Europe and shuffled about when their activities made things too hot for them. Travel bureaus sprang up, and German cultural societies to foster relations with neighbouring States. German money, traders, salesmen and journalists flowed into every part of Europe. Showing the swastika became the duty of every German going abroad, unless he had more secret duties. British news and views were bullied out of the neutral press. The British looked on, deploring, fainéant, conscious of their own respectability and fairness. A few million pounds spent wisely in the Chancelleries of Europe in 1938 might have stemmed the terrifying advance of German diplomacy dragging behind it the Ribbentrop plan and the compelling fetters of *Deutschtum* and *Kultur*. Of course German diplomacy was foul and despicable. It put a pistol to the head of the King of Norway; it burrowed a tunnel from the German Legation at the Hague to the nearby Headquarters of the Dutch High Command [3]; it was responsible for the small arms which the German philharmonic orchestra tried to smuggle into Yugoslavia in its bass fiddle cases in May, 1940. But German diplomacy was alive too. It presented its demands at midnight. It 'practised' great people, to use the word in its Elizabethan sense, directly or indirectly, with ideology, money, promises, and even more subtle, charming and deceptive inducements. Marshals, Generals, Ministers, were its fair prey—men who might swing the balance at the critical moment, countermand orders, preserve the industry of their country intact for the invader. How helpless they seem now, those who entered the parlour of German diplomacy, in their folly, conceit or dishonesty—Colonel Beck, Count Ciano, Tiso, King Leopold, de Brinon, Baudoin, Bonnet, Laval, Pétain, yielding to the easy impulse in difficult times and to the persuasive power of

[3] A competent British observer, who left Holland with the Dutch Government, tells me that it was only the existence of a sunken stone wall that baulked the German engineers and saved the Dutch High Command from being captured or shot in its offices at the outbreak of war on May 9th, 1940.

a diplomacy that is the wedge-head of battle itself! (It would be interesting to know when Great Britain last used a large sum of money to influence a political issue in Europe. We suspect that it was very long ago.)

Thus in detail the comparison between the policies of Polignac and Ribbentrop diverges. The French nobleman relied on the Jesuits for support at home, a force far less able to support an unpopular régime than the Gestapo is. Moreover Polignac was overthrown at the *barricades*, where the workers successfully defied the military (*e.g.*, Paris, July, 1830; Brussels, August, 1830). To-day the term *barricades* has surely faded out of the vocabulary of power politics. Finally there was the sense of moderation in the French people that saved Europe from disastrous revisionism in 1830; but what chance did moderation stand in the Germany of the late 1930's, baffled as it was by the Ribbentrop-Himmler combination and the weakness of British policy?

IAN G. COLVIN.

WILLIAM II

The Last German Emperor

On March 20th, 1890, eighteen months after William II succeeded his father, he dismissed Bismarck. The immediate cause for their quarrel had been the young Emperor's opposition to a renewal of the Chancellor's penal laws directed against the Socialists. But this was only a pretext. The real reason for Bismarck's fall was that co-operation with Bismarck had become intolerable to William II, who, unlike his grandfather, 'wanted to be his own Chancellor.' 'Hohenzollerns and not Bismarcks' were to rule Prussia and govern Germany henceforth. William was a born autocrat.

Some elderly people in Germany felt resentment and alarm when the founder and creator of the Reich was thus brusquely dismissed, because they realised that 'the ship of state was now without an experienced pilot.' They were frightened of the immature Emperor's impetuousness; it was already obvious that young William usually spoke and acted before he thought.

William himself, who never admits in his *Memoirs* that he himself was ever wrong, offers an explanation of his differences with Bismarck:

> The tragic element for me in the matter of Bismarck [he writes] lay in the fact that I became the successor of my grandfather—in other words that, to a certain extent, I skipped one generation. That is a serious thing. In such a case one is constantly forced to deal with deserving old men who live more in the past than in the present and cannot look into the future.

William was not, however, entirely dependent on 'deserving old men.' His more restless contemporaries, as well as many older people, approved of Bismarck's fall, and the majority of Germans welcomed the change of régime, as schoolboys rejoice when an old headmaster is forced to make

room for a younger man who can more fully enter into the adventurous spirit of their activities.

For though Bismarck had consistently encouraged Germany's rapid growth, he did not want this Second Realm to expand more quickly than its innate strength allowed. He approved of the development of a huge army, but after 1871 he wanted a period of peace, and he tried to restrain the desire expressed by many of his countrymen for more armed conquests.

Actually Bismarck himself had imbued Germans with a fierce and militant national pride, and this had gone to their heads. They had drunk a strong wine too suddenly, and in this, too, they were like schoolboys who had secretly enjoyed their fathers' cellars before they had been taught how to drink with dignity and discretion.

Young William II's Germans longed fervently to prove their power to themselves and to the world. In fact, as *parvenus* of nationalism, they were not sufficiently self-assured to be satisfied with their remarkable progress in the economic spheres of civil life. Trade and industry were, they felt, lacking in showmanship and therefore not really impressive.

Again Tacitus' judgment of the Germans was proven true: peace-time occupations bored them, they wanted, above all, to achieve military victories and fame. They desired a more dramatic proof of their new greatness, and Bismarck's restraining influence had irked them.

With few exceptions all Germans shared the young Emperor's love of arms and of war. Even the publicist Maximilliam Harden, who was one of the Emperor's bitterest enemies, admitted (*Die Zukunft*, November, 1914) that

> this war [of 1914] has not been forced upon us by surprise; we have desired it and it was our bounden duty thus to desire it. Germany wages war because of her immutable conviction that greater world expansion and freer outlets are due to her by right of her own works.

William II, who proclaimed this conviction in innumerable speeches, was popular with his own people from the very beginning of his reign. He had all the mannerisms and gestures of a dominating personality. His subjects were willing and eager to worship him as their leader, and through-

out his reign he loudly proclaimed to all the world that 'he was God's instrument on earth' and the Germans were 'God's chosen people.'

When William II succeeded his unhappy father, he at once sent his own photograph to Bismarck with an inscription quoted from the tyrant Caligula: 'Beware, I am here,' *Cave, Adsum*, William II had written with a peculiar lack of tact and humour on the photograph for the venerable Chancellor. The German people loved this arrogance, and their adoration of him was increased when he frankly insulted their representatives in the *Reichstag* by calling them a 'miserable gang,' 'lazy creatures,' 'unpatriotic scum,' or 'scoundrels.' And even when, towards the end of the last World War, he spoke of the Berliners (in a conversation with General Groener) as swine (*Schweinehunde*), the loyalty of his followers never wavered.

On the contrary, with the exception of some Liberals and the Social Democrats, William II's subjects were not disturbed by his contempt for them. And when his prestige and his aims of conquest were put to the supreme test in July and August, 1914, only two Socialist deputies in the *Reichstag* voted against his war credits and his war policy, and thus against his personal ambitions. And it should be emphasised in this connection that there were no Germans who did not know what these ambitions were, for to his credit it must be said that he had encouraged education and there were practically no illiterates in Germany. Everyone was familiar with his aims from the newspapers which dutifully recorded his many speeches. His address to the German ships sailing for the East in 1900 to avenge the death of a German Minister to China was typical of his outbursts:

'Show no mercy,' he admonished his men. 'Take no prisoners. Ravage like Huns. Open the road to *Kultur*, once and for all.' (It is interesting, by the way, to remember that some Germans still believe that the Allies invented the term *Huns* during the last War.)

A study of William II's career leaves a curious impression of emptiness. He has sometimes been called an 'actor-Emperor'; one feels that he was always playing some part. It is almost as though he were a human being in two dimensions instead of three. Throughout his life as a ruling monarch he

seemed passionately attached to his army, and yet even this devotion, as his cowardly desertion in 1918 showed, had no real basis. At this critical moment, too, he continued to act: he changed his rôle from that of a conquering hero for that, as a German critic has pointed out, 'of a quiet old gentleman, disillusioned and deserted by his people.'

Perhaps William II's puppet-like quality was due to the effort he was forced to make from his earliest childhood when he pretended that his arm was not crippled and he was like other boys. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he was not strong enough nervously to stand the strain of being so constantly in the public eye. At any rate his curious lack of human reactions, quite apart from his striking lack of humanity, must have troubled men who came into intimate contact with him, and it is no wonder that on several occasions an effort was made by certain Prussian Conservatives to have him certified. They were afraid, and history proved them right, that this abnormal man would seriously and permanently endanger the Hohenzollern dynasty.

It is possible that if William II's manners had been better his peculiarly inhuman temperament would have been less conspicuous. As it was, his behaviour was amazingly crude. For instance, the great hatred of his life was for Edward VII, and he expressed this antagonism in rudeness. When King Edward was fat and elderly he made him an honorary Colonel of a Hussar regiment the uniform of which was a pinkish colour, because he knew that this would be most unbecoming to his uncle.

William II never took the trouble to pretend that he was interested in anyone but himself. When, in 1914, the news of 'his friend' Francis Ferdinand's assassination reached the Emperor on board the *Hohenzollern* during the Kiel Regatta, he merely said: 'Well, I shall have to begin all over again,' (with my Austrian alliance). Not one word of regret, though only a month before he had been the Archduke's guest and close companion at Konopischt.

Perhaps, subconsciously at least, this last Hohenzollern ruler was conscious of his own futility. It does not seem possible that a man with any self-assurance would have been quite so boastful. He was once furious, for instance, when his physician told him that he was suffering 'Only from a *little*

cold in the head.' 'You forget,' he reprimanded the doctor, 'Everything about me is great' ('*Bei mir ist alles gross*').

He consistently referred to himself as the *All Highest* despite his professed religious attitude towards life—'the *All Highest* attended Divine Service to the *Highest* God . . .' and his speeches consisted chiefly in boastful utterances:

> We would rather leave our eighteen army corps [he proclaimed on one occasion] and our forty-two million inhabitants all dead on the battlefield than yield one inch of the land our fathers have won for us. Wherever the German eagle has planted his talons into the earth, the land is German and German it shall remain.

The German people applauded speeches of this kind, and they never realised, nor wanted to realise, that his emptiness was not confined to his character, but that he was also a stupid man. At the time of the *Daily Telegraph* affair he was in one of his more friendly moods towards England, he did not want to offend, and yet in this interview he made insulting allusions to the Boer War.

His entire foreign policy, in fact (from Germany's point of view), was as foolish as it was destructive, and his mistakes were due chiefly to his inordinate vanity. He ruled supreme at home, the Germans all succumbed to his arrogant joviality, and so he thought his charm would win him alliances and political support abroad. His letters to 'cousin Nicky' reflect this confidence; he believed that if he went to see any fellow ruler he would win his friendship.

As a result of his arrogance the European political scene changed completely while he ruled, and it changed to his disadvantage. Bismarck's Triple Alliance between Austria, Germany and Italy (1890) had aroused defensive action against these three countries, and William's constant talk of 'never sheathing the German sword' finally brought about a reconciliation between France and England and the Entente Cordiale (in 1907) was the result.

In his domestic policy William II proved himself to be equally shortsighted. One would have expected him to know that thrones in the early twentieth century were more stable if they were based on a constitutional form of government. But William, like his ancestors, hated democracy from the depths of his soul. His belief in his own Divine Right was perhaps

is only real emotion. Towards the end of the War he was nally persuaded to promise parliamentary reforms which 'ere to give the people's representatives in the *Reichstag* the ɔwer to do more than debate, but even then he refused to ıke this step until his armies had been victorious. As they 'ere defeated he had failed to achieve a more modern form of ɔvernment in Germany, just as he failed to achieve success 'ith his great armies.

William II's entire reign reflected the paucity of his own ɔirit. Outwardly Germany made great progress, her popula- on increased from 45,000,000 to 65,000,000, the expansion f her trade and industry was remarkable; a navy was created nd her army was highly organised, never had she known such rosperity. But her progress was purely material, her people rew rich but they developed no traditions or culture in our Vestern sense. Spiritually William's rule was futile. This act is emphasised by Erich Kahler, a German refugee, whose ıonumental philosophical work, *Der Deutsche Charakter in der Geschichte Europas*, was published in Switzerland in 1937. Kahler says:

> Wilhelminian Germany was materialistic through and through; was materialistic above and below, at the Right and at the Left, ıeoretically and practically, and no group of interests would be ıstified in blaming this materialism on another. . . . At the turn f the twentieth century a change could be felt, a trembling under- eath the surface, which foreshadowed terrible catastrophes . . .

And William II laid the corner-stone for this catastrophe. The only inheritance he left his people was a negative one: e left them the basis for Hitlerism, the attitudes of mind which prepared them for the coming of a new leader who would satisfy their desire for war and armed conquests.

In 1891 William II encouraged the organisation of the an-German Union, the *All deutscher Verband*, under the uidance of Professor Ernst Haase, of Leipzig. By 1902, this ɔciety, with branches all over Germany, was frankly working ɔwards a Greater Germany, which was to include Switzer- and, Holland, parts of Belgium, Luxemberg, Russian Poland, Estonia, Livonia, and Courland; as well as the Dual Monarchy. All Germans outside the Reich were to become itizens of this Greater Germany; German *Kultur* was to be

preached in the countries to which they had emigrated, and these countries were, in time, to become German dependencies.

The Emperor was the idol of the Pan-Germans, and he, in turn, frankly applauded their plan. Their conception of world domination expressed his own ambitions; he thought it only right that Germany should have an ascendance over her neighbours.

> I can only reach that goal [he declared in a speech in Mayence on August 28th, 1898] if our authority firmly keeps sway over our neighbours; for this object the unity and the co-operation of every German tribe is required.

On another occasion (when in October, 1900, the corner-stone of the Roman Museum of Saalburg was laid) he said:

> May our German Fatherland be in the future as strongly united, as powerful, as wonderful as was the Roman universal Empire; may this end be attained by the united co-operation of our princes, our peoples, our armies and our citizens, in order that in the times to come it may be said of us as it used to be said in the past: *Civis Romanus sum.*

William II also taught the Germans how, in this future world empire dominated by Germany, subject races were to be treated. One need only recall the treatment of the Polish minorities during his régime. In 1894, when he visited the Polish provinces, he declared in Thorn: 'I can be very disagreeable, and I shall be if necessary.' The régime in Alsace-Lorraine was equally unconciliatory towards the French inhabitants. Prince Hohenlohe, the Governor of the Provinces, recorded a conversation he had (in 1891) with von Marschall, the then Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Marschall, so Hohenlohe says,

> spoke very contemptuously of Alsace-Lorraine, and declared that it was a matter of total indifference in Berlin whether the inhabitants were satisfied or not, and that in the event of war, Alsace-Lorraine would become the principal battle-field.

It is a curious fact that after the last War, when all of William II's policies were, temporarily at least, discredited, the world as a whole thought that Germany would become a peaceful and peace-loving member of the community of

nations. In fact, such a rapid change could hardly have been expected. The Germans were merely tired, and their war weariness was interpreted in Western Europe as a new but innate love of peace.

Ten years later a German, Herbert Eulenburg, wrote with pathetic optimism of the new German Republic:

> . . . the new Free State of Germany began its existence—misunderstood at first by the majority of its own citizens, who had never been taught to be free men but only mere vassals; yet it did begin slowly and laboriously to live, never to die again . . .

The history of the last ten years has proven that the contrary is true. It was indeed the first opportunity given Germans to be free men, but their apparent desire for freedom, caused as it was by exhaustion after four years of war rather than by any positive desire, was shortlived. By 1926 they felt profound remorse because they had been disloyal to their Emperor: by a referendum the German people voted to compensate him for the ill-treatment he had suffered at their hands and most of his property and fortune was returned to him. By this time their new leader had already arisen. The spirit of conquest, which wavered for a short period after Germany's military defeat in the last war, had revived, and the German people are more submissive and more devoted to Hitler than they were to any of the Hohenzollerns.

And it is a curious fact, unprecedented in history, that no monarchist group in Germany is demanding their return. Claimants of the House of Bourbon still exist in France. The supporters of the Habsburgs or the Romanoffs are active, but no legitimist party has been organised in Germany or outside her frontiers to bring back the Hohenzollerns—though they ruled in Prussia for 507 years and for nineteen generations.

MARGARET GOLDSMITH.

CHRISTIAN POETRY[1]

POETRY is the witness to a crisis, and since religion also is such a witness there has been a tendency, particularly in the nineteenth century and onwards, amongst poets and critics like Shelley, Arnold, and in our own time, Herbert Read and the earlier Middleton Murry, to see poetry as a substitute for the old religious utterances, and the poets as 'the trumpets which sing to battle . . . the unacknowledged legislators of the world.' Let it at once be emphasised that this conception of poetry misunderstands both the nature of the poet and his work, of the priest and his religion; and in the case of Christian poetry perpetuates the error implied by the idea of 'religious emotion' which makes Christianity a value amongst other values instead of *the* value which is touchstone to all the others. Christian poetry can mean no more (or less) than one which springs from belief in the Christian religion, 'in the fall, the incarnation, the redemption,' and that Christ's coming 'shattered history.' Truly it may include 'heresy' where by heresy we mean the reaffirmation of the spirit as against the dead letter, but a spirit which understands only too well the necessity for the Law. A vague sympathy with the Christian ethic or with Jesus, the supreme Rabbi, is not enough to make Christian poetry, for the Christian crisis is clear-cut and unequivocal; nor is it enough to speak of a poetry as Christian because it springs from Christian civilisation, since in its nakedest aspect Christianity is a perpetual challenge to civilisation, is individual man seeking for the truth of individual destiny through the example and mystery of Christ, and in his lonely relationship with God, over and against his search for his place and duties in the community of men. Poetry is the witness to a crisis; and its profoundest reaches are where all stratagems of the poet's nature seek to perpetuate and make

[1] *The Oxford Book of Christian Verse.* Chosen and edited by Lord David Cecil. (Oxford University Press, 8*s.* 6*d.* net.)

more massive the battle within so that the protagonists assume more and more baffling disguises. In this its crisis differs fundamentally from Christianity, where the protagonists in the battle remain clear from start to finish, where the battle itself is affirmed by the whole rational being, and where the necessity is that the battle shall be resolved by the victory of one side over the other. Poetry itself is ultimately the affirmation of the truth of its *instruments* of meaning, words; religion is nowhere such a play and sternly seeks to avoid the deep self-deception that for poetry is part of its processes. In sum, all crisis in poetry is part of a strategy to increase the potential of *words* and their armamentarium, whereas in Christianity the Word, even where apparently most poetically charged, is of the prose-order; truth is its aim, not the truth of symbols but the truth which those symbols seek to communicate, of the universe, creation and destiny. In this sense, for Christianity, the words we use are strictly bound by their dedication to the original words of the Bible, whereas in poetry the words above all must be free and their powers of disassociation freely allowed (within the limits of their 'game' as set by certain problems of pattern in the syntactical and communicating senses). The crisis that every Christian faces and that makes the tension and livingness of his life on earth should be no crisis of words; and therefore the crisis of words may be an *evasion* of the other crisis, even where, as in some poets, as in Donne, there is a lovely joy in fertilising the Christian dialectic; the emotion of thought itself is exploited. These are poets for whom ideas are as living and as sensually savoured as tangibles, and the term 'metaphysical' as applied to them is very appropriate. The Christian idea, rich in paradox and subtlety, is exciting for such poets, and the Christian ritual rich in imagery to be employed in that art of parallelism which enables the poetry of ideas to entertain its flesh and blood brothers.

Religious verse (and we use the word 'verse' advisedly since, although verse includes poetry, it is not necessarily always poetry, but may be only a potent mnemonic) can be divided (without our committing ourselves rigidly to the categories) into that which, accepting the fact, seeks simply to sing it—it is dedicatory and continually aware of the fact external to it, is bound by it, not organically, but as the lover

might be, seeking to please his mistress or his friends or his country; into that which by paraphrase and extension of the Bible seeks to add to Church ritual, as the hymn does; into that which seeks to reconstruct the topographical and psychological elements of the Bible story—Charles Wells, Browning, Abercrombie and a number of other poets have written this sort of verse, and it appears to us to witness to some *decay* in religious belief since it seeks to draw down the image of the mystery and persuade us of its truth by showing it true to time and place; into that, finally, which shows the poet in the process of religious experiencing, where indeed we most usually conceive religious poetry to be, and where indeed its best is found. In all these categories it is the secular word which is handled; but it is important to realise that the writers making the first two types of verse might disavow the intention of making poetry, with them the poetry might be accidental; they sing from the heart and have no wish to exhibit their vanity in the skill of 'word-making,' they are no 'makaris' and would find the virtue of what they did in their hearts' good, not the poetic good of the result. Therefore we might expect to find the best poetry of this type amongst the untutored, the 'primitives,' as we sometimes find amongst very young children the accidental excellence of design in drawing and painting; directness has often the force of revelation (in the poetic sense) and profundity. The pre-Tudor poetry of the anthology has this moving rusticity; and so have some of the eighteenth century hymns. Their anonymous quality gives them a rare limpidity and grace.

It is, however, when we come to our fourth category that we meet the truly dedicated poets, and with them we come to the great and tragic dilemma confronting them. It has been suggested that the Chapel yields far less poetry than the Church, and Puritanism (with the notable exception of Milton, and of him, Lord David Cecil says, justly we believe, 'if he is not our greatest religious poet, he is the greatest of English poets who have made religion their subject') least of all; and the suggestion carries with it a hint of reproach, as if it is their joylessness that is at fault. Yet may it not be that for these, returned as they are so thoroughly upon the Old and New Testaments, the second Commandment must carry its meaning into poetry: 'Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven

image or any likeness . . .'? And is there not, as we have suggested, a profound truth here too, the recognition that the poetry of religious experiencing witnesses to a crisis other than it seems to postulate, is already a type of doubt and evasion, a stratagem to enjoy the flesh and the Devil in their subtlest disguises? Gerard Hopkins offers us almost a perfect example of the conflict between the two types of dedication, his poetry is a sort of day-dreaming, it twists and turns, and in its rich baroque involutions seems perpetually to be *evading* the centre towards which it must inevitably move. It speaks too much, there are too many words, the ecstacy seems indeed not the joy of God but the joy of words, but that joy, that *sensual* joy, seems full of fear with its nearing, nearing, nearing. It is as if a man knew that silence was the real dedication asked, and, guilty, spoke too much. We see all this more clearly by the contrast of the terrible sonnets of his darkness—'Thou art indeed just, Lord, if I contend with Thee . . .' (reproduced in this anthology), and 'I wake and feel the fell of dark, not day,' surely the Gethsemane of poetry. Here there is directness, the writing is almost austere, and the result is—*doubt*. In Donne also the battle is naked, and the man's sensuality, as so many have noted, gives to his later religious works the same flavour, even the same imagery, that we find in his earlier 'profane' poetry. For such poets (and even Herbert is, in one sense, amongst them) it looks as if their Christian poetry is perhaps, at its best, a poetry of 'guilt'; perhaps poetry at its best answers doubt with affirmation of the splendid tangible world and its multitudinousness; such poetry is a rich diversity, but diversity is the enemy of meditation and that core of silence where we may hope to find the true communion—and conflict. To speak poetically is then a sort of betrayal; the Mediator has here no real authority, or rather has the wrong sort of authority. Christian poetry, therefore, should be richest when doubt is rife and the poet calls on himself in an agony of self-persuasion. Roman Catholicism and the High Church offer the poet so rich an assortment of ritual and dogma, theological subtlety and paradox, that he may revel in their play and seem to have come to religiousness and poetry simultaneously. It is no accident that nineteenth century religious poetry in this country has been so often Catholic or Anglo-Catholic;

Hopkins, the Rossettis, Patmore, Belloc, and later Eliot; but this is no proof that Christianity is more truly served thus or more truly affirmed; if our thesis be correct it may be far otherwise. In Mr. T. S. Eliot, of whom Lord David Cecil says that 'his Christianity is superficially a little rigid and joyless,' the intellectual subtlety of the man, his clarity of mind, make the element of doubt, of personal unworthiness as, for example, in *Ash Wednesday* and *The Journey of the Magi*, almost agonising, but very illuminating. We feel that the will to believe is there, the head knows the truth, but the heart has not the power to accept, being unable to do more than affirm this life. Mr. Eliot knows only too well how the heart of the poet pulls, how earth-bound the poet is, and how inferior to the true priest. His fear of 'inspiration' shows how well he realises the tricks of the poet's heart and how a poet's call to God may be otherwise than it seems. In an age of psycho-analysis no man, least of all the poet, can escape the responsibility of certain questionings and probings. In an age of scientific positivism and religious scepticism no poet who lives, as he must do, the contemporary life, can escape the temptation to use the sceptical for the enrichment of his medium.

No man has written more profoundly on the Christian poet than has Kierkegaard. In his *Sickness Unto Death* he says (and may we be forgiven for quoting so extensively from what we consider to be one of the most remarkable passages ever written on the nature of the religious poet?):

> Christianly conceived (in spite of æsthetics) every poet-existence is sin, the sin—to poetise instead of to be, to be related to the Good and the True through the medium of imagination instead of being it, that is, existentially striving to be it. . . . Such a poet can have a very deep religious urge, and the conception of God is included in his despair. He loves God above all, God who is his only comfort in his torment, and yet he loves the torment, he will not let it go. He would so willingly be his own self before God, but not with regard to the fixed point where the ego suffers, there he wills despairingly not to be himself; he hopes that eternity will remove it, he cannot resolve to assume it as his own, to humble himself under it in faith. And still he continues to hold fast to God, and this is his only blessedness; it would be the greatest horror to him to be obliged to do without God, 'it would be enough to drive one to

despair'; and yet he permits himself, perhaps unconsciously, to poetise God a little bit other than He is, a little more *à la* kindly father who is all too ready to fulfil the child's . . . special wish. As one who was unhappy in love and thereby became a poet is able to sing sublimely the praises of happy love, so he became the poet of religiousness. He was unhappy in religiousness, he understood darkly that it was required of him to let go this torment, that is, in faith to humble himself under it and to assume it as belonging to the self—for he would hold it away from him, and just by that means he holds it tight, although he really means to let it go in so far as it may be humanly possible—for every word of a man who is in despair is true backwardly and so should be read reversed. But to accept it in faith is a thing he cannot do, that is to say, in the last resort he will not do it, or here his ego ends in darkness. . . . In relation to the religious he is an unhappy lover, that is, he is not in the strictest sense a believer; he has only the first element of faith, despair, and with that an ardent desire after the religious . . .'

What religious poet is there who does not recognise himself in Kierkegaard's marvellous analysis? It is indeed part of the poet's 'play' to enjoy the pain that is in the crisis and tension, to cherish it in fact, to elevate its awareness-sharpening elements, for in that pain lies the hope and earnest of poetry-making; but to cherish, to love pain for the sake of the ego at its highest potential (howsoever the total man dedicates himself and his work to God) is a sort of blasphemy. Pain is God's answer to man's pretensions; and it is also His grace whereby we participate in the awareness which was His Son's on earth; but the poet's will to trap it for joyous purposes is in this instance a challenge to religious purpose.

Elsewhere Kierkegaard says, 'What is it to be a poet? It is to have one's personal life, one's actuality, in categories entirely different from the poetical productions, that is, to relate one's self to the ideal only in imagination, so that one's own personal way of living is more or less a satire upon the poetical or upon one's self.' And again, 'I remain the unsuccessful lover with respect to *being* myself the ideal of a Christian, hence I become its poet.' Kierkegaard knew only too well what possibilities of falsity lie in the sublimest of Christian poetry. It might be argued that just as men's nostalgia for the countryside sets them to landscape-painting and country-dreaming, so religious poetry is the result of their nostalgia

for what each day recedes still further; the religious poet is in many ways a lost soul.

Lord David Cecil has done his work well enough. His Introduction is quite a good historical pocket-survey of the subject matter of the anthology. We think he underrates Herrick as a religious poet as he overrates Patmore and, grossly, Ruth Pitter, with her too nice poetic manners, her mannerisms, and her pre-Tudor poses, all lacking in bite and reality. We are sorry that he has seen fit to exclude some representative pieces out of the charming Catholic verse of Mr. Wilfred Roland Childe; and that he did not cast his net wider, amongst the periodicals, for modern religious poetry which, unless one is amongst the orthodox, it is difficult to persuade publishers to venture upon in book-form. More of Cowper's *Task* would have been welcome. Cowper was a great religious poet; and *John Gilpin* of the school text-books has a good deal to answer for! A more serious quarrel is with his omission of Chaucer's *An A.B.C.* It is true that it is a translation from the French, but so freely rendered that it indubitably stands as an original English poem and amongst the loveliest in fourteenth century Christian poetry. We are glad that he has refrained from including parts of the translated Bible as if they were a sort of prose-poetry. The Bible as literature issued in a form easy to read is a sort of embalming, like the habit in many English cathedrals of labelling relic, architectural piece, and effigy, so that the visitor may be relieved of the trouble of finding things out for himself—and the cathedral thus turned into a museum, a relic of deadness. We think that we have detected one minor error of fact. In his Preface he says, 'With one exception I have kept to poets born in the British Isles. American poetry seemed too wide a field. The one exception is Mr. Eliot.' But is not Mr. Force Stead also American-born?

L. Aaronson.

PETER ILJITCH TCHAIKOWSKY

CHAIKOWSKY was born a hundred years ago, on May 7th, 40. He was the child of an Inspector of Mines, and was e third of six children who were brought up in the tradi-onal way, with a French governess and tutors. He became musician at the age of twenty, and nothing seems to have dicated his talent at an earlier age. He was an affectionate ild, over-sensitive and nervous, probably anæmic like many ildren of that period who had too much milky and starchy od and were not sufficiently encouraged to exercise out of ors. He was easily moved and ready to suffer; his bio-pher, his brother Modeste, described his violent despair the departure of his mother who had brought him to hool in Petersburg, when he was ten. There he and his other were boarders at a teacher's house. Scarlet fever oke out at the school, and while Peter and his brother aped it, they carried the infection to the house, and the usemaster's son died of it. Peter connected this accident th an early feeling of guilt. Death also seems to have been early felt and deeply feared idea. When he was fourteen death of his mother affected him deeply. He never forgot r.

In his adolescence, Peter became listless and indifferent, d measles and a change of school had an unfavourable luence on his health and his progress in learning. At school was liked by his school mates, but nobody, not even his cher of music, Rudolf Kündiger, found extraordinary talent him. As his father chose the Civil Service for him, Peter ended the law school, learned without enthusiasm, passed his minations and became a clerk in the Ministry of Justice— inefficient clerk. He shared in his free time the pleasures the fashionable young people, and went often to the era, which was the craze of the 'sixties. His interest in sic grew and he began to study theory privately.

Then one day the young clerk Peter Iljitch Tchaikowsky decided to become a musician by profession. He threw up his position and joined the newly founded Conservatoire de Musique in Petersburg, under the guidance of Anton Rubinstein. He was a hard working, studious and successful pupil; and a few years later Nicholas Rubinstein, Anton's brother, offered him a position, at a small salary, as teacher of harmony at the Moscow Conservatoire. The young man was lucky in finding a publisher (Jurgenson, who became his lifelong friend). His material success was not substantial at first: the first Quartet, published in 1873, sold eleven copies in Russia. But he had discovered what he expressed many years later in a letter to Nadejda von Meck: 'Music is heaven's greatest gift to man—poor wanderer in the dark.'

Tchaikowsky was a neurotic; he suffered from the black moods of an over-sensitive, high-strung intellectual; but, most of all, he was tormented by fear of his abnormal sexual tendencies. The necessity of suppressing and hiding them brought him several times to the verge of madness.

It took him some time to know himself. He even fell in love, or thought he had done so, with Desirée Artot, the singer, and proposed to her (1868), although he was not unhappy when she refused. Many years later he was moved to tears by meeting her again.

Some of his biographers hint at gossip at the Conservatoire. Perhaps it was something of that kind which drove Tchaikowsky to the madness of his marriage; perhaps he was trying deliberately to escape his fate. The latter seems indicated by the use of the word 'cure' in several of the letters in which he referred to the unfortunate experiment. He wrote to Frau von Meck shortly before his wedding: 'Pray that I shall not break under this approaching change in my life.' And all he hoped for was 'that we may grow used to each other.'

Tchaikowsky, at the age of thirty-seven, married a girl of twenty-eight, merely because she had written to him, assuring him of her infatuation for him and threatened to kill herself if he did not see her. Antonina Miljukowna seemed pretty, devoted and harmless. Peter wished to please his old father, who wanted him to marry. He warned the girl that he did not love her and would never be able to do so, which was

something she could not understand. Antonina came from a petty middle-class family, she was half-educated, vain and ignorant. None of Tchaikowsky's friends blamed her for his and her misfortune. Peter Iljitch felt guilty towards her and did all he could to make it easier for her. But he nearly died of horror and disgust within a fortnight of their married life (to his brother he mentioned 'the ghastly spiritual torture of the 18th July . . .'). Finally he ran away, attempted to kill himself by wading into the cold water of the Newa—it was not deep enough to drown him, but he came home wet through, and Antonina dried and nursed him. The day after he fled to his brother Anatol and broke down with serious nerve trouble; he had to spend months in Clarens to recover from his experiment. His work, however, continued after a comparatively short interruption, and its quality did not show the extent of his spiritual disturbance or the traces of his 'fitful struggle for concentration.' On the contrary, some of Tchaikowsky's most inspired compositions belong to this period.

His favourite sister, Alexandra Davidoff, took pity on the deserted wife and gave her shelter in her own house. But even she admitted that Antonina proved to be an inferior personality of nearly subnormal intelligence and character.

Now, as ever, when Tchaikowsky got into trouble his brothers and sister came to his rescue. Alexandra knew of his haunting fears and one of the beloved twin-brothers is said to have shared his abnormality. But there was no difference in his affection for each member of his family, and they were equally devoted to the famous brother. His sister's country house, Kamenka, was his home, a place of rest and quiet pleasures. He adored her children, The twin brothers, ten years his juniors, looked after him like nurses. Throughout his life he shared all his sorrows and all his interests with them, as his letters show, and they were with him when he died.

Before that time he was to see many of his friends die—the Rubinsteins (the famous *Trio* is dedicated to Nicholas on his death), the violinist Kotek, Kondratieff, his sister Alexandra. Only Nadejda von Meck outlived him for some months; but she had broken with him two years before his death.

For thirteen years Tchaikowsky was a professor at the Moscow Conservatoire. For another thirteen years he enjoyed the fond admiration and generous support of a woman whom he never met. The story of his relation with Nadejda von Meck is one of the strangest romances. Nadejda von Meck was an immensely wealthy widow of forty-five, the mother of eleven children, when the violinist Kotek told her of Tchaikowsky, his former teacher at the Conservatoire. She was passionately fond of music. When Nicholas Rubinstein asked her for monetary help for Tchaikowsky and brought her some of his compositions, she became interested and agreed to pay the composer a pension of about £600 a year, and their friendship started by letter. It never reached another stage.

For Peter Iljitch it was a godsend from every aspect. It has never been explained why Nadejda—still very good looking and by no means an old woman—never consented to meet her protégé and admired friend personally; neither are there convincing reasons why she dropped him after thirteen years of full understanding. But for this man, who could not bear the presence of a woman in the flesh, who still cherished the memory of his long-lost mother, who loved solitude so much that he dreamt of a 'monastic life,' but was constantly longing '*for somebody near and dear to whom he might confide all his troubles*'—to him this peculiar form of friendship was an ideal solution.

Nadejda von Meck most probably loved him far more than she ever admitted even to herself. She was certainly the stronger character of the two. She had had every experience life can give. She had been poor in her youth, the unswervingly faithful and efficient helpmate of her husband, who was in his way a genius; he built the first Russian railroads by his own enterprise and energy. The resulting success and wealth did not spoil her, but gave her the chance to acquire the most refined cultural standard. Her letters show her as a woman of understanding and intellect. It is hard to understand her sudden decision to stop Tchaikowsky's allowance after thirteen years, without an explanation, and to break off the relation which had been so important for them both, thus hurting his pride and destroying his confidence.

Tchaikowsky received her generous offer with a childlike

pleasure in an unexpected gift. He gratefully dedicated his compositions to her, feeling that he was paid for a commission. Then came her letters and he accepted this gift like the other, with the greatest relief and joy. He poured out his heart in his answers; he shared his ideas with her and his moods; they discussed his music and the books they read, their personal affairs and life in general. But he never attempted to break through the wall which she had erected round her seclusion; whereas Nadejda made the most fantastic arrangements to feel his presence, although she avoided meeting him. She invited him to her country home as often as she travelled abroad; she rented a house in Italy for him while she was there, at a distance from her own, but near enough for her to pass by and listen to him playing the piano. In fact she loved him so much that later, when her eldest son fell a victim to an incurable disease, she blamed herself for 'neglecting her children.' Perhaps her mind was then darkened by her illness, tuberculosis. This may explain to some extent why she sacrificed the 'beloved friend' and punished herself by not telling him why she had broken off their relations. But she died two years after, only two months after his death.

Tchaikowsky was undoubtedly the less romantic of the two. He waited impatiently for Nadejda's letters, but even more for the money which she sent, and he was once most disappointed when, instead of a sum which he had wanted, he received the present of a precious gold watch, enamelled with the figure of Jeanne d'Arc, because he was working at the score of that opera. He was capable of asking his benefactress rather innocently for the money which he wanted to cover the expenses of his unfortunate marriage, being too much concerned with his own troubles to consider her feelings. It hurt her deeply, but she responded with the greatest tact and understanding. Only later she admitted her relief that Antonina had gone, and even expressed some of her merciless resentment against that poor woman.

Tchaikowsky was self-centred and emotional, and the artist of his time was allowed to be both. He loved Russia, but he never felt compelled to take part in the nation's life. His sole and only ambition was 'to be a good composer.'

With his popularity increasing he had to overcome his shyness, and he agreed to conduct his own music at concerts.

In this capacity he toured from 1887 many European countries, and went even to America in 1891 (before him, except for Rubinstein and one concert of Glinka's, no Russian composer had come as far as Paris!). He never became a really good conductor; he was always nervous, and at rehearsals he was inclined to be depressed when he felt that the orchestra did not appreciate his music or himself. This was the same inability in maintaining his authority which had prevented him as a boy from becoming the *regens chori* at school.

His judgment of others was clear and definite. 'What a Don Quixote Wagner is!' he wrote. 'In my opinion he is a symphonist by nature . . . a glorious talent, but his inspiration is always paralysed by some new theory that he desires to put into practice and for which he would sacrifice anything. Pursuing realism, truth and rationalism in opera he has quite lost music, which in his last four operas is most conspicuous by its absence. Not one broad, finished melody, not once is the singer given leeway. He must run after the orchestra the whole time, concentrating on not losing his own little note. . . . How tiresome, and yet what a wealth of showy, beautiful passages of purely symphonic character!' And on Brahms, who in another way was just as contrary to his own style and aims: 'Brahms, in my opinion, is dark, cold and full of pretense, of obscurity without true depth. I think Germany is on the decline musically and that the French are now due on the scene.' He praised Delibes, and admired Bizet: 'To me, *Carmen* is in every sense a *chef d'œuvre*, one of the few pieces which will some day mirror most vividly the musical endeavour of a whole generation.'

Tchaikowsky died at the age of fifty-three on November 6th, 1893, of cholera, during an epidemic in St. Petersburg. There is a theory that he intended to commit suicide; and it is a fact that he deliberately drank Newa water at a restaurant in spite of the warnings of the waiter and of his friends. There was apparently no particular reason why he should have killed himself. The fear of death seems to have left him during the last few weeks of his life, and he appeared to be no unhappier than in the past. His illness was short, his death horrible. His friends and the musical world mourned him deeply.

Tchaikowsky's music is entirely of his period in form and

content. It was logically based upon the classical European tradition, enriched by the introduction of Slav melody. Focussed in his personality, this received the peculiar tinge of morbidity that coloured his mind (the 'element of personal experience, the note of self-pity' which was so 'repulsive' for one of his later critics, Cecil Gray). He was so much the child of his time that his music may be taken as an expression of it. It has in it much of the drift which heralded the coming changes. Tchaikowsky did not attempt the new and unheard, what he felt and expressed was the melancholy of the *fin de siècle*. Even his black moods, his fits of despair, were a part of his time, a time when literature was pre-occupied with the darker side of life.

Had Tchaikowsky lived a century earlier his compositions might have achieved some of the serenity of Hadyn or even of Mozart, whom he admired so much. Traces of it can be found in some of his Scherzos and ballet music; but an unhealthy past-romanticism weighed upon him. His period was oppressed by the fear of such horrors as our own time has set in motion.

MARGARET FISHER.

THE IRISH THEATRE[1]

The simultaneous appearance of these three volumes has provided the majority of critics with an opportunity to appraise the so-called Irish Literary Movement, and more particularly its dramatic aspects. Such appraisement may be flattering to the Irish themselves in so far as it follows the obvious tracks laid down in the conveniently informative volume of official lectures which heads the list. But it is an abrogation of the critic's function to offer a mere summary when the material has lost any freshness or challenging quality it might have had thirty years ago. A far more useful purpose will be served if one treats the pronouncements and the original works not as the happy accidents of a pampered childhood, but as the considered products of adult minds, in which any sign of humbug or pretentiousness should be fiercely castigated.

The Irish Theatre claims for its subject a foremost place in the development of modern European culture, and it does so largely through the method of depreciating the much vaster and necessarily much more comprehensive output of the London stage. This we over here are accustomed to accept with our mother's milk. Yet what are the facts? A man of supreme poetic genius, Yeats, who incidentally is still regarded with amused contempt by nine-tenths of the Irish as a sort of 'bletherer' who managed to hoodwink the silly Saxons into thinking he could write verse, a man of charming but traditional and artificial talent, Synge, and a woman of outstanding power of personality, Lady Gregory, managed to force on an unwilling public of 'Paudeens,' as the first-named calls them, a small idealistic theatre. On the whole the Irish public looked the gift horse in the mouth, and didn't like its teeth. What was the upshot? The despised 'hucksters' of Dublin,

[1] *The Irish Theatre*, edited by Lennox Robinson (Macmillan, 7*s*. 6*d*. net). *Three Plays*, by Teresa Deevy (Macmillan, 7*s*. 6*d*. net). *The Star Turns Red*, by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan, 7*s*. 6*d*. net).

io theoretically had no right to exist, since the Irish were
urally all either aristocrats or peasants, took over the site
what Mr. Frank O'Connor rightly describes as a house
id out on too grandiose a scale,' with the result that 'many
shacks have been built on it in the course of years.' In
ner words, the audience of the Abbey Theatre is a pro-
icial audience. It wanted, and wants, a provincial drama.
may change its mind in the face of world cultural opinion,
the programme of the 1938 Festival printed at the end of
volume testifies, but it could always safely be relied upon
neglect or reject instinctively anything with the stigmata
greatness—whether it be the work of Yeats, or Synge, or
aw, or O'Casey.

Consider, too, the unproven, and mostly unprovable
umptions with which the present volume bristles. There is
historical Gaelic Drama. Nobody really disputes this.
d Mr. Ernest Blythe, in one of the soundest, most inspiring
incidentally most honest of these lectures, states precisely
implications of this. An Irish writer in English cannot
p being a sort of English writer: even more emphatically so
en his subject is such as to leave no scope for the plastering
of 'Kiltartanese.' Only in Gaelic can he, 'like any other
rary artist who uses the national language of his own
intry . . . place his scene wherever he wishes, choose any
me he likes from ancient or modern life, select for his hero
rcules or Hitler, Noah or Napoleon, and his play still
nain an Irish play.' Yet Mr. F. R. Higgins, by way of
roducing the problem of Yeats, goes out of his way to pro-
a plausible psychological explanation of the 'ancestral
of Gaelic plays,' and then manages to convince himself
t nevertheless there *was* such a primitive drama, but that it
conveniently destroyed by the wicked bishops who burnt
'books of reasoning' of Duns Scotus.

The whole attack on the middle classes is a foolish
neralisation from one man's idiosyncrasy. Mr. O'Connor
y be right in saying that 'Middle-class civilisation is full of
ngs which to the ascetic eye are disgusting'; and, of
rse, a fundamental principle of Yeats's mind is the ascetic
. But where do we find middle-class art? Where, if not
he work of Shakespeare, of Milton, of Chaucer, of Molière,
acine, and, horrible to relate, of Yeats himself? Or to

put it another way, what useful common denominator is there to be found in the minds of four such aristocrats as Sidney, Byron, Shelley and Swinburne? Not the ascetic principle, surely! We feel at times that the Celtic love of words blinds the speakers to their meanings. Thus, on p. 82, the term 'Middle-class,' which has presumably in the first place a purely diagrammatic implication, becomes associated with the quite different category of the 'middling-minded.' But when Mr. Higgins goes on to tell us that 'the middle minds' (yet another category!) 'lacked distinction and poise,' we are entitled to ask where distinction and poise are to be found if not in the master minds of at least *French* literature. And they were bourgeois almost to a man.

The contemporary English theatre, too, receives less than fair treatment. We may smile at the provincialism which makes Mr. A. E. Malone suggest on p. 97 that one dramatist's discovery (!) of 'a trick—the repetition of a characteristic phrase' was not developed to its full effectiveness until Mr. Sean O'Casey used it twenty years later. We may feel, too, that probably the funniest attempt to differentiate between the English and the Irish dramatists occurs when Mr. Walter Starkie says of this writer that he 'is not Anglo-Saxon in spirit; he is like a man of the Mediterranean, for whom the most important element is not the essence of anything, but rather its presence.' Again, what essential meaning has a remark like 'the narrow, conventionalised concepts of the contemporary English Theatre'? Mr. Malone does not seem to realise that a city like London, which has dozens of theatres, caters necessarily for a far wider range of dramatic interests than one like Dublin which has only three, and that in making comparisons it is as well to consider that there were theatres in London at that time (1903) where Shaw, Maeterlinck, Granville Barker, Galsworthy, Barrie *and Ibsen* could be performed, whereas it is very doubtful if any of them, and particularly the last-named, was being performed in Dublin. Nor is it correct to regard the problem play, with Mr. Michael MacLiammoir, as specifically and characteristically Irish. It may be argued that it is a type of play peculiarly in harmony with the Irish mind. But historically it simply came in as a contemporary fashion, and offered a technique to these new dramatists of which the only obvious relevance was that it

was current. Moreover, Mr. T. C. Murray, when he quotes what is after all an English comment on 'the monotony of the Mayfair drama of cuckoldry' is surely somewhat unworthy in setting the best of the Irish output—*The New Gossoon* of Mr. George Shiels—against the very specialised worst of the English stage. The date here is 1930, and this unfairness squares with the general assumption on the part of all these speakers that what Yeats and Mr. Shaw said in their youthful fury can still be said without further qualification at the present day. And speaking of youthful fury, one is reminded to ask what reason there may be for the exclusion from the set of the lecture by Mr. Denis Johnston, the widely-known actor-author of *The Moon in the Yellow River* on the very promising subject of 'Modern Tendencies.'

Three Plays and *The Star Turns Red* serve to illustrate in their own ways my general thesis. Miss Deevy's work has a lovely and unsophisticated simplicity of dialect, and presents its problems, situations and characters with a sort of naïve conviction. But when the moment for action comes, and after all that is the crucial moment in drama, she tends to rely on stage tricks for her solutions. The outstanding example is in the mechanical use of Captain De Lacey in *The Wild Goose*. The plays are too thin. They are indeed excellent libretti peculiarly calculated to display the virtuosity of the Irish Players. None of them would achieve the honour of production in a real centre of national culture. They are provincial, and only reach publication because they bear the cachet of the Abbey Theatre. The unfolding of the story needs to be more virile, or the story itself needs to be given more meaning. There is a lack of intellectual or passionate implications. Their quiet, grey tone is not the central quiet of intensity, but only the gentle quiet of domesticity: Mrs. Gaskell, not Jane Austen.

Mr. Sean O'Casey's play brings us immediately into contact with the strongest personality the Irish Theatre has produced, the man who, in the correspondence over *The Silver Tassie*, successfully challenged the dictation of that great, arrogant, and on this occasion more than unusually foolish man, Yeats. When it was recently performed in London, *The Star Turns Red* gave many members of the audience a feeling that genius was being perverted for

propagandist reasons, and that Mr. O'Casey, in his zeal for Communism, had allowed his art to be sacrificed unforgivably. I cannot but feel that this was due to one-sided, tendentious and possibly, though one does not wish to be unduly harsh on the obvious difficulties of the Unity Theatre, uninformed production. In reading, the play seems likely to be very effective. The main problem is that of the stylisation of character and scene. Here Mr. O'Casey has been anticipated by Yeats, both in theory and in practice. But with Yeats the stylisation was always towards the mysterious and distant: the symbols became rigid poses in some Byzantium of thought. Mr. O'Casey presents a modern, popular materialisation of types which, like the Christian figures from which Byzantine art arose, become cheap, simplified and vulgar—and in this case are aimed at the fundamental naïveté of the working classes.

It is questionable how far psychological subtlety is required in a drama, and here Mr. O'Casey may be thought to be governed both by the technical versatility of his actors, or their lack of it, and by the fact that he did not expect his audience to be a theatre-going audience in the main, and had to allow for that. Accordingly, the play is all the stronger for its ascetic rejection of the earlier realism, and the turn for rhetoric and the use of poetical or oratorical prose which establish the feeling of type rather than individual character, is true enough to Irish nature. Indeed I incline to think that whole sections of the play, but particularly the parts of the Red and Brown Priests and of Joybell, may well mean nothing outside their very Irish context. The play undoubtedly takes its place in English drama with the experimental work of Messrs. Auden and Isherwood. It is more massive, it dares to be cruder, it is free from their cynicism and nervousness and despair, probably because its author knows his working people, but its great defect is in the quality of its poetic instrument in the Choruses. The mixture of journalistic or Whitmanesque rhetoric and doggerel rhythm, which others of our day can exploit more successfully, is not compensated for by any of the odd awareness of phrase characteristic of Mr. T. S. Eliot. It is difficult to think that Mr. O'Casey has any sort of an ear, though one may admire his ambition and be willing to salute his possible triumph in the world of the theatre.

Benjamin Gilbert Brooks.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER

SIR,—In your June issue 'European Observer' has some scathing comment to offer on 'the criminal lack of political, military and moral defence measures in the Low Countries.'

A detailed refutation of the charges brought by 'European Observer' is well-nigh impossible in view of their extremely general and unspecified character. Thus, when he speaks of 'the criminal lack of political, military and moral defence measures in the Low Countries' only a few points, chosen at random, can be made to show the completely unjustified character of this sweeping accusation. It might be pointed out, for instance, that as regards political defence measures the Netherlands Government took steps against the Dutch Fascist party and other extremist organisations more than two years ago when members of these organisations were excluded from service in the defence forces and the civil service. Again, after a state of siege had been declared in force several weeks before the invasion, a number of Dutch Fascists were arrested and interned; all this while the country was still at peace. Without wishing to indulge in recrimination, it might well be asked whether other countries have done as much in time of peace. As regards military defence measures, the Netherlands, like most other democracies may have begun its preparations rather late in the day, but once begun they were carried out with the utmost vigour. Everyone who has seen the hundreds of pillboxes, tank traps and defensive works of all kinds which were constructed all over Holland in a very short space of time will realise that to speak of 'criminal lack of preparation' is a slight exaggeration, to say the least of it. It may be recalled in this connection that the Netherlands, which have always willingly borne the burden of peace-time compulsory service, were able at the outbreak of war to mobilise a fully trained army of about 400,000 men out of a total population of 8,000,000. That may not be an excessively large number, but relative to the proportional achievements elsewhere it may, none the less, be considered a convincing refutation of the surprising charge of 'criminal lack of military preparation.'

Then there are the slightly more specific charges regarding the

'insufficient attempts at sabotage' (presumably the author means demolition) 'in face of the advancing foe.' 'Strategic bridges,' so it is stated, 'had not been mined and they were not blown up even when the position became precarious.' Since no place names are mentioned in this accusation it is hardly less difficult to counter than the vague generalisations about criminal lack of preparation and irresponsible omission. Probably, however, 'European Observer' is thinking of the Moerdyk Bridge over which a German armoured division of the type which a few weeks later was to crush the resistance of the French and British armies, managed to penetrate into the heart of Holland. Why was this bridge not blown up? Not because, as 'European Observer' asserts, 'strategic bridges had not been mined.' That charge is as completely unfounded as all the other accusations. The Moerdyk Bridge was not blown up at the time most of the other bridges were dynamited because it was the only link between the centre of Holland and the South from where alone French help could come. Why was it not blown up at a later stage in the campaign, on Sunday, when the German armoured division was coming dangerously near? Because already early on Friday morning German parachutists, employing one of the most infamous ruses of all military history, had succeeded in cutting the cables leading to the explosive charges on Moerdyk Bridge. Disguised in Dutch uniforms they caught the unsuspecting military guards of Moerdyk Bridge unawares and wiped them out with a rain of hand grenades. The bridge and the surrounding country were subsequently occupied by a large body of parachutists and airborne troops. Attempts to destroy the bridge by torpedoes fired from a motor torpedo boat failed. Hits were actually scored but the foundations proved too strong. Attempts to destroy the bridge from the air, difficult enough when no opposition is encountered, were frustrated by groups of from twenty to thirty German fighters which never left the scene.

So much for the facts of the situation at Moerdyk Bridge. All the other bridges except one were blown up as arranged, including those across the Meuse in Maastricht, which have often been confused with the two or three crucial bridges in Belgian territory over which the German divisions pushed their way into France.

As to 'European Observer's' reflections on the morale of the Dutch people, all that need be said is that a country which in five days' fighting suffers casualties amounting to 25 per cent. of its effectives, not to mention the huge civilian losses in ruthlessly bombed Rotterdam, should not be obliged to defend itself against vague and sweeping accusations of this kind.

If the foregoing remarks were to give you occasion to publish

an editorial note correcting 'European Observer's' statements, we should feel that the cause of truth and fairness would be greatly served thereby.

In case you should wish further details on the military campaign in Holland we shall be only too glad to supply you with all the documentation at our disposal.

Yours faithfully,
for the Netherland Government Press Service,
J. H. Huizinga.

[*We are glad to publish Mr. Huizinga's letter, which is one of several we have received expressing similar views.*—The Editor.]

BOOK REVIEWS

Fanny by Gaslight, by Michael Sadleir (Constable, 8*s.* 6*d.*).

It is a very bold man who writes a novel through the eyes of a woman. Indeed, it takes such audacity that very few men have ever attempted it. I suppose in a sense that Thackeray may be described as having tried it in *Vanity Fair*, and I think that Meredith flirted with the idea, particularly in *Diana of the Crossways*, and there are a few other instances. A very recent one is Christopher Morley's *Kitty Foyle*, which has been a best-seller in the United States for the last six months. But it is not a common feat and it is not easy.

Mr. Michael Sadleir has tried it on an ambitious scale and although three out of the five sections of *Fanny by Gaslight* are told by men, it is the other two sections, in which the story is told by Fanny herself, that make the novel. And a very remarkable novel it is.

It begins with an old woman living in the threadbare, ordinary, dull town of Les Yvelines-la-Carrière, lying between Versailles and Dreux, near one of the forests which surround suburban Paris. '. . . The place was very poor. Apart from a sawmill, in forlorn competition with better equipped rivals for favours of the Eaux et Forets, no industry survived; for the great quarry which gave the town half its name had been abandoned years ago, and was now a sinister amphitheatre draped with weeds and ivy, scooped out of the hillside and already half hidden by encroaching trees. The inhabitants, therefore, lived on agriculture; collected for sale fallen timber, cêpes, wild strawberries and lilies of the valley from adjacent areas of the forest; and thus contrived to live a frugal, apathetic life in a place which—though barely forty miles from Paris—was seemingly forgotten . . . .'

The old woman was grey-haired, wasted, unhappy and full of memories. A wandering publisher came to the town and fell into talk with her and in a curious, almost imperceptible, fashion, they became friends. She was English, London-born and London-bred, and one day, almost casually, she began to tell Mr. Warbeck, for

that was the publisher's name, some of the things which she had seen in her early days in London. Gradually her story accumulated until Warbeck suggested that she should clear off her financial difficulties by letting him make a book of her memoirs. The old lady agreed and *Fanny by Gaslight* is the result. . . .

'Gaslight' is the operative word in the title, for Mr. Sadleir has made a brilliant reconstruction of London society and London life as it was lived in the second half of the nineteenth century, when the rich were immensely rich and powerful and the poor were very poor indeed, and when there was an enormous gulf between Upper Belgrave Street and strange little houses at the back of Panton Street.

Fanny was born in one of those little houses on the south side of Panton Street. The ground floor was a public house and the rest was 'residential,' running back to a passage between Oxenden Street and Whitcomb Street.

The public house part was called the 'Warrior,' and under it lay a place called 'Hopwood's Hades.' This 'Hades' was a mixture of gambling-hell, drinking-den, house of assignation, or, to put it bluntly, house of ill-repute. 'Practically nothing was too scandalous to be tolerated; virtually, no taste too wanton to be cared for.' But Hopwood, the proprietor, had a queer pride of his own. He would provide almost any kind of vice, but he set his face rigidly against the usual small swindles of such places. No pocket-picking was allowed on his premises and the champagne was real champagne. Anything could happen outside the Warrior or Hades, but there were strict rules to regulate the things that happened inside. Mr. Sadleir's description of this curious establishment is brilliant, and he evokes the spirit of Leicester Square of the days when Leicester Square stood for something unique in London, or, for that matter, in Europe. Every detail is skilfully and quickly drawn—the chucker-out, the songs, the flunkey guarding the inner rooms, the heavy velvet curtains, the gilt armchairs, the palms in their pots, the supper tables, the cabaret, the girls, the billiard room and all the rest of it. It was in this house that Fanny was brought up.

For Mrs. Hopwood was her mother. Then came the hideous disaster which overtook Hopwood, and Fanny went into service in Upper Belgrave Street. Here, again, the description of the interior of the big house is a perfect work of verbal etching—the housekeeper, the butler, the tiny room in which the smallest and newest addition to the household staff was to sleep, the system of meals in the servants' hall, and always here and there the inevitable gas jet, so skilfully brought in that it is hardly noticeable, but always

reminding the intelligent reader that the book is called *Fanny by Gaslight*.

By this time Fanny had changed her name from Hopwood to Hooper, partly because Hopwood of the Hades had come to such a dreadful end and partly because he was not her father, and so it was as Hooper that she worked in the house in Upper Belgrave Street, which belonged to a Mr. Seymore, who actually was her father. Fanny's position in the household was a little difficult, because the housekeeper and Mr. Seymore himself knew of her parentage, whereas Lady Alicia did not, and when Fanny discovered that Lady Alicia was betraying her father, she walked out of the house and started life again, this time in a public house called the 'Jolly Bargee' in River Row, Islington. Again Mr. Sadleir's astonishing command of detail and his power of creating an atmosphere comes into play and his novel becomes almost a social document of the times.

Then the story takes another twist and the narrator becomes Harry Somerford, who works in the same department as Clive Seymore. Somerford runs in the same pattern as the rest of the book. Just as the gay aristocrats went to visit Hopwood, and Lady Alicia went to her high-class dress-establishment where she could meet her lover, so Harry Somerford used to patronise the last word in fashionable 'houses,' called 'Florizel Thirteen.' It was there that he met Fanny, who was secretary to the lady who owned the establishment. He fell in love with her and they set up together a small establishment in Little Welbeck Street and lived together in deep happiness. But tragedy followed them and the very same man who had brought ruin upon Hopwood brought ruin upon the happiness of Fanny and Somerford. The man was one of the Bucks of the period, an aristocrat, dissolute, violent, truculent and unforgiving. Harry Somerford had protected Fanny and another girl from him in a drinking den and Lord Manderstoke did not forget, and he killed Somerford in a duel which he forced upon him. Fanny was left with a baby, to face the world alone, with nothing except her memories.

That is the story which Warbeck got from the grey-haired old lady of Les Yvelines-la-Carrière.

Fanny by Gaslight is a very notable book. It is utterly different to anything I have ever come across, and in happier times it would have been the most celebrated novel of the year. As it is Mr. Sadleir can at least console himself with the reflection that he has created a work of art, and has once again received the applause and admiration of his fellow-craftsmen.

A. G. Macdonell.

The Jews of Germany. A History of Sixteen Centuries, by Marvin Lowenthal (Lindsay Drummond, pp. 475, 10s. 6d.).

Many recent books have told of the Nazi persecution of the Jews in Germany, and of the contribution which those Jews have made to Germany. This book, by an American-Jewish historian does that, but it does much more. It is an account of Jewish life in Germany during sixteen centuries, from their first settlement in the Roman colonies along the Rhine, to the present day, and it throws light on a dark story which has been relieved only by short periods of enlightenment. Jews were persecuted in most of the countries of Europe in the Dark and the Middle Ages ; and their treatment in Germany at the time of the Crusades and the Black Death, or again in the time of the Reformation, when Luther, having first vindicated them, then turned against them with an almost Hitlerian brutality—of phrase—is not peculiar. What, however, is particular in the German-Jewish tragedy is that in modern times, since the Age of Reason and liberalism was ushered in, the old hatred has constantly been re-enforced by new motives. The periods of liberty and equality which the Jews have enjoyed in the Reich are very brief. Napoleon broke down the gates of the ghetto and introduced the rights of man in his triumphant marches through the numberless principalities and Prussia. But at the Treaty of Vienna Jewish rights were limited to those given *by*, and not *in* German States, and a fresh movement, known as the *Hep-hep* (*hierosolyma est peridita*), resuscitated a Medieval discrimination. It was responsible for the exile of Heine, in spite of his baptism. In 1871 political emancipation was granted throughout the Reich, and the Jews, basking in the sun of equality, made an extraordinary contribution to the commercial and cultural life. But in the eighties a racial movement imported, indeed, from other lands, was spread amongst the Junkers and the intellectuals, glorified as a philosophy by Treitschke, and adopted as a political weapon by Bismarck. A practical discrimination was maintained against the professing Jews in the Army and the University, till the proclamation of the Republic in 1918. Then, for a decade the Jews of Germany, who had a quicker power of recuperation than the Gentiles,

played a more important part in the public and the intellectual life than ever before. Then came Hitler and Rosenberg, and found in anti-semitism the most powerful instrument of demagogy. The campaign against the Jews was pursued, ruthlessly, to use the favourite word of the Nazis, to a war of extermination. There is something in the German character which makes the German in every generation select the Jew for the object of hate, sometimes for a religious, sometimes for an economic, sometimes for a racial reason. If anything goes wrong in Germany the fault must be found in a foreign element; and the Jew is the most ready scapegoat.

Mr. Lowenthal writes with fullness of knowledge, and with a passion which at times carries him away, and at others passes into bitterness; but the picture is vivid all the time, and it is drawn on a broad canvas, the history of the Jews being fitted into the history of Germany and of Europe. His conclusion is that Jewish rights and universal human rights are inseparable. It will be for the statesmen at the end of the war to see how human rights are to be secured in Germany as well as in the rest of Europe.

N. BENTWICH.

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[Instructions to a Post held by a Company of the Home Guard of a North Western Town, reported in "The Times," August 17th.]

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1877 1940

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THE

NINETEENTH CENTURY *AND AFTER*

No. DCCLXIII—September 1940

THE SITUATION

Germany has had her first defeat. For the first time in the Second World War she has met her match in battle. To beat the power of England is not as easy as to hunt defenceless Jews and burn down their synagogues, to suppress unarmed and unimaginative Social Democrats, to round up stupid and misguided Communists, to crush the brave but ill-equipped, ill-organised, and outnumbered Polish army, navy and air force, to overthrow a disunited, defeatist democracy like France.

The series of engagements (that make up the biggest aerial battle ever fought) in the long-expected German offensive against the British Isles has been won by the Royal Air Force. The foul and treacherous beast that has caused so much ruin and misery, and is resolved on the destruction of all worth living for, has received a sharp, resounding blow across the eyes and snout. He has been made to feel just a little of what he has done to others, has received a faint foretaste of what is still his due, of what is still to come. Much more will be needed before he is made to slink back into his den and has his teeth drawn and his claws pulled out, so that he may never trouble the world again.

The German offensive against the British Isles will certainly go on. The danger now is not so much of a lightning assault as of a gradual, relentless converging movement that will develop along the immense arc extending from Trondhjem to Brest. The northern end of the arc may be bent forward

so as to rest on Iceland and the Faroes, the southern end may be extended to Gibraltar.

About the determination and resourcefulness of the Germans there can be no doubt. They have not yet exerted their full strength against the British Isles. The great testing-time of the British people has only just begun. All the valour, skill, faith, and endurance that are in the nation will be needed to withstand the German offensive and to take the counter-offensive that can alone make the defeat of Germany final.

There is, or ought to be, only one war aim, to break the power of Germany; and only one peace aim, to keep that power broken. Proposals for a 'new,' a 'united,' a 'federal' or a 'better' Europe that are being made in such profusion by Sir Norman Angell, Sir Walter Layton, Mr. H. G. Wells, Sir Richard Acland, Mr. J. L. Hammond, and other political 'philosophers,' do not represent what the people of England are fighting for. The peace that will end this war, and the European order that will follow, may embody some of these proposals, whether for good or for evil. But any proposals, however ingenious, equable and well-conceived they may be in themselves, must be uncompromisingly rejected if they leave the power of Germany unbroken. Any proposals, however ideal they may seem, must be rejected as uncompromisingly if they are incompatible with a post-war settlement that will keep the power of Germany broken. If that power is not broken, the war will have been lost. If it is not kept broken, the peace will have been lost and the war will have been fought in vain. And, in either case, the Third World War will be upon us in the few years which Germany will need to recover from the Second.

There are only two European Great Powers—England and Germany, for Russia and Italy are formidable only in association with Germany, while France, if she ever rises again, will be formidable only in association with England. Only England and Germany are a match for one another, only they can fight the rest of Europe single-handed. And there can be no European order that is not maintained by German domination or by the ascendancy of Great Britain (domination and ascendancy are by no means the same thing —the latter, suited to the genius of the English, would mean

a free Europe, the former, suited to the genius of the Germans, would not). Less than a year of war has shown that it must be one or the other—it must be England or Germany, once and for all. An authority vested in a congeries of states is the negation of authority. The League of Nations failed not because it 'did not get a chance,' but because it did get a chance. Instead of being used by the victors of the First World War to perpetuate their armed ascendancy, the League was used to reduce that ascendancy through disarmament, the collective system, and appeasement, so promoting the revival of German militant imperialism. The League and the political conception associated with Geneva are amongst the causes of the Second World War.

It will not be enough to ward off the German attack. It will not even be enough to counter-attack. It will be necessary to retain some reserve of strength that will enable the British Commonwealth not only to impose the terms that will keep the power of Germany broken, but secure a general settlement that will establish the armed ascendancy of England in Europe, seeing that there can be no lasting peace and no organic and civilised European order in the absence of that ascendancy.

Of this the Germans, who have far more political realism than the political 'philosophers' of this country, are well aware. They know the ultimatum—Hitler himself has proclaimed it: England or Germany! And they are absolutely determined, with all their realism, their foresight, their organisation, their ruthlessness, and their prodigious energy, to break the power of England for ever, and to impose upon Europe a German domination, a German order.

The coming German offensive will not be limited to the vast harrying, strangling aerial and naval pressure that will converge upon the British Isles. It will extend to the Mediterranean. The campaign in North-east Africa is but the beginning of an attack that threatens the very structure of the British Commonwealth, for if the German-Italian coalition is master of the Mediterranean it is master of the Suez Canal and can make itself master of the Red Sea. And by commanding the exits of both seas it can threaten Imperial communications in the Atlantic and Indian Oceans. The command of the Mediterranean cannot, therefore, be aban-

doned. Not only is it essential to the maintenance of Imperial communications and to the important English interests in the Near East, but also to her armed ascendancy in Europe as a whole. That ascendancy cannot be maintained if she is unable to check German imperialist expansion in southern and north-eastern Europe and strike at any hostile German-Italian or German-Russian coalition by the use of sea and air power in a region extending from Gibraltar to Baku. And that ascendancy is essential to her continued existence as a Great Power, a Free Power, and an Imperial Power—she must be all of these or she will be none. That she be all of these is in the highest interests of all Europe. As we have tried to show, the future European order will be either a Pan-Britannia or a Pan-Germanica. The former means a free and civilised Europe at peace with itself and with the world, the latter means a barbaric Europe, terroristically administered, always in a state of latent or open internal or external warfare. A Pan-Britannia, therefore, it shall be.

The Italians have shown themselves astute and audacious in promoting their imperial interests. They exploited the rearmament of Germany, and the fear it inspired in Paris and London, so as to annex Abyssinia, venturing to the very edge of war against a superior coalition. It was commonly supposed that they would 'lose Abyssinia' if they found themselves on the side of Germany in a war with England. The war has lasted a year and they have not only kept Abyssinia but have taken Somaliland.

It is customary to jeer at the Italian navy because of its speed, the implication being that all it can do well is to run away. Speed is one of the main components of strength in any fleet and to 'run away' is often the right thing for a fleet to do. There have, throughout British naval history, been times when it was necessary to avoid battle, when the proper function of the fleet was to remain 'in being.' The Italian fleet is derisively referred to as 'bottled up' in the Adriatic. But it operates very effectively as a fleet 'in being.' As such, it immobilises in the Mediterranean a British fleet and air force which, except in so far as they complete the blockade, are rendered useless against Germany. The Italians also compel the Commonwealth to maintain considerable forces

in north-east Africa. Their fleet 'in being' enables them to command their communications with Albania and therefore to invade the Balkans in defiance of British sea power. At the same time they are helping the Germans powerfully to gain access to the shores of the eastern Mediterranean and to Spain. They are doing much to promote a German victory—and, therefore, an Italian victory (Italy's chief hope lies not in the success of her own but of Germany's arms).

If Italy is forced to conclude a separate peace the defeat of Germany will be much nearer. The blockade will become much closer, German influence will be destroyed in Spain and reduced in the Balkans, it will be possible to establish air bases so that Germany can be raided from the south. All means of coercion—naval, aerial and military operations, blockade by land as well as by sea, and varied forms of economic, financial and diplomatic pressure will be at the disposal of the Commonwealth for a converging movement that will accomplish the total defeat of Germany.

The defeat of Italy is, therefore, the essential preliminary to the defeat of Germany. A separate peace with Italy is not an end in itself, but a means to an end. The sooner that peace is brought about the better, however generous it may be, within certain limits, as long as Italy ceases to be a belligerent. Those limits might be very wide indeed. The peace should be such that Italy need fear neither economic ruin nor extinction as an imperial power. It should not rob her of her whole overseas empire. It might embody a general colonial re-settlement which would found a British, French, and, possibly, French condominium in certain regions to the advantage of all three Powers and of the inhabitants. It would have to include certain measures—such as the cession, or at least the permanent neutralisation, of Pantellaria, and the restoration of Albanian independence—for the securer maintenance of British ascendancy in the Mediterranean. But the peace should not mean irretrievable disaster to the Italian people. It should be broadly acceptable as a basis for a future community of Mediterranean interests as between London, Rome and Paris.

Italy, by herself, is not a menace to England. Even a 'strong' Italy is a menace only in so far as she can act in coalition with Germany. There has been no Italian danger

except in so far as it has been able to exist in the margin of German rearmament. If Italy is destroyed as a Power and Germany is not, the deadly menace to Europe and the British Commonwealth will remain. There is only one such menace —Germany. It is, therefore, a vital interest of the Commonwealth that the power of Germany be broken for ever. It is not a vital interest that Italy's power shall be broken—except as a means of breaking Germany's.

It is essential that Great Britain achieve the maximum concentration of ships, troops and aeroplanes in the Mediterranean region and pass from the defensive to the offensive with as much speed, vigour and resolution as she can command. The demands made by home defence, by the blockade, and by the aerial attacks on Germany remain. But the danger of full-scale invasion is no longer serious (perhaps it was never so). The danger of air raids on towns, dockyards and shipping, and of landings by parachute or transport 'plane will continue—and the more the defences of the country are depleted, the more it will grow. Nevertheless, the forces and the material employed for home defence should be reduced to the minimum compatible with bare security so that the defeat of Italy may be rapid and decisive.

It has become fashionable to talk in romantic terms of the 'coming European revolution.' It is certainly true that there are various forms of potential revolution which may contribute heavily towards the overthrow of German domination, and therefore to the final victory of British arms. The Poles and Czechs will certainly rise against their conquerors and oppressors at the first opportunity. The French are, at present, a tired, wounded people. The occupied territories of France are better off than the unoccupied because the Germans have averted the dislocation of transport and because the shortage is less severe. It is doubtful whether the Pétain Government is capable of maintaining order. Popular revolt against it would, in all likelihood, play into the hands of the Germans and lead to the occupation of all France. In Belgium there is widespread willingness to co-operate with the Germans. In Holland there is a sound, stubborn national spirit. In Denmark and Norway passive resistance, at least, will grow if Germany begins to weaken.

The German exploitation of the occupied territories in

Western Europe is ingenious. They are gradually being deprived of assets and are, in return, sharing Germany's liabilities. Germany is easing her own inflation by extending it to them. The process is not perceptible at first, but is bound to become so very soon. Discontent with German domination cannot fail to grow—even stricken France will find herself again some time.

Broadly speaking, England should assume the conscious leadership of the potential European revolution and give her support to every subversive or revolutionary movement against German domination. There is no sign of revolt amongst the Germans themselves, but if they meet with failure in the field they will be threatened with revolt at home. England cannot assume revolutionary leadership in Europe if she does not herself accept profound social changes which will, cumulatively, achieve as much as violent revolution can achieve. But that she should proceed any other way than by organic reform, that she should undergo violent upheaval, can only be the earnest wish of Hitler and his allies. Organic change, that will deepen national unity by promoting greater social justice and eliminating excessive individual wealth and privilege in the bitter need and heavy sacrifice which the war will impose, is essential to ultimate victory. Without it, England will have no lasting inner strength and no real authority in Europe. Without it she will be unable to win not only the war, but also the peace. Nothing must be allowed to weaken her effort on land, on the sea, and in the air. Necessary as it is for her to promote the anti-German revolution everywhere, it will not win the war. The war will be won by defeating first the Italians, then the German armed forces in battle. Defeat will accelerate the advent of revolution, but defeat must come first. Every Italian or German reverse inspires and fortifies the revolutionary forces and weakens Italian or German resistance to them. But the revolution itself will be the consequence, not the cause, of defeat. Defeat, once it comes, will be clinched by revolution or even by the menace of revolution. Revolution can help decisively to accelerate the final overthrow of German power.

For England, the European revolution is a means to an end. It is not in itself desirable as revolutionary romantics

pretend. It is an accessory, an important one but nevertheless an accessory, to the action of the armed forces, a means to achieve, not a 'new order' or a 'better Europe' (except in so far as Europe will be renewed and made better by the removal of German domination) but the one war aim, which must be achieved at all costs, to break the power of Germany, and the one peace aim, which no ideal or utopian proposals of any sort should be allowed to obscure—to keep the power of Germany broken.

THE EDITOR.

DIARY OF THE WAR

When, on August 20th, the Prime Minister made his masterly survey of the situation in the House of Commons, the first year of the Second World War had nearly ended. Perhaps the outstanding feature of Mr. Churchill's review of the months gone by, of his outlook towards the present and the future, was that despite the experience of the past he could bring to the people of this country and of the world the assurance of final victory. There was in his speech no note of cheap optimism. On the contrary, the Prime Minister did not disguise the dangerous situation of the country, he made no attempt to appease our minds, either by minimising the power of the enemy or by stressing our own strength. He gave a true and faithful picture of things as they are, not as one would wish them to be, and yet the certainty of victory was there. And this after one year of war, a year that has banished hope and overturned the map of Europe, that has destroyed the freedom and independence of nations, torn our Allies from us and brought the smell of German and Italian pestilence to our peaceful shores. The deepest pessimist could scarcely have foretold, on that September day twelve months ago, the dire calamities in store, and even the bravest then would have quailed before the prospect. It has been a year of awakening and of fuller understanding; awakening to the vast extent of Germany's bid for world revolution and world domination, understanding of the challenge to Christianity and culture implicit in National Socialism. This year has proved the long and careful preparations made by the leaders and people of National Socialist Germany for their onslaught on civilisation. The classic and conservative conception of land warfare has been displaced by the revolutionary methods of the German forces. Germany has struck, and inflicted mighty blows, and will strike again, because as yet her spirit and her means are unbroken, her power and

her *Sehnsucht* for domination unimpaired. The German political revolution is still on the march, politically, diplomatically, and in the military field, though we have been hitting back, and hitting hard. The tide has not yet turned to the extent that the way for our offensive against these evil forces can be clearly seen. The path is there, nevertheless, notwithstanding all the defeats and errors and setbacks, 'the even greater ordeals' which may lie in store for us. The Prime Minister's confidence, then, cannot be attributed solely to the growth of our armaments, to our notable victory in the first stages of the battle in the air. The spur to this endeavour has come from Germany itself. National Socialist Germany at war, war in its totality and nakedness, and the fate of others, has shown to Britain the fate in store for any nation unprepared to stake its very existence on the issue of the conflict. The peoples of the Commonwealth know now that the responsibility is theirs, that they must destroy or be destroyed, and to this alternative there is but one reply. The British Empire is trustee for the future of mankind.

The first year of conflict has led us along dark ways, it has destroyed the last strongholds of Continental Europe against German imperialism. But at the end of this period of national breakdowns and shattered illusions Britain stands, erect and determined, having taken the measure of the foe, united in the passionate will to defeat him and to bring down with him all the forces of destruction, brutality and madness.

This full realisation of the issue, of its moral and practical consequences, should bring about a wider development of the country's potentialities, a renaissance in national aspirations. There can be no satisfaction, as there can be no undue optimism, so long as the effort put forth in any one sphere of activity falls below the maximum. A terrific drive in armaments is not enough. The same striking power, the same challenge, must be infused into our propaganda and our diplomacy. The belief is widely held that a reconstruction of the present Government is contemplated, which will provide further evidence of the country's unity and will give to foreign policy and our propaganda a greater vigour. Criticism of the British attitude *vis-à-vis* Russia, the Far East and other vital questions may lack justification so far as it is applied to details and practical considerations. There is more justifica-

tion where principles are open to discussion. For it cannot be denied that the present policy takes small advantage of a strong strategical position, backed by the determination of millions and an ever expanding defence. Instead there is a spirit of gentle resignation, a tendency to accept a back seat for diplomacy while we are on the defensive, and a hope that by maintaining an attitude of mild benevolence towards the remaining neutrals we shall successfully prevent uncomfortable developments. Thus in a sphere calling for resolution and determination, for speculation and imagination more daring in time of war than in the years of 'peace in our time,' we are letting opportunity pass by unheeded. Against our passivity is the revolutionary activity of an unscrupulous enemy. True, the policy of the enemy does not ensure success, based though it is on threats and blackmail. But such a policy cannot be countered only by delay, or a gentlemanly 'wait and see,' still less by the granting of concessions without any satisfactory recompense. The present state of our relations with non-belligerents, with Japan, Spain and Russia, can scarcely be called a triumph for the actions of the past, unless we have reason to hope for a speedy victory over the nations with which we are at war. Our conduct of Russian affairs has so far produced negative results as regards the threat to the Balkans, nor has Russia shown any readiness to support our ally Turkey against the attempted domination of the Axis Powers. Mr. Molotov's speech before the Supreme Council of the Soviet Union on August 1st contained little that could be regarded as reassuring by Russia's smaller neighbours, or by ourselves. Again, despite Great Britain's expression of willingness to make heavy sacrifices to Japanese imperialism, there is no improvement in the position, and prospects are not good. Every concession to Japan weakens a potential ally, China. On the other hand, the hope that events would cause the development of a rift between Russia and Japan remains unfulfilled.

Turning to Spain, a gradual increase of German-Italian influence can be seen, while Great Britain, despite the command of the sea and of the Straits, is ready to concede to Spain favours which may one day be enjoyed by the armies of Germany. The daily insults of the Falangist press to the cause of this country are probably less significant than the

facts that German soldiers in uniform are seen in Spanish cities and that Franco has agreed to a free transit of German troops through Spain.

This pressure on Spain, the invasion of British Somaliland and concentration of troops on the borders of Libya, coupled with the menacing attitude of Italy towards Greece and recent German diplomatic activity throughout the Balkans, are but few among many indications that the enemy is bent on forcing the issue in the Mediterranean. An issue which in the conception of the Axis would include not only domination over the Mediterranean itself, but would give them power over the west coast of Africa as far as Dakar and at the eastern end control of the Suez Canal and the Red Sea. While the battle for Great Britain is in progress on the sea and in the air, preparations are being made to attack the life-line of Imperial communications. The blow may fall at any time, though perhaps the plotters are still wrangling between themselves about their respective shares in the attack. By both of them success is regarded as a strategical and political necessity. As regards strategy, the belief is held in Berlin and in Rome that a successful blow in the Mediterranean would be the most threatening loss to Great Britain, affecting not only communications but the whole line-up in the Near and Middle East. Politically, it is argued, such a domination would enable the Axis to claim control over the whole of Europe and to have effected the destruction of the British Empire as a political reality.

Meanwhile, Germany has lost no time in placing a stranglehold on the occupied countries. The army, the police organisations and a multitude of propagandists are at work. Each exerts a specific influence, ranging from political persuasion to terror, robbery and subjugation. They aim at reducing the people to a degree of slavery which would form a sort of negative insurance for the conquerors, so that should the Reich find itself in difficulties there could be no resurrection of national spirit, no organised uprising. Nevertheless, in Norway and Holland, passive resistance is increasing, and sabotage developing on a larger scale, despite threats and severe penalties.

In France, on the other hand, the German schemes to undermine and destroy the remnant of the country's *morale*

are meeting with greater success. Every species of nefarious intrigue is being employed to bring unoccupied France to the verge of collapse. While direct pressure on the Vichy Government is maintained, the Germans are abetting Doriot and other pro-Fascists to discredit it from without. At the same time separatist movements in Brittany and Burgundy are encouraged by the Nazi overlords. No chance is missed, no stone left unturned, to ensure that France shall be reduced to irremediable ruin and decay. Thus will the Reich be freed from the prospect of danger.

By way of contrast, Belgium is the victim of another kind of experiment. Here the Germans are exploiting to its fullest extent the traditional anti-Allied political element, while in the economic field they are endeavouring to bring Belgian industrialists into willing co-operation with German interests. The army of occupation has received orders to adopt an attitude of friendliness towards the people, and the artisan class is encouraged by every device of propaganda to emigrate to Germany. There is little doubt that such suggestions are part of the programme for the new European order, in which Germany is to have the rôle of the supreme industrial power, while France and Belgium must become purely peasant states.

There is much speculation in this country and in other free parts of the world as to what effect their victories have had on the German and Italian people, and on the position of the two dictators. One can safely assume that the course of the war, in spite of easy victories, has not greatly inspired large sections of the Italian people. As regards Germany, many neutral observers maintain that the total happiness of that country could be placed in one small room and that the spirit of the people is deeply affected by the war as a whole and by the constant air raids. This may be true. The Germans had been led to believe that their daily existence would be undisturbed by war conditions. To-day Germany is really feeling the war, and feeling it severely. Nevertheless it would be rash to assume that the domestic situation has reached a stage calling for deliberate action on the part of the leaders. There may be a slackening of enthusiasm, even a questioning of the use of victories which bring only hardship and sleepless nights in their train, but on the whole it must be

taken for granted that the nation is behind the régime, and ready to go further with the régime.

The German people are united in the belief that never has Germany been nearer to final victory and domination of the world than at this moment. Uneasiness there may be, an uneasiness that is seldom expressed even by the boldest, but it is due rather to a feeling of frustration of individuality, observable in every society ruled by despotism, than to a spirit of active political opposition. Nevertheless, even assuming the German home front to be almost entirely unamenable to outside influence, there still remains the possibility of effecting a great change by the use of skilful propaganda. It cannot be said that our propaganda has so far been a success. Where imagination and attack were called for, we have relied on counter-propaganda only. The small section of the German population which is allied in thought to the cause of freedom does not require to be informed, while listening to the wireless at great personal risk, that Hitler and his minions are liars, or that National Socialism spells ruin. Such people almost certainly realised this long before we did—they certainly realised it before we began to tell them so. What they do want is help and instruction, mental ammunition for their struggle against Hitlerism, solid material for the building of counter-revolution from within the country. Again, the politically indifferent, who care neither for National Socialism nor for democratic rule as such, but whose main desire is peace, may rally to the cause which in their view offers the speediest hopes of attaining it. Our propaganda is based on the assumption that it has a large and ever-increasing audience, an assumption which is necessarily unconfirmed; but if such is the case, then the need for a constructive policy is all the greater. There should be clear statements of fact, and untiring endeavour to impress upon the German people their own responsibility for the war and all its consequences—a responsibility which they, and not their leaders alone, must bear when the hour of reckoning comes. We may not be in a position to state our war aims just at present, but that should be no obstacle to the declaration of our general aims, to outlining the kind of world we propose to substitute for Hitler's European order. The last is of especial importance where the subjugated nations are

concerned, the peoples now trampled underfoot by Germany and Italy. Why must we permit power politics to remain a monopoly of the dictators? The political power of the Anglo-Saxon world is fast becoming a united reality, united in the determination to destroy the military might of Germany. The extent of this great power must at all costs be brought to bear upon the German people, brought home to them by every means we possess, and of all the weapons of modern warfare, not the least is the weapon of propaganda.

The events of recent weeks have proved that Hitler and Mussolini are attempting to fall on us, not by a direct assault upon the British Isles—that was Napoleon's mistake—but by a process of strategic surgery, by which the limbs of the Commonwealth would be severed from the parent body. To this end are they working in the Mediterranean, in the Far East, in the Balkans and along the coast of Britain. Thus do they hope to bleed to death the living, moving, pulsating giant standing across their path to world domination.

European Observer

AFTER THREE MONTHS

The Government has been in office three months and at the time of writing Parliament is on the point of rising for a short holiday. Three months can be a long time in war, especially when they march with events as grave as those that have happened since Mr. Churchill took the helm on May 10th—the overrunning of Holland and Belgium, the military and moral overthrow of France, the resurgence of Japanese enmity towards us and the simultaneous development of German air war against our ports and shores and of Italy's campaign in Libya and Somaliland. They have been three sufficiently testing months for the Government. How, then, does it stand toward Parliament and the public? As for Mr. Churchill, through whom the Government literally lives and has its being, who would dispute that these three months have raised him still higher in the confidence and affection of the people or deny that he is to-day, more than ever, the unchallenged and unchallengeable leader of Parliament and the nation? Parliament would certainly say that he is, and there is no barometer more sensitive to the pressure of opinion on public men's reputations. The judgment would even be endorsed by those Conservatives who saw the change from Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Churchill with distaste. Even they now accept the fact of Mr. Churchill, much as the old lady accepted the fact of the universe and was told by Carlyle that she had better. The country, in this period, has greatly warmed toward Mr. Churchill, who, be it remembered, never swayed it before the war as, say, Mr. Lloyd George used to do. The mind was too good for demagogy. He preferred the harder victories of Parliament to the triumphs of the market-place. But the British people know their own and they sensed the insatiable patriot in the man who for five years was sounding the alarm from his corner seat below the gangway. And having found their leader, they inform him

with their own great spirit. '*He's* got to go. *He's* got to go. As long as there's an Englishman can stand on two legs *he's* got to go'—he, of course, being Hitler. That was the creed of a workman as pronounced in a suburban train. What a country to lead!—or follow? The Churchill of this hour is the resultant of the interplay between his own genius and this spirit. As Miss Dorothy Thompson so finely expressed it in her broadcast, the British people lifted him on their hands and begged him to lead them. And Mr. Churchill, for all his strength, gained something, as from a sacramental act.

Ordeal swept down on the new Prime Minister with the rushing momentum of the German advance itself. The lost bridges on the Meuse and the break-through at Sedan sent him flying to Paris to try to nerve a shaken French Cabinet. It was his secret alone and that of the few close to him—the potential disaster hid in that event. He carried the heavy burden of it for weeks. Yet amid the rapid ruin of France and the French alliance he managed to keep something of the amiable *sang-froid* with which Marlborough met the fateful moments of battle. He could even jest, and the House of Commons would be both astonished and uplifted. However, even he could not entirely conceal the strain he suffered during the hours when the Cabinet had to decide whether or not the French fleet should be sunk. The traces of the torment were palpable when he addressed the House, and for once in his life he was shaken with an involuntary sob when members rose and cheered to show their relief at the decision. It is the one act above every other in the three months he has been Prime Minister that has sealed his supremacy over any other possible leader. Not another man in England, with the exception of Mr. Lloyd George, would have been equal in nerve to that tremendous decision which history may well say saved the liberties of Europe. How could his position be anything but infinitely stronger for that? Not all, even in Mr. Churchill's case, has proceeded upon that heroic plane. He has been—has had to be—the opportunist more than once. But, as someone has said, no statesman can be great in changing times who is not an opportunist. Chatham was a greater opportunist, but no one questions his political integrity. Mr. Churchill has never been so troubled

since he became Prime Minister (indeed he has never been troubled at all before, because he saw his duty clear in the case of the French fleet) as when he announced the closing of the Burma Road. The smatch of appeasement in that action was not to be hidden; it ran counter to the whole stand he has taken in the last few years. He indirectly confessed as much. And then there is India. Five years ago he opposed (and with all his strength) Indian Federation as being too rapid an advance on the road to self-government. A fortnight ago his Government offered India the right to devise for herself a Dominion-Status constitution immediately after the war. Chatham's turnabout on the Prussian alliance was a greater change. It was also the prelude to the great victories and 'the rain of the golden caskets.' Congress does not seem very thankful to Mr. Churchill at the moment, but this cannot be the last word of Congress or of the British Government; a rupture is unthinkable; its possible consequences intimidating.

But no assessment of Mr. Churchill's work to England in the last three months could treat as of secondary importance the moral value of his leadership. If this country faces the dictators alone and with its courage mounting to the news of each day's air battle; if its confidence in victory is more unshakable than ever, it is in great part Mr. Churchill's doing. He has infused his own heroic soul into the people. They have taken fire from his great and blithe spirit. 'He loved England with an intense and personal love. He believed in her power, her glory, her public virtue, till England learned to believe in herself.' These words that J. R. Green used of Chatham are not inapplicable to Mr. Churchill. Mr. Churchill has never said that he *knew* he could save England and that no one else could, but there is little doubt he has thought it. Who that was accustomed to see it does not remember how before the war he used to lean forward from his corner seat below the gangway and look boldly along the Treasury Bench as if to ask: 'What embodiments of frailty have we leading us to-day?' When, about that time, we began to re-arm he said to a friend: 'I would ask for nothing more than the opportunity of re-arming England and I would gladly give ten years of my life for it.'

It is when you turn from the leadership to the Ministry

as a whole that you realise (noting at the same time, of course, several bright exceptions) what a big proportion of second-rate material it is that Mr. Churchill has to work through. The House of Commons is conscious of it, but it is equally conscious that all the party reservoirs of ability having been tapped for this latest 'reconstruction' there is not much left over that could demonstrably strengthen it if it were brought in. In the main, we have to get on as well as we can with the men we have, hoping that Mr. Churchill's inspiration and the public's urge will combine to raise them to the highest tension of effort and some degrees above themselves. Better that than sighing for a ministry of all the talents, which the country has never had, and which would probably ruin it in war. On the whole the Government is true to the historic pattern of British war-winning Governments; it has a supreme leader immediately supported by one or two gifted men, with, below, a 'broad bottom' (broad as well in the eighteenth-century sense) of average competent men and not always that. The only care should be not to deceive ourselves about it, because then we can neither understand nor help it. Save for the one or two exceptions already noted it has to be grasped that Mr. Churchill's Government is not intrinsically stronger than Mr. Chamberlain's. It was not a gain in pure ability (that is, considerations of character and policy apart) to exchange Lord Simon for Sir Kingsley Wood at the Exchequer. And it is not even as if we were compensated for the loss of pure ability either by a more robust character or bolder war finance. We are not. And how painfully aware the House has become of it since Sir Kingsley Wood introduced his Budget. Here is a central weakness in the Government. Others there are which it is possible to endure because they are nearer the periphery of the war effort. This has to be rectified, and rectified before the next supplementary budget which is not many weeks off. Mr. Churchill must know this better than any one. Then there is Mr. Attlee. He was colourless as Leader of the Labour Party, but as Leader of the House he is sinking into complete anonymity. He is rapidly becoming the Bonar Law of the Left. As for his anonymity that is not an entire misfortune. A positive-minded, forceful Labour man leading this predominantly Conservative House might

soon be in difficulties. An anonymous politician is above the temptation to which Mr. Ernest Bevin succumbed (with such abandon) to claim that he is slowly evolving order out of the chaos he had found in his department. But where was Mr. Attlee when the Government, or some members of it, lost their heads about the refugees? It is when anonymity gets transferred to the War Cabinet that danger arises. The question might be asked of Mr. Arthur Greenwood, too, but he has the lesser responsibility; he is not Leader of the Labour Party. There are other posts where it cannot truthfully be said that the Churchill men are inherently superior to the Chamberlain men. Does Mr. Churchill, do the Dominions, does even Lord Caldecote himself (a modest man) think we are better off with the ex-Lord Chancellor at the Dominions Office than with Mr. Eden? Is Lord Lloyd proving himself the best substitute for Mr. Malcolm Macdonald at the Colonial Office, if there had to be a substitute at all?

The public is manifestly highly pleased with three of Mr. Churchill's appointments—Mr. Bevin, Lord Beaverbrook and Mr. Herbert Morrison. Parliament is also pleased, though not quite as uncritically. Mr. Bevin has performed miracles at the Ministry of Labour, but with 800,000 unemployed we are a long way from a 'total war' mobilisation of labour. The value of Mr. Bevin is the demonstration he has given in Parliament, and out of it, that he can bring us to that goal. He is autocratic, dominating, long-headed. There is a blend of humour and astuteness in him. He is Gloucestershire incarnate, and there is nothing more English. Mr. Churchill and he are on terms of almost merry intimacy. More than one little episode has witnessed to it in the House of Commons. What a fascinating alliance may not there be in embryo here? Aristocrat and trade union leader; both empiricists in politics. Are they, these two, to lead us to the sunny uplands beyond the war shadows of which Mr. Churchill has spoken? It is in some such conjunction of men that the social hope of England may lie after the war. Lord Beaverbrook has transformed aircraft production and Mr. Churchill takes him into the War Cabinet just at the moment when the air attack has come and aircraft production is required to expand as never before. It is a puzzling move;

not the less puzzling because Lord Beaverbrook is left 'for the time being' to carry on at the Ministry of Aircraft Production. Even this supercharged atom cannot split itself and succeed in both worlds, that of policy and that of aircraft production. Mr. Herbert Morrison has brought the gusto of his Cockney spirit to the task of supply, but what was still more required in the Adelphi was his L.C.C. experience of handling administrative problems and facing big decisions. The first time Mr. Morrison impressed the present writer was in the September crisis of 1938. The sudden, improvised 'evacuation' of the London school-children had begun, and Mr. Morrison, as he afterwards told the House of Commons, marched into the Home Office and put all the London school teachers at the service of Sir John Anderson. 'I took a great risk,' he quietly told the House. Indeed, he did. He had no mandate to do it. He ought to have called sub-committees, full committees; had resolutions passed; and then brought the L.C.C. itself together to approve them. It was magnificent, and it was above all democratic, because it was a leader doing what he knew his L.C.C. and all London wanted—the quickest possible action to save the London children from the first shattering raid, then believed to be impending. The action was little noted outside the House of Commons at the time, but it proclaimed a strong man.

A word about Parliament. It was old and dying when war came; not as an institution, but this particular parliament. It needed a general election to revive it. But once war came it stood up renewed, equal to all its responsibilities to the nation. The change from what it was to what it is and has been in the last few months is almost miraculous evidence of the strength of the institution. Said the cynics and the Fascists: 'Whatever survives this war it will not be Parliamentary democracy.' Parliament daily gives them the lie. The British Parliament is reserved for a still greater future. It works, and the people have seen that it works, and the people have desired that it should work, wherein lies the chief part of the guarantee for its future.

H. Boardman.

"THE TIME OF WAITING"

ALL the events of the past three months have gradually accumulated a mass of indications about the future course of the war which we need to study very carefully in order to draw from them the correct conclusions. Only the myopic will misread the signpost which says 'To Rome' and imagine the wording they have seen is 'To London.' Strategic myopia is, unfortunately, far more prevalent among those charged with the conduct of our national affairs than either they themselves or those they lead have ever realised.

The most significant of the indications that have been given to us by German operations since May are :—

(1) The complete abstention by their surface warships (apart from a handful of motor torpedo boats) from any intervention in the operations between the Zuyder Zee and Land's End.

(2) The complete failure of the aircraft now based within from ten to thirty minutes flying distance of our seaborne flotillas and convoys to interfere with their movements and schedules.

(3) The heavy price in German casualties paid in every one of the 'mass attacks' carried out by the Luftwaffe whether against sea traffic or against coastal objectives.

Those three points are inter-related, and all three have a marked bearing on the much heralded 'invasion of England.' None of the three ought to have come as a surprise to a student of war, but they have quite obviously evoked the *miror magis* of Virgil in high places—with the possible exception of the upper strata of the War Office. It is, unhappily, still a tradition with our civilian governors that military opinion must not be thwarted or challenged. War Office fears of an 'invasion of England' were so derided and assailed after the last war that there was some faint hope that the younger generation of military leaders might have heard at least the echoes of those criticisms; that the sometime back-

benchers and Under Secretaries would have plucked up the courage to think for themselves when, having reached high office, they were again confronted with the age-old bogey which so effectually dammed our war effort from 1914 onwards and kept thousands of troops idle in this country.

But, no. We are confronted with the prospect, in these coming winter months, of a similar time of waiting, with forces again standing idle, though now on a scale multifold larger than ever before. And, worst of all, we are confronted with the prospect of a wasting of opportunity, of enthusiasm and of capital, no one of which assets we can afford to throw away in such a war as this.

The plain fact of the matter is that in piling up these defences against an imaginary invasion launched on a scale that is physically impossible, we are first of all being misled by a bogey and secondly we are pursuing a purely secondary or political aim in our strategy. The bogey is the scale on which the 'invasion' is envisaged. That there should be some forces retained in this country to cope with raids of perhaps 100,000 men would be reasonable. That there should be naval force retained in northern waters to intercept such raids is reasonable. And that there must be considerable aerial force retained to cope with purely aerial bombardment is elementary. But all that, in the broad strategy of the war, is secondary, because its objective is not the destruction of the enemy armed forces; it is merely the averting of a political contretemps. The scale on which we have prepared to cope with such raids as may be attempted is the British equivalent of France's Maginot blunder—the abandonment of the initiative to the enemy. And while his bogey keeps us pent up in 'an embattled fortress' he will plan and deliver his real stroke elsewhere unhampered by any activities on our part.

We are, indeed, repeating much of the faulty strategy that marked the opening years of the Napoleonic Wars. The Government's instructions to Lord Howe in the Channel Fleet in July, 1793, read:

> You will regulate your conduct accordingly, with due regard to the security of the kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, which in addition to other services recommended to you, must always be considered as forming a very material object of your care and attention.

Security of the country and its trade was placed in the forefront of the programme, and the outcome was the 'Glorious First of June.' Most people are acquainted with the name, if no more, of that battle, which is generally represented in school histories as one of Britain's sea triumphs. But what were the circumstances of 'glory'?

The British naval dispositions were so incomplete that immediately after the battle the French admirals, Nielly and Villaret-Joyeuse, each picked up a British convoy and captured many ships; Rear Admiral Montagu, who had been detached by Howe with a convoy to Finisterre, met the French Fleet in superior force and narrowly escaped defeat and capture; and a big French convoy from North America sailed undetected into Brest ten days after the battle.

It was not Howe's tactics at the battle that were to blame. It was the whole strategical basis of the campaign that was faulty. Howe's instructions from London were primarily for the protection of the country and its trade. Only as a secondary consideration was he to occupy himself with 'taking or destroying the enemy's ships of war . . . navigating to or from any of the ports of France.' In fine, the Admiral was given a political objective as his primary consideration and a military as his secondary. Which is the wrong way round in pure strategy. And, be it said, those instructions emanated from statesmen so frequently praised for their understanding of war as Pitt, Dundas and Spenser. That later, under the guidance of St. Vincent and the inspiration of Nelson, Pitt saw the plan of war the right way up, may be counted to him for righteousness, but cannot excuse any later statesman for repeating Pitt's initial error. Political strategy is, and must remain, secondary in war. How much of the fate of modern France was the result of the crass inability of her military leaders in two successive generations to free themselves from the politico-strategical considerations which obsessed the whole procession of *MM. les Ministres*, both in the salons at the Ministry and in the coulisses of Parliament!

And, how different would have been the story of Britain and France had there been a direct blow at the French Navy and its overthrow in 1795, when it was weakened by the turmoil and the upheaval of the Revolution!

As a further example of the political objective overruling

the military, we may consider the Admiralty orders to Vice-Admiral Thomson on October 21st, 1796, at the time of the Hoche squadron's threat to Ireland.

> If the enemy ships of the line should put to sea, accompanied by frigates, gunboats, transports, etc., you are to pursue them with the whole of the squadron under your command using your utmost endeavours to destroy the transports before you attack the ships of the line.

That is perhaps as flagrant an example of putting the cart before the horse as ever appeared in instructions to a commanding officer. In the upshot Thomson did nothing. As with the Armada, so with the Hoche squadron, bad weather determined the issue. 'He blew with His winds and they were scattered.' Colpoys, who was on watch off Brest for the departure of the French invaders, was eluded. Bridport, with a second squadron to reinforce Thomson in the defence of Ireland, arrived in Bantry Bay a day and a half after the remnants of the French squadron had abandoned the effort. The whole strategical scheme to counter the French was faulty, because it put the defence of Ireland (the political objective) before the defeat of the enemy at sea (the military objective). It was not realised then that the political objective followed inevitably upon the achievement of the military aim, but that the converse did not hold good.

The British strategy all through the opening years of that war was faulty because it was based on an inversion of the necessities. Trade protection and the stopping of enemy trade led to dispersal of force in attacks against the French West Indian possessions. It was the sources of the enemy's wealth and not the foundations of his military strength that were to be sapped. Yet be it noted that, despite the crippling of his commerce, Napoleon was able to maintain vigorous campaigns over the whole European continent for twenty years. The strategic ideas under which Anson and Hawke operated half a century earlier were different. France's efforts then to send troops, money and supplies for Canada and India in 1747 were crippled when the fighting ships that were to be the escort to the expeditions were crushed off Finisterre twice in six months. Anson and Hawke did not occupy themselves with the transports; they concentrated

on the ships of war. Thus the French lines of communication oversea were cut, the French East India Company tumbled into ruin, a breach was made in France's North American holdings and, most important result of all, she was compelled at the peace to evacuate Flanders thus providing Britain with the main strategic gain for which she had been battling.

In our present war the secondary, political aim of stopping German trade obsessed the War Cabinet both before the war and in the early months. A vast and expensive Ministry of Economic Warfare, with its outlying stations of Contraband Control and its system of navicerts absorbed an immense amount of national effort and Governmental attention. It was, in its way, the modern counterpart of the old-time expeditions to the West Indies, a blow at the enemy's wealth. That contraband control is a necessary adjunct of war need not be disputed, but it has been magnified in the public mind into a primary necessity, and thus we have tended precisely to repeat the strategic errors of Pitt, Dundas and Spenser in 1793.

Invasion of England was a problem with which they, too, were confronted and with which they, too, grappled much on the lines, though not on the scale, of the present day. They forgot, as our leaders to-day have forgotten, Drake's impassioned plea to Elizabeth—'with fifty sail of shipping we shall do more good upon their own coasts than a great many more will do here at home'—and his trenchant criticism about the need for 'putting into Her Majesty and her people courage and boldness not to fear any invasion in her own country, but to seek out God's enemies and Her Majesty's where they may be found.' It is the same thought that Nelson expressed when charged with the squadron for defence against invasion in 1801—'Our first defence is close to the enemy's ports.' So to-day the defence of the country against invasion is not best provided by pill-boxes around East Grinstead and anti-tank traps on the Scottish moors, but by warships close to the enemy's ports. The utilisation of the R.A.F. in constantly harrying the enemy's preparations is strategically sound, and one could wish that the whole planning of our effort had been inspired by the same basic idea.

'Seek God's enemies and Her Majesty's where they may

be found.' The signpost says as clearly as possible 'To Rome.' All the indications are that the decisive events of the war will occur in the Mediterranean, that a new Battle of the Nile may determine the course of history even more conclusively than did Nelson's onslaught on Brueys. An Axis blow against Egypt is a far more probable undertaking than a large-scale invasion of Britain: a new Peninsular War is foreshadowed in something more than outline already. But why should it be left to the enemy initiative to open up operations in those areas? 'We ought to have our ideas beyond mere defensive measures,' said Nelson. The eras are past, if properly they ever existed, in which Britain should be content to be the Maritime Power in a Coalition. That was the strategy of the school that used Swift as its mouthpiece, a school that failed completely to appreciate the vision of Marlborough and could perpetrate the folly of saying, 'It was the Kingdom's misfortune that the sea was not the Duke of Marlborough's element, otherwise the whole force of the war would infallibly have been bestowed there, infinitely to the advantage of this country.' It is part of the greatness of Marlborough that he, when Britain's first naval incursion into the Mediterranean was but half a century in the history books, saw the force of making use of our national power by militant effort borne by sea into the Mediterranean. For it was there that the enemy was weakest.

Naval effort alone will not serve us at this juncture in the Middle Sea. It will, defensively, prevent any Axis advance against Egypt, any Axis invasion of the Middle East. But the offensive for the destruction of the enemy's armed forces must be a conjoint operation, and since for the moment there are no armies of the Coalition, it must be with the armies of the Empire that the attack must be launched. Two million men in an embattled fortress will not themselves make history, though their inaction might result in the writing of history by the nation's adversaries in fields far removed from Sussex and Lincolnshire. The man-power that was not available for a British Army in the days of Dundas has been made available to-day by the upspringing of the Dominions and the growth in population of the Mother Country. It is not for us to-day to submit tamely to a prolonged siege of Britain. It is for us to make a sortie in force and to carry the

war to the enemy. Where and how that is to be done it would be unsuitable at this time to discuss. But to the 'When' of the problem there is a clear answer. It is 'Now.' There need be no 'time of waiting.' We have nothing to await that need alarm us.

H. C. FERRABY.

THE RÔLE OF THE AIR FORCE

THE course of the war to date has well illustrated the flexibility of the Royal Air Force, and that flexibility has emphasised the advantage of having a separate Air Force, not tied to one or other of the older Services. To say this does not contradict the arguments set forth in last April's issue of the *Nineteenth Century and After* which supported the possession of air arms by both the Navy and the Army. Air arms are quite different in nature and in function from an Air Force. They are not without flexibility in their employment, as is proved by the help which the Fleet Air Arm has given to both the Bomber Command and the Coastal Command on several occasions in the last few months. But when the Navy needs its air arm for its own purposes it rightly has first claim on it. The Army has a similar claim on the squadrons of Lysanders allocated by the R.A.F. for army co-operation work, though these are not raised and maintained by the War Office. Likewise the Coastal Command of the R.A.F., whose normal duties are reconnaissance on behalf of the Navy, has on numerous occasions undertaken bombing raids (in fact the aerodromes and oil stores in Holland seem to have been handed over entirely to the care of the Coastal Command) and thus has displayed a certain degree of flexibility.

The most flexible of all British warlike organisations is the Bomber Command. It is because it has been trained with the ideal of flexibility always before its eyes that it has proved itself a more useful force than the bomber sections of the *Luftwaffe* and of the *Regia Aeronautica*. In the first stage of the war the conflict (apart from the invasion of Poland) was maritime, and the outstanding feat of arms in the air was the raid by the Bomber Command on Wilhelmshaven and Brunsbüttel, which evoked compliments and thanks from the Admiralty. The leaflet-dropping raids over

Germany were a side show, partly for propaganda purposes and still more to train our air crews in finding their way over hostile territory by night. The real activities of the Bomber Command in those early days were occasional attacks on the German Fleet, as and when occasion offered, and a sustained campaign against the lairs of the mine-laying seaplanes, both of them operations of naval importance. In this maritime phase the *Luftwaffe* counted for little. It had been trained to work with the German Army, not with the Navy, and it was not flexible.

The second stage began with the invasion of Denmark and Norway and continued up to the evacuation of the B.E.F. from France. All through this period the functions of the Bomber Command were to help the Allied Armies by attacking the back areas, lines of communications, troop concentrations and aerodromes of the German Army. In fact it transformed itself into an army auxiliary. There is no doubt that it did immense damage, but it did not halt or appreciably delay the German advance. Its numbers were not sufficient to do that, and the question remains as to whether any degree of bombing power would have stopped the German advance across a tract of land so well supplied with roads and railways as Belgium and Northern France. In the inter-war years military writers have often foretold that all troop movements would have to take place at night on account of the menace of the air weapon. The Germans proved that, in the circumstances prevailing, advance by day was eminently practicable, though expensive, and could be successful. Whether different circumstances could revoke that verdict is a question to which the answer lies in the future. The point may be decided before this war is over. In this second phase the *Luftwaffe* played its appointed part of co-operating with the German Army, and played it with great effect.

The third stage of air operations begins with the collapse of France. Since then the Bomber Command of the R.A.F. has entered upon an independent air campaign, directed chiefly against German munitions production. It is the stage to which all the devotees of air action have looked forward with eagerness. The campaign has been carried on methodically, effectively, and without intermission. The

daily communiqués of the Air Ministry give us long lists of names of places attacked. The tactical results seem to have been most gratifying, but we really know very little about the effects of this air campaign on the strategy of the war. A hundred towns in Northern and Western Germany have received visits, most of them repeated visits, from our bombers. From this we may deduce that the strength of our bomber force has been considerably expanded since the outbreak of the war. We have received reliable reports from various sources that the havoc wrought in a number of important munition centres has been very great, and that production has been interfered with to a very considerable extent. But the British public does not know (though the Prime Minister used hopeful but vague words in his speech on August 20th) whether this air campaign is doing anything appreciable to cripple Germany's capacity to carry on the war.

Despite our increases in strength, we still need more aircraft. Our best bombers have the range to attack Eastern Germany, though the loss of the French aerodromes now adds some 300 miles to the length of a return journey. That means shorter flights or lighter bomb loads. Still, it is notable that we have confined our energies to the nearer parts of Germany, except for demonstrations of our long arm when bombers starting from this country flew over the Alps to bomb aircraft factories in North Italy. Certainly munition factories and heavy industry generally are mainly concentrated in North-western Germany, but since Hitler and Göring began to prepare for war, they located as much as possible in the East. All their new flying training schools are there, and a series of raids on those schools might have telling effect. Air crews are precious, and to shake the nerves of those schools might well have far-reaching results when the pupils began to take their places in operational squadrons. But, while the R.A.F. is still expanding, the nearer targets must receive the greater share of attention, and the East must wait for a while.

Of course everybody knows that we need more squadrons of every description. Our fighter squadrons have proved themselves able to overcome greatly superior numbers, but we should prefer that numbers as well as skill and mettle were on our side. Our Coastal squadrons could be fully

employed on marine reconnaissance without undertaking bombing raids—for though the Coastal Command possesses squadrons of Blenheims, and Coastal Wellingtons have also been mentioned, the Hudsons have also been employed in bombing, and their prime duty is reconnaissance. Our home aircraft industry has increased its output, and factories in the Dominions are beginning to add to our strength, but for our really formidable expansion we are looking to the industry of the United States. Everyone was cheered by the announcement that the Americans have undertaken to supply us with 3,000 aircraft a month, but it is to be feared that too many people think that that figure can be reached in a short time. Unduly optimistic hopes do no good, and may create impatience and war-weariness when the hope is deferred and the heart grows sick. The American firms are not yet organised for large-scale production, and in recent years the number of aircraft which they exported has been small. Official American figures show that the total export of aeroplanes of all sorts in 1939 was 1,445. There is a long way to go before they can reach an export to the British Empire of 36,000 machines a year, as well as supplying the growing needs of the United States Army and Navy, and also producing a quantum of civil machines. Incidentally, we are paying for the expansion of the American factories, and so building up the resources of our chief rival in the sphere of commercial flying; but our first business is to win the war. Very authoritative experts on aircraft production have calculated that the above figure cannot be reached before July, 1942, and perhaps that is why Mr. Churchill named that year as the one in which we should take the offensive. Mr. T. P. Wright, of the Curtiss-Wright Corporation, believes that American industry can reach an output of 3,000 machines a month not before the spring of 1944, and he is a very weighty authority, but we may hope that he is unduly pessimistic. At any rate it is certain that in time the Americans will be able to supply all our air needs, and that consideration may well affect Hitler's strategy.

It may be that before these words appear in print the Germans will have launched a major attack on Great Britain. We are all convinced that it will be a sanguinary failure, even if some temporary tactical successes are achieved—and even

this is improbable. What, then, will be the next phase of the war? So far as the air is concerned, our strength will show a gradual increase, though the rate of expansion may be slowed up if the Germans are successful in damaging some of our aircraft factories. That would matter less when the supplies from Canada and the States grow in volume, but for the moment it would be annoying.

Our ultimate superiority in the air may, however, be accepted as certain. The question we have to consider is whether that by itself will give us victory over Germany. Superiority in both numbers and quality is not the same thing as absolute mastery of the skies. It would be rash to assume that the *Luftwaffe* could be so overwhelmed that it could not continue to dispute our mastery. If we could completely abolish its resistance, we could then in all probability push straight on to victory, just as we could do if some other branch of the German forces (artillery or tanks, for example) were substantially nullified. An army which is blinded must be defeated, as the Turks in Palestine were defeated when Allenby's aeroplanes had made reconnaissance by theirs impossible. Similarly, the German air mastery in Norway defeated the Allied efforts to reconquer the country. But such absolute mastery is exceptional. The *Luftwaffe* could hardly be put out of action unless its supplies of fuel failed it or unless the great majority of its aircraft factories were bombed into ineffectiveness. The former seems more likely to happen than the latter.

The Germans have achieved their successes through their army, using the *Luftwaffe* as a branch of the army and not for independent action. To defeat Germany surely means defeating her army, not merely its air arm, and that means that our army must strike the final blow after the naval blockade and air action have paved the way. At present the British army is standing on the defensive and cannot attack. The naval blockade goes on, but it has not been claimed that the naval blockade *by itself* won the last war, or will win this war. In 1914–1918 our Navy made possible the final victory of our army, but it can hardly do that again unless our army can get at its opponent. For the moment our only aggressive action is by the Bomber Command. If that offensive by itself were to win the war, a new chapter in military history would

have been written, but there is no reason to expect that outcome.

In the inter-war years various writers have put forward the theory that 'frightfulness,' *i.e.*, wholesale bombing of civilians, would force an enemy nation to sue for peace. The Germans are restrained by no motives of humanity from any action which they think advantageous, and if they had believed in this theory they would certainly have put it into practice long ago. Obviously they do not believe in it; neither do we. Even if we did, we should never indulge in such a barbarity, and we have proclaimed our intentions to the world; so that point need not be further discussed. Another suggestion which has been put forward is that a country with an overwhelming bomber force might paralyse its opponent by putting a stop to all internal communications. We can use, and have used, air blockade to bring a recalcitrant tribe in the Aden Hinterland or on the North-west Frontier of India to reason, and that with scarcely any bloodshed; but an internal blockade of such a large country as Germany by air action would be an immensely greater undertaking than stopping the movements of an army. Apart from the fact that such operations would cause very large civilian casualties, which we wish to avoid, the task of cutting and keeping cut every railway, road, and canal in Germany would be so gigantic that the suggestion may be disregarded.

As for the possibility of landing an expeditionary force on the Continent, there are no useful precedents to guide us. In the case of Norway the German bombers stopped our invasion, but their task was easy because there was no effective air opposition, Norway being beyond the range of our fighters, which France is not. Embarkation is an operation somewhat similar to disembarkation, and when we withdrew from France we only got our men away, not the heavy impedimenta of the army. It was the German ground troops which chiefly brought about our retreat, while the bombers of the *Luftwaffe* failed in a task which most people would have thought well within the powers of bombers, namely, the prevention of the evacuation of the men. No universal lessons can be drawn from those two special cases.

If we were to attempt the landing of a fully equipped army, our bombers might prepare the way by knocking out

many of the shore batteries, but if the German bombers were still in sufficiently good case to dispute our landing we should need a terrifically strong force of fighters to prevent them from doing grievous damage to our transports and to such quays as we might have seized. Doubtless we shall have a huge fighter force, and the success of the Germans in landing in Norway gives ground for thinking that such an enterprise, though expensive, would not be impossible.

In the meantime we are wearing down Germany's strength by our naval blockade and our ceaseless bombing of her munition factories and oil supplies. Oil receives particular attention because it is the Achilles' heel of Hitler. The holding down of huge hostile populations must be a drain on German strength, and it is not likely that the patient endurance of the German people will continue for ever when the tale of victories comes to an end and as the activities of our bomber force increase. None the less it would be an error to expect that air action by itself will produce victory. Great wars are not won by the use of one magic weapon but by the skilfully combined action of all available forces.

F. A. de V. Robertson.

INFANTRY IN MODERN WAR

So much is written about tanks and aircraft that one feels almost inclined to apologise for mentioning infantry. But these still have their use. They are, perhaps, scarcely less important than they were in previous wars. Mr. Churchill, in his speech, June 5th, described how:

> . . . the German eruption swept like a sharp scythe around the right and rear of the Armies of the North . . . behind this armoured mechanised onslaught came a number of German divisions in lorries, and behind them again, comparatively slowly, there plodded the dull brute mass of the German Army.

It was inevitable that the swift spectacular successes of the German armoured divisions should have most profoundly impressed the public, but, as I have pointed out elsewhere, it was the fashion in which their operations were supported at every stage, first by lorry-borne and then by marching German infantry divisions which converted them into a decisive victory instead of a mere raid. The German armoured divisions were the spearhead of the attack, but it was the German Army, as a whole, which provided the shaft and impetus which carried the attack forward. We have here a combination of very fast, moderately fast, and comparatively slow units, familiar enough to every student of naval tactics and design, and familiar enough in the history of land-warfare also. There was no 'new technique of attack,' rather was there an adaptation to modern conditions of the tactics of Cannæ and the Trebbia, of the spirit and methods of Ziethen and Seidlitz.

The part played by infantry, if obscured by that of the other arms, was of far greater importance than is popularly realised. In the sense that they fought on foot, parachutists, motor-cyclists, were all infantry. Mr. Churchill, in the speech quoted, told of three British battalions plus one of tanks and

some French, a total of some 4,000 men who held Calais for four days against two German armoured divisions and made possible the subsequent successful evacuation of Dunkirk. It is a story which suggests certain questions as to how many days and how many German armoured divisions would have been needed to take Calais had there been thirty British battalions available and ten of tanks, and why was it that at so critical a juncture there was nothing but this pitiful heroic handful? German infantry played by no means a rôle of 'innocuous desuetude.' The failure of our counter-attack of May 28th is officially ascribed to the 'presence of German infantry,' an attack by two brigades, Fifty-first division, supported by French heavy tanks, failed owing to 'mines and machine-gun fire.' The *Manchester Guardian* correspondent, Mr. E. A. Montague, in a despatch, June 13th, says:

> The Germans seem to have driven us back chiefly by the means of the most reckless and wasteful use of infantry . . . at times almost all arms of our force were acting as infantry to repel them.

At a time when we are reconstituting and reorganising our armies, it is urgent that war experience should be seen in true perspective. We cannot afford to have new fallacies for old, the theory 'We do not need millions of men because modern wars are waged by machinery' is an even greater fallacy than that equally attractive doctrine, 'the superiority of the defensive.'

The machine in peace redistributes labour but does not supplant it. The machine produces wealth but cannot consume the wealth it produces. The only people who can do this are the people who own and operate the machines, and these cannot expend the wealth due to machines without giving employment to human labour in some form or other. Thus the net result of the economy due to the machines, the increased resources available, is the development of a new series of social desires and aspirations, meaning the development of a new range of industries, and the reabsorption of the human labour temporarily displaced, there ensues an ever-increasing specialisation and sub-specialisation of industry, an increasing demand for human labour. This is a process which, with temporary fluctuations, has been constant since the latter half of the eighteenth century, the social

phenomena due to the rise of great industrial cities are familia to us all, and we can see the process of throwing off ne industries in the 'wireless,' the film, and various othe instances. Despite the mechanisation of industry, the numbe of people employed in industry to-day is far greater than Nelson's time instead of being less. Moreover, there is n such thing as any 'master'-machine, every machine has i distinct function, all are interdependent, the one upon th other. Again, the value of the machine depends upon th man who uses it, the more highly developed the machin the higher the standards of human skill and intelligenc required to use it, the more tragic the consequences of erro in its use. Despite the evolution of machine-tools, hand too are still needed—you do not use a Nasmyth steam-hamme to crack a walnut—handsaws, axes, spades, etc., are sti required. To solve any practical industrial problem i peacetime means first the human side, planning, organisatio 'drive,' then it is a matter of team-work between a variet of machines and the skilled workers who use them, supporte by hand-workers. All these factors apply to militar operations also.

Weapons are the tools of the soldier's trade; he has hi machine-tools, tanks, aircraft and the like—his hand-machine rifles, machine-guns, bombs—which compare with hanc drills and so on—his hand-tools, daggers, bayonets, club Never forget that guns, rifles, machine-guns, bombs, ar all just as much machines as tanks and aircraft, and that succe is a matter of planning, 'drive,' and of skilled workmanshi a matter of establishing the right combination between a the tools of battle necessary to solve any particular problen Talk of a 'master-weapon' for war is just as nonsensical a would be talk of a 'master'-machine for peace.

In war, as in peace, it is the human element whic dominates. Wars are not waged by machines but by me who use machines. Just as the mechanisation of peace industry has led to the redistribution of labour, and to th progressive evolution of new industries, so the mechanisatic of war has led to a redistribution of personnel, and to th progressive evolution of new arms and new services. Ai craft mean A.A. guns, searchlight detachments, and so on tanks mean anti-tank guns, mine-laying detachments, etc

the general effect being greatly to increase the demands for personnel instead of diminishing it.

The mechanisation of fleets vividly illustrates this principle. Nelson's *Victory*, a wooden sailing ship, needed only 812 men. Jellicoe's *Iron Duke*, needed more than 1,200; Nelson, at Trafalgar, had 27 'capital' ships with 17,486 men, he had three frigates and a sloop. These took no part in the battle, but if we include them the total is 31 units with 18,500 men. Jellicoe, at Jutland, had 36 'capital' ships with 33,838 men, 34 cruisers and light cruisers with 16,837 men, and 77 destroyers with 6,208 men, a total of 147 units with 56,883 men. The leadership problem to be solved was infinitely more complex. Nelson had not to organise teamwork between battleships, cruisers, and destroyers, he had not to consider mines and submarines or visibility as affecting long-range fire control.

Our wooden fleet reached its maximum, 1809, 728 warships, displacing 501,596 tons, its maximum personnel, 1810, 145,000. In 1914, after ninety years of mechanisation, and whilst still at peace, we had 648 warships displacing 2,333,223 tons, manned by 146,000 men; by 1918 this strength had increased to 1,354 warships, displacing 3,247,078 tons, manned by 407,316 men, to which came 754,111 tons auxiliary ships, an office staff of 9,820, an industrial staff of 105,024, there were 408,000 men in dockyards and repairing establishments, plus 59,887 women.

Fleets, armies, air forces, are elastic organisms which react to war menace and war strain. The more we use machines, the more we need men. It is an illusion to believe that this movement, which is part of a general social movement, can fly off at a tangent owing to the use of particular weapons. The maximum peace strength of the German Army, 1914, was 791,185; its maximum peace strength, 1939, was not less than 1,200,000 men. At the Marne, 1914, the Germans had some 72 divisions, at the Battle of France they had 15 armoured divisions plus 150 infantry divisions, which does not include the units holding Poland, Norway, Holland, Belgium, and the Siegfried Line. The French, with not more than 60 divisions available, were swamped not only by superior weight of machinery but by superior numbers of men.

General de Gaulle is a great patriot and a great soldier but it is untrue that the Germans reorganised their army in accordance with his teachings. *Vers l'armée de métier* was published in 1934, the very year the Germans began their military expansion. Whereas De Gaulle urged a voluntar, professional army, 100,000 men, organised into six heavy and one light armoured divisions,[1] the Germans transformed their voluntary professional army, the *Reichswehr*, into a conscript army; De Gaulle, in his later writings, disapproved of the Maginot Line, the Germans built the Siegfried Line.

Every doctrine taught to an army in peace is a mixture of truth and error, to discern where truth ends, and error begins, needs great practical experience with men, ground, and weapons. Where such experience is lacking, among th most grievous sources of error is the specialist so carried away by enthusiasm for a particular weapon or method, whether for attack or defence, as to lose his sense of proportion. It was this mentality which produced the cult of the defensive The Germans had the advantage of the Kondor Legion in Spain which gave them the chance to test their theories under practical war conditions, then, due to their totalitarian system of government, they could hold manœuvres upon a far large scale, and under much more realistic conditions, than was possible for ourselves or the French. Their system was based not upon the professional army but upon the very opposite principle, the nation in arms. Theirs was the triumph of far-sighted dynamic war-leadership, utilising every wile known to human ingenuity to bewilder, confound and divide the enemy, waiting with brooding patience for th right moment to strike, gathering behind it the full strength of the entire German nation, and utilising every arm and every service, when the psychological moment had come with relentless effort and in balanced co-ordination. It is no disparagement of De Gaulle to say that the actual spirit and conduct of the German operations show a very much broader, and it must be added, a very much sounder, standpoint, than is to be found in *Vers l'armée de métier*.

The German success was due to the use of masses of tank in the right combination with masses of aircraft, masses o

[1] What chance would an army organised on these lines have had against twic the number of German armoured divisions plus the mass of German infantry?

guns, masses of infantry, but these methods would not have been so successful but for the poor quality of the French leadership, with the consequent poor *moral* of the French troops. We cannot afford blindly to imitate enemy methods temporarily successful. To beat the enemy we must out-think him, and the more we give to out-thinking him, and to out-building him in the provision of the necessary means for battle, the easier we shall find it to out-fight him when the right time has come. Bombing, blockade, will not be enough. To smash the Nazi system we must win decisive victories on land. But despite all her conquests, our real enemy continues to be the 85 millions of Germany herself. These millions have now a tremendously long coastline to defend, and must fight amid disaffected populations. The mobility of sea-power is in our favour. Air superiority is a vital factor, but must be supported by the movements of armies on the right scale, at the right time, and equipped in the right manner. To exploit the mobility of sea-power, we want land mobility, too, but this mobility must be allied with sheer weight and smashing power. The tank is a very powerful weapon, but it is not a mechanical Beecham's Pills warranted painlessly to cure every military ailment and at shortest possible notice, it needs support from the other arms, guns, aircraft, infantry. Thus our mobile force must have motorised infantry equipped for armour-piercing as well as for killing men. We must set ourselves to acquire weapon superiority, superior efficiency in all types of guns, tanks, machine-guns, rifles, etc. At sea, we strive incessantly to be superior in all types of warship to the enemy, this principle we must apply on land. But once you have raised the power of the unit to the *n*th degree, and secured the maximum of human efficiency to boot, superiority can be expressed only by superior numbers of such units.

As F. T. Jane put it, writing on fleets:

> Tactics may alter, the means may alter, and the most obvious instruments of naval strategy do the same. But nothing whatever can affect the bedrock truth that, given equal efficiency, 'numbers only can annihilate.' Given the equal efficiency, nothing else really matters.[1]

[1] *The British Battlefleet*, vol. II, p. 215.

At sea we not only aimed at superiority in types of units but in numbers of units, the cry was, 'Two keels to one over the German Navy.' The present political structure of Europe is too artificial to last long. The more powerful the army at our disposal, the greater the assurance we can give of prompt and efficient military support, the sooner the other Governments of Europe will pluck up courage in helping us to break Nazi domination for good and all.

Subject to the supreme requirements of the Fleet, and urgent needs of the Air Force, we must have the largest Army this Empire can stand, equipped with the most efficient weapons science can produce and money can buy, and trained to the maximum efficiency in the use of such weapons. In the future Waterloo, the British infantryman, whether air-borne, or lorry-borne, or marching on foot, will play a vital rôle. Many people, in their absorption with the armoured ship at sea, forget the very important part played by unarmoured warships. Of our 1,354 warships of 1918, not more than about 100 were armoured, of the total naval tonnage of that time, 3,247,078, not more than one-third went to armoured ships. The rest were destroyers, light cruisers, armed merchant cruisers, motor-craft, and so on. The command of the sea was a matter of teamwork between armoured and unarmoured warships. The same principles apply to land warfare.

VICTOR WALLACE GERMAINS.

THE TWO BLOCKADES

HAVE we fared better or worse by sea than in the last war? In 1914 the Germans sprang a surprise on this country not by using submarines legitimately against the Royal Navy but by using them illegitimately against merchant shipping, adopting a sink at sight policy. In the first twelve months of that struggle, apart from the sinking by gunfire of the cruisers *Good Hope* and *Monmouth*, by stronger forces under Admiral Graf Spee, the British naval losses were due to the submarine and the mine. In that period seven battleships—the *Audacious*, *Irresistible*, *Ocean*, *Goliath*, *Triumph*, *Formidable* and *Majestic* were sunk, while the *Bulwark* was blown up at Sheerness. The armoured cruisers *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, *Hogue* and *Hawke* were also destroyed as well as the light cruisers *Amphion*, *Pathfinder* and *Pegasus*, two gunboats, six destroyers, nine submarines, the aircraft carrier *Hermes*, and the minelayer *Princess Irene;* four armed merchant cruisers were also destroyed. At one time—in January, 1915—the Germans had ready for sea only two fewer Dreadnought battleships than Jellicoe had under his command, and they possessed sixteen pre-Dreadnought battleships to eight under the White Ensign. That might have been their 'selected moment,' but they did not know that it was so and when they met the Grand Fleet at the Battle of Jutland they were in inferior strength; but for the failure of light they would have been annihilated instead of being only defeated, escaping to the shelter of their ports in the gathering darkness by good luck and good tactics.

In the first twelve months of the present war the Germans have employed more submarines of improved design and more powerful mines, and have pressed into their service bomb carrying areoplanes, such as they did not possess in the last war. They have attacked men-of-war at sea and when stationary at their bases. Their capacity for harm has been

greater, but the results, so far as the Royal Navy is concerned, have been far less. When mobilisation took place in September last the British Fleet was so much more powerful than that of Germany that there was no expectation of a major action. It embraced fifteen capital ships, of which only one—the *Royal Oak*—has been lost; seven aircraft carriers, of which five remain in service; and sixty-two cruisers, of which fifty-nine are still available. As to other types, twenty-eight of the 185 destroyers, eleven of the fifty-eight submarines, and a relatively small number of minesweepers, sloops, patrol vessels and gunboats have been sunk, as well as six merchant cruisers.

While these small gains were being secured by the enemy, the shipyards were engaged in building another fleet consisting, according to the summary given in the Navy Estimates, issued in the spring of 1939, of the following men-of-war:—

	To Complete.	To Advance.	To Begin.	Total.
Battleships	—	7	2	9
Aircraft Carriers	1	4	1	6
Cruisers	5	16	4	25
Destroyers	15	8	16	39
Submarines	14	1	4	19
Destroyer Depot Ships . . .	—	2	—	2
Submarine Depot Ships . . .	1	1	—	2
Fleet Air Arm Supply and Repair Ship	—	1	—	1
Motor Torpedo Boat Depot Ship .	—	—	1	1
Minelayers	—	3	1	4
Escort Vessels	2	—	22	24
Minesweepers	4	—	10	14
Patrol Vessels	3	—	—	3
Gunboats	2	2	1	5
Motor Torpedo Boats . . .	13	—	6	19
	60	45	68	173

It was stated officially several months ago that since the beginning of the war, in addition to reinforcements of warships of all classes, the Royal Navy has been strengthened by more than fifty armed merchant cruisers, and more than 1,500 minor war vessels and auxiliary craft, of which a small proportion has been sunk. Further additions have since been made of men-of-war and auxiliaries.

As the result of the adoption of a great emergency warship building programme, *after* the outbreak of war, the Royal Navy, in spite of all the enemy's efforts, is far stronger to-day than when the war began. Had it not been for the promptitude with which the Admiralty laid down so many keels in the early days of the struggle and the devotion of the masters and men in the shipyards, the collapse of France, involving uncertainty as to the future of the Franch Navy, would have been critical. But owing to the action of the Government that peril was removed by the seizure or immobilisation of most of the important units under the Tricolour. Though the Royal Navy has to bear now, without aid, the responsibility of maintaining command of the sea, it is well fitted for the task and, as has been stated, it is month by month being reinforced.

When we turn to the Merchant Navy, which was not built or manned for the violence of war and which has been attacked with ruthless savagery, what has been the result of Germany's campaign with U-boat, mine and bombing aeroplane? Heavy losses have been sustained, but not so great as those suffered by Germany and Italy. On balance, the Ministry of Shipping, with the additional tonnage which the military successes of the enemy on the other side of the English Channel placed at its service, the purchases made abroad, particularly in the United States, and the new vessels which have been completed in the shipyards, has under its control the largest merchant fleet which has ever been under a single management. Over 9,000,000 deadweight tons of shipping under the Norwegian, Dutch, Belgian and Polish flags may be regarded as a 'present from Hitler'; and additional shipping belonging to Denmark and France is now also included in this fleet, while many ships of neutral countries are under time charter to the Ministry. By various expedients, and especially convoy and defensive armaments, the effects of the enemy's attack have been so greatly reduced that more ships are now engaged in carrying cargoes to and from British ports than during the recent trade depression, but they are operating under war conditions—longer voyages, delays in ports and other handicaps—which reduce their carrying capacity.

There is consolation in the knowledge that the two British navies are now stronger than they were a year ago and that

reinforcements of ships of war and commerce are being rapidly completed. On the other hand, the Germans and Italians have for the time being a superiority of air power and possess aerodromes which are within easy striking distance of convoys in the English Channel and the ports of loading and discharge. In these circumstances the Royal Navy may suffer more serious losses than in the first year of the war, and the sinkings of merchant ships, with the disorganisation of the great commercial ports owing to air raids, may present new and grave problems to the Government in future months. But the Germans are paying a heavy price in aeroplanes and pilots. There is no reason to doubt that the lessons of history will be repeated in our experience and that, with fleets of defence and supply far stronger than they were twelve months ago, the pressure of sea power will be as decisive as in the past in spite of the hit and miss raids of enemy aircraft and any attempt at invasion. It is one thing to land small bodies of troops and another to keep them supplied in face of a superior fleet.

The British blockade now extends from the Arctic regions, down the North Sea and along the Mediterranean. German propaganda, omitting mention of the enemy's declared attempt to starve this country into submission, may try to play on the sentiment of soft-hearted and soft-headed people, pleading the misery of the vast populations on the Continent, which, owing to enemy domination, must suffer from shortage of food and raw materials, in common with the German and Italian peoples. But, when the enemy subjugated those countries, he accepted as assets all that he could secure in the way of loot, besides enslaving millions of workers for the prosecution of the war, and he must accept also the liability of providing them with food. That is a principle as old as slavery. In spite of the tendentious story of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the masters in the Southern States recognised that they had to feed, clothe and maintain the health of their slaves. The Germans cannot evade that responsibility, while still pressing home, without regard to the laws of God or man, the boasted 'blockade' against the people of the British Isles.

ARCHIBALD HURD.

1940

TO ONE BANISHED

WE loved you very much.

You were gracious when we came to you for our holidays. We came when we could, we hadn't always the journey money, it wasn't always easy to leave home. But yours was our home too: our other, adorable one. In your house and garden we were content; idle yet alive. (Oh, alive!) The language of your children was almost ours: we understood it and read it even when we were too self-conscious to speak it much: most of us were ashamed when we didn't speak it well.

Your children liked life. All do not. We in our home here are only half sure we like it. And those neighbours of yours, in their vast gloomy forest-bound domain, are afraid of it. They prefer death, and the spreading of death among others.

Yours was the most varied, the gentlest garden in the world. Thousands of your children had their own plots in it: they grew lettuces, radishes, roses; some, with big plots, corn and vines. Down at the south end of it were olives, and a warm sea. Grey-green in the north, gold-green in the centre, glistering blue in the south. A country, your garden.

There, as soon as we arrived, were the smells; the same as last time, different from ours. We sniffed them, charmed. Smell of coffee, of warm dust, bread, zinc counters, smudgily-printed newspapers, garlic, fresh coarse un-ironed linen, chestnut trees, dust. No, they can't be conveyed, the smells of our other home.

Wine was cheap. Red or amber-coloured, it was placed on our tables as we sat out of doors. We propped knives on pieces of bread as plates were changed. Green grapes the size of currants were in a basket. The account for the meal was jotted swiftly on the paper table-cloth. (Remember,

most of us who loved you were not rich, we couldn't go to the grand places.)

To sit, merely to sit. While the air, thinner than ours, softer, more delicate, dimmed to lilac, and cheeks grew smooth, eyes large. To sit, to watch, while the small saucer piled in front of us. Over there, someone wrote letters—on, on, with a thin pen. There a girl sat with a young man. He talked to her in an urgent voice and smiled. She laughed and looked before her into the evening-soft air at the passers-by. Till he put a hand to her face and turned it to him and kissed it. A moment later her face didn't need to be turned. (Often we saw people kissing: they did it with grace, with no shyness, and anywhere.) There an artist came by, hatless, carrying canvases. There a woman in felt slippers, a basket of hawthorn-white washing on her arm.

It might be a square we sat in, while lamps bloomed under the chestnuts, and a tinny chime fell amiably out of the evening from some church. It might be a road we sat by, a river beyond it. Through your garden that was a country wound long rivers, slow, ample, bottle-green, with poplars clouding up from the banks, and at intervals a man on the banks, moveless, with rod always at the same angle. But through your house that was a city a river ran too, jade and grey: many bridges spanned it: and far down, blocking it (as it seemed) at one end, was a double-towered cathedral, a squat-towered dove-grey cathedral, sometimes solid, sometimes light as mist, away beyond all the bridges, drawing our eyes, ending the view. The banks of this city river were stone, but even here poplars rose, even here men sat with rods; and along the left bank were little stalls like desks, filled with ancient books, prints; people loafed at them, reading, not often buying.

The modern books were not bound like ours, but with paper, yellow or white. The number of them! No house anywhere had so many books as yours. We came upon them, alluring us, every few yards in the streets, the squares, of your house. And pictures. Nowhere else so many and fine pictures.

They were keen readers, your children, keen writers, painters. They worked with their hands and their brains, harder than ever we did—and enjoyed it. Just as they enjoyed

not working. They were livers, lovers. Were at *home* in their home. That was what so attracted us—for we haven't that gift. We are not so solidly, smilingly certain of where we want to be, how we want to order things. Your children knew that no home was up to theirs. They seldom left it.

They wasted nothing. Not bread, nor inches of ground, nor time. They seemed to us tireless; we have different bodies and nerves, lower energies, our minds are duller, we lengthen our nights. We supposed that your children did sometimes sleep? (When?) And the glitter of the mornings! The quick voices, gay, certain. All the sounds rather high—of footsteps, motor horns, voices, bells. Another day! Blessed be day, was the feeling.

And if we sometimes called them mean, your children, greedy, we did so without condemnation, remembering our own faults, remembering the *virtues* of theirs. They gave us so much. Not only we but others came in droves—to take, take. Some took asylum, some tolerance, some love, some inspiration, some fashion and perfumes; some built their bodies up, some their minds. All comers were welcomed.

Down through your garden ran long straight white roads, tree-roofed. An old woman walked with a cow in the roadside grass. A family at an outdoor table took its mid-day meal, the small boys and girls with napkins round their necks, and the water in their glasses just coloured with wine. Farm buildings caught sunlight. When we reached that sea in the south we saw a dazzle of jewels on it. Smelt mimosa. The warmth unclothed us.

We are ill in our hearts. Our eyes ache for our other home—our other, adorable one. It is there no longer; it has gone under. Your contented children are destroyed: your thousand children that loved daylight. Out of their gloom roared those monster neighbours, death dedicated, and destroyed them. Rancorous, envy-filled, non-creative, their own garden defiled behind them, they came and defiled yours.

But some things can't happen. This has happened.

Where will you go, banished one? Stay with us, while we try and restore your home? You will be forlorn with us, but we cherish you. We, who owe you half ourselves, we

didn't help you enough, or your children. We took, didn't give. When they were struck at, we were not there in force

What are you called? We have addressed you, but not named you. You are a spirit with many names, banished one: Civilisation, Spirit of Europe, Love-of-things-of-Earth, Unblurred Intelligence, Free Enquiry, Peaceableness, Right Values, Liberty, The Graces, The Human Norm. One wing-tip of yours is in Ancient Greece, the other in Christendom.

You are Art of Life.
You are the smile on the world.
Your house was Paris, and your garden France.

IRENE RATHBONE.

THE WAR COMES TO SYRIA AND PALESTINE

As soon as Italy entered the War, it was certain that an attack would be made on the most vital and also the most vulnerable link in the communications of the British Empire, the Suez Canal. In the last world war the attack was made on that link from the East by the Turkish Army, led and directed by German officers. To-day the attack is to be made from the West by Italian armies, directed again by German officers. In 1915–1916 the Turkish troops moved to invade Egyptian territory from Palestine; this year the Italian troops threaten to invade Egypt from Libya and to get to the Canal through Egypt. But now as then the whole Middle East is in ferment, and the enemy's attack by air, sea, or land may be made from all points of the compass.

It had been expected, before the disaster to the French nation, that the Allied Armies in Palestine and Syria on the one side, and in North Africa on the other side, and the Allied fleets in the Mediterranean would easily be able to contain any attack of the enemy. The French had gathered an army in Syria estimated at 200,000; and the English Army and Air Force in Iraq, Palestine and Egypt together, number about 150,000 men. The Fleet, based on Gibraltar, Alexandria and Malta and on the French North African harbours, was far stronger than the Italian Navy. There was every reason to believe that the Allies would be able to take the offensive and cut off the Italians in their arid and precariously held African Empire.

The collapse of France and the acceptance of the ignominious terms of the armistice by the French Administration in Syria and in North Africa fundamentally changed the position. And they put a tremendous burden on the British forces in the Middle East. These were now made to appear slender in face of the whole Army, Navy and Air Force of Italy, which might be reinforced by land and air forces of

Germany. There was reason to fear that the bases of our former ally might be used as bases of our enemies against us The danger was greatest in Syria, and was a matter of equal concern to Great Britain and Turkey. The British Government lost no time in making clear the action which it would take in certain circumstances to guard against that danger On July 1st, following the declaration of General Mittelhauser, then the Commander-in-Chief of the French force in the Levant, that hostilities had ceased in Syria, the Government issued a declaration in the following terms:

> His Majesty's Government assume that this does not mean that if Germany or Italy sought to occupy Syria or the Lebanon and were to try to do so in the face of British command of the sea, no attempt would be made by the French forces to oppose them. In order, however, to set at rest doubts which may be felt in any quarter, His Majesty's Government declare that they could not allow Syria or the Lebanon to be occupied by any hostile Power, or to be used as a base for attacks upon those countries in the Middle East which they are pledged to defend, or to become the scene of such disorder as to constitute a danger to those countries. They therefore hold themselves free to take whatever measures they may in such circumstances consider necessary in their own interests. Any action which they may hereafter be obliged to take in fulfilment of this declaration will be entirely without prejudice to the future status of the territories now under French mandate.

Since that declaration no attempt has been made by the enemy against Syria; but the actions of the French Administration become steadily more subservient. In August it was announced that British subjects would not be allowed to pass through the country from Palestine; and so communication has been made more difficult with our Ally in the north, the Turkish Republic. On the other hand, 6,000 Polish troops who were part of the French forces in Syria, have crossed the frontier into Palestine, and have been merged in our forces. A small stream also of men of the Foreign Legion has made its way over the frontier to continue the fight. Prince Ali Khan, the son of the Aga Khan, who holds a position of leading in the general Moslem world, and who has an almost divine rôle in the eyes of the Alaouite sect that inhabits the North-western part of the French mandated territory, is among those who have joined our ranks. He spoke of the

unhappy conditions of the disbanded French armies in the Levant, which included a large proportion of Arab and Armenian levies. The action of the French mandatory has filled them with despair. Reports have come out, indeed, of serious risings of some of the troops against the imposed surrender. Prince Ali appealed to the Moslems in the Near East to help Britain with their united energy. He drew the contrast between the religious freedom enjoyed in Moslem countries where British influence prevails, and the denial of that freedom in those countries which have fallen under the domination of the Totalitarian States.

It was thought that Turkey, which, a few months before the outbreak of war, had strengthened her position by occupying, and obtaining from the French mandatory the cession of, the former sanjak of Alexandretta, with the best natural harbour in the Eastern Mediterranean, might wish to take more far-reaching measures. She is vitally concerned that Syria should not be under the domination of Italy or Germany. That domination would threaten her integrity. She has not moved her armies, and, no doubt, every possible pressure will be exercised by the Totalitarian Allies and by their sleeping Soviet partner in the north, to prevent her from moving. She has, however, made clear her interest in an independent Syria ; and if that independence were menaced more directly, or if French subservience went a step further so as to let the territory under her mandate be used as a base against Palestine and Egypt, it is likely that Turkey would move.

One step has been taken by Great Britain and her ally, Iraq, to prevent any possible use of Syria's oil-pipe-line, which has its outlet at Tripoli in the Lebanon State. The oil from the great field at Kirkuk in Iraq is carried by two lines to the Mediterranean, the one ending at Tripoli, the other at Haifa. The stream has now been turned off from the northern line, and no supplies can enter Syria.

French policy has given Palestine an added importance as the principal bulwark for the defence of the Suez Canal and as the centre of our overland communications with India and the East. So far the only active operations in the country have been Italian air attacks on Haifa, which have been directed particularly to the big oil refinery there, and

to the pipe-line. But it is to be expected that, as the struggle in the Middle East approaches its crisis in the attacks on Egypt and the Canal from the west and from the south, our forces in Palestine will be more and more involved. They occupy a central position in the Middle Eastern theatre. On the west are the Allied State of Egypt and the Allied State of Iraq. Both those States are, at present, technically neutral towards both Germany and Italy—if the word neutrality has any longer a meaning. British forces occupy the aerodromes and are encamped at the strategic centres. But they may be restricted in their movements. Palestine, though a mandated territory, can no longer be regarded as neutral. The mandate for Palestine contains no provision about neutralisation, but does give express powers to the mandatory to use the ports and the communications for the defence of the country and to raise voluntary forces.

Until Italy entered into the war, Palestine was regarded as a neutral, at least by the United States, which allowed her ships to continue to sail to and from Palestinian ports. The ambiguous position has been removed since the Italian Air Forces have made their repeated air attacks on Haifa. At the outbreak of the war with Germany the High Commissioner for Palestine issued a proclamation that Great Britain was at war, but no proclamation has been issued that Palestine is at war. On the other hand, the whole apparatus of the Defence of the Realm Regulations, the Statutes about Trading with the Enemy, the Government control of trade: all these things have, from the outset, been completely adopted by the Government of Palestine.

Paradoxically, the war brought internal peace to a country which had been rent with civil feud for over four years. The Arab revolt against the British administration, which had been intense in 1938 and 1939, was already breaking down when the European conflagration broke out. It then came to an end. The Jewish population, which had been sorely tried by the policy of the White Paper issued in May, 1939, with its programme of restriction of immigration, restriction of transfer of land and introduction of self-government, leading to complete emancipation in ten years, dropped its grievances. Jews and Arabs together stood with Great Britain. It would be an exaggeration to say that the two peoples were

wholeheartedly engaged in the common cause, or that they were completely delivered from their apprehension of each other and of the British mandatory. But the Jews altogether, and most of the Arabs, recognised the overwhelming peril and evil of Nazi domination.

The Jews, in particular, gave a dramatic expression of their feeling of solidarity with the Allied cause. They carried out a registration of the adult manhood and womanhood who were prepared to give service for the defence of the country and the assistance of the British forces, either in or outside Palestine. In a few weeks over 90 per cent. of those qualified by age were enrolled. The request was made by the Jewish leaders for the formation of a Jewish military unit which would fight for the Allies wherever they were required. That was a large development from the Jewish Brigade of the Royal Fusiliers which took part in the campaign for the deliverance in 1918. The British military authorities did not see their way to accept the offer. They invited the Jews and Arabs together to form companies of the Auxiliary Military Pioneer Corps, which was wanted for service principally in France, and they invited also Jews and Arabs to provide men for certain technical services of the Army and Air Force in Palestine. About 1,500 men joined the Pioneer Corps; about 1,000 were enlisted in the regular British forces. The large majority were Jews. But the enlistment on a large scale, which the Jews desired, in the fighting forces, and the enlistment on a large scale, which the Government desired, in the Pioneer Corps, were not vouchsafed. The Jews, and also the Arabs, were not eager to be, as many of them considered, 'hewers of wood and drawers of water'; while the Government was not willing to accept the Jews as military allies in the same way as the Czechs or the Poles. The publication, moreover, in the early part of 1940, of the regulations about the transfer of land, which placed a narrow restriction on Jewish expansion, produced a certain tension.

That tension was resolved when Italy entered the war and the danger of invasion came nearer home. The Jews again were prepared to forget their grievances; and the Arabs, save a small dissident minority, were eager to take their part in the defence of the country. The former Mufti of Jerusalem, indeed, who had been the head of the Arab revolt, had escaped

first to Syria and then to Iraq and continued to intrigue against Great Britain. But his following in Palestine diminished, and during the last months there has been no internal trouble. The economic position, which seemed to be seriously threatened by the cutting off of commercial shipping through the Mediterranean, has so far shown extraordinary resilience. Palestine has perforce become more autarchic as regards both its agricultural and industrial production, and the presence in the country of a large British army has in large measure compensated for loss of external trade. The potash and bromide, also, which are extracted from the inexhaustible reservoir of the Dead Sea, have become of increasing importance, and the production has greatly expanded during the last year. It is to-day the principal source of supply for the whole of the British Commonwealth, now that the potash works of Alsace are lost.

The British forces in Egypt and Palestine, and also in Iraq and East Africa, form one command. The Commander-in-Chief is Sir Archibald Wavell, who was a commander in the Palestine campaign of the last war, and who knows the whole terrain thoroughly. The forces can be moved readily from one threatened area to another. A large part of the British troops already in Palestine have come there from Australia and New Zealand. They are renewing the associations of the Anzacs with Palestine in the last war. Reinforcements will come steadily, and perhaps rapidly, from the overseas Dominions. During the last months, also, there has been a fresh recruitment of Jews and Arabs for the forces. Another 1,500 men have already been enrolled as drivers, as fitters for the Air Force, etc. A special Jewish Mechanical Transport Unit has been formed; and there is a large reservoir of young trained men many of whom have done service with the British military and defence forces during the years of civil strife.

In the Middle Eastern theatre Palestine has again a big importance, as it has had throughout the ages. Through it runs the Via Maris, which links Western Asia and Africa. Along that way the armies have moved from the earliest ages of history. On the borders of the Dog River (Nahr-el-Kelb) twenty miles north of Beirut, there are fixed the tablets which record the passing of the conquerors from the days of the

Hittites and the Assyrians to the march of Allenby's army. It is notable that this year marks the centenary of the landing of the British forces at Beirut and at Acre, when we were concerned to drive out of Syria and Palestine another Eastern conqueror who threatened to break up our ally, the Ottoman Empire. It was Palmerston's supreme stroke as Foreign Minister to cry halt to the advance of Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mohamed Ali of Egypt. Ever since that time the Eastern question has been one of the pivots of English foreign policy. It is notable also that now as then we were left in the lurch by the French. For the British Empire the safeguarding of the route to India through the Middle East has been a primary concern for a hundred years, even before the passage was cut for shipping through the Sinai Desert.

To-day it is a more urgent need than ever before for England to defend the Canal and the overland communications to the East from Egypt and from Palestine. The bulletins from the Middle East at present contain the almost daily refrain on Palestine—'nothing to report.' But it is no longer true that 'from Africa there is nothing new'; nor is it likely to be true much longer of the coasts of Philistia and Phœnicia.

NORMAN BENTWICH.

SOUTH AFRICA AND THE WAR

Of all the Dominions, South Africa is the least certain of itself. Australia and New Zealand are unanimously of one mind in the prosecution of the war, and, perhaps, no one outside Britain has so accurately reflected the genuine temper of Englishmen overseas as Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister of Australia. The chief issue in these dominions, as in Canada, is not whether they shall be at war but whether the Governments are putting every effort into the pursuit of it. In South Africa the situation is fundamentally different. Here there is no national consciousness of a common endeavour and cause such as imbues the rest of the Commonwealth. There are, in fact, two distinct streams of opinion, the volume of each being considerable and measured to a large extent by the close division of the vote of Parliament when General Hertzog's 'neutrality' motion was rejected by eighty to sixty-seven in September last year.

The figures alone give no indication of the peculiar conditions then or the developments since. It is not easy for the English reader to recognise how fundamentally apart are the two sections in this country. He is apt to look upon South Africa as he does upon any other British possession that will spring like a young whelp to the defence of the Commonwealth and Empire. He knows of the existence in the Union of a race other than the English, but he exhibits a strange ignorance of its ways and direction. This is demonstrated by his reference to them as Dutch instead of as Afrikaners. If he uses the term South African there is no picture in his mind other than of Englishmen or Scots or Irish or Boer. He may have a vague idea left to him as a vestige of the Boer War that a few 'Dutchmen' still object to British rule, but for the most part he accepts the notion that the majority of them have thrown in their lot with the British cause and case. Seldom does he envisage them as a race, distinguishable from

the Dutch and Huguenot from which they sprang, keenly aware of their separate existence, and striving to make themselves independent of other national ties and even free from the obligations and the privileges of Commonwealth membership.

The war may have done something to inform him otherwise, and it is true that had it not been for the war the strong forces of economic security and political realism would have continued to direct the nation into a common channel of social progress. The war, however, instead of uniting, as it does in other countries, all parties to meet the external challenge, served but to emphasise the deep-seated differences that do exist between the two sections of the European community. And here it should be emphasised how significant is the rare use of the term South Africans to describe Union nationals. Newspaper editors, politicians and statesmen are continually referring to English-speaking South Africans and Africaans-speaking South Africans. It is the English section and the Afrikaner section, a dual reference, that is an expression of political, social, sometimes economic divergencies which colour every problem and every dispute. Even in South Africa there is a tendency thus to lump together all nationals of Afrikaner descent as being antagonistic to participation in the war, though, of course, the fine response of thousands of them to recruiting appeals yields abundant evidence to the contrary. The facts are that, whereas the population is divided in the proportion of sixty to forty to the advantage of the Afrikaner, a broad estimate would give the same proportion in favour of the prosecution of the war. The presence of an opposition as formidable as this, however, has great significance in any appraisal of South Africa's contribution to the common cause. It is particularly to be noted that the pro-war and anti-war groupings are not strictly on a racial basis. Whereas there is a unanimity as complete as is politically and socially possible among the English-speaking peoples of the Union the Afrikaners show a distinct division. It is a split of Afrikanerdom that is the chief feature of South African life to-day, and, though it may and does originate in the presence of the English-speaking people and in the fact of Commonwealth membership, it is with its own unity that its leaders from General Hertzog

downwards through Dr. Malan and the Nationale of Volksparty are vigorously concerned.

The objective, the unity of Afrikanerdom, has for its general aim the complete freedom of the Afrikaner nation as a political entity. The means by which it is being pursued are political, economic, and cultural. On the first the direct attack is made in speech and in the Afrikaans Press upon General Smuts, as the representative of British Imperialism and the cause of South Africa's entry into war. To repeat the political arguments would be tedious. It is the economic and cultural means which have special interest and powerful significance, for some of them are new and others are novel. Before and since the Great Trek of the middle thirties of the nineteenth century the Afrikaner has confined his economy activities to agriculture and his social interests to politics. The rapid transformation of the national economy that waited upon the discovery of gold and diamonds left him a stranger to commerce and industry. He has watched the impetus of progress from the stoep, so that now, if he governs the political and public services with his vote and presence, the dynamic forces of commerce in the control of capital undertakings is predominantly in the hands of the shop-keeping Englishmen.

This division in national purposes has placed the Afrikaner as a race in the inferior position that is the inevitable condition of any population devoted to agriculture. The back-veld is Afrikaans, the town is English. Out of the backveld the Afrikaner has sent his sons not into business, for he is without capital and without any tradition in this field, but into politics for politics is almost a branch of his religion, and into the public services. In both he has a firm foothold. With his roots in the soil it is not surprising that the impoverishment in the Union, what is called poor whiteism, is confined for the most part to Afrikaners. Of 300,000 poor whites in the country a quarter of a million are of Afrikaner descent. Afrikaner leaders have come slowly to an appreciation of this position and they insist that the unity of Afrikanerdom cannot be attained, or the standard of the people raised, save through the accession to economic equality with the English-speaking population.

The main expression of this purpose is to be found in the

eddingsdadbond, a co-operative movement founded by a Dr. Kestell and enjoying the blessing of the Ekonomiese-congress of the F.A.K., the controlling executive of all ultural and economic projects of Afrikanerdom. This body as instituted a public fund for the accumulation of capital which will be distributed on an economic basis to *bona fide* Afrikaner business and commercial men. Afrikaners are alled to support traders so encouraged and by this means it : hoped to form a growing nucleus of commercial enterprise wned by Afrikaners. At once the objection is raised on the English side that there is an attempt to boycott English firms. The boycott, however, is purely incidental to the main aim f encouraging Afrikaners to break down the tradition of he past and to project into the economic sphere an active Afrikaner interest. And here it is helpful to understanding o recognise that South Africa with its large areas and its cattered principal towns suffers, or enjoys, an economic grip f big business somewhat similar to that of America. The heatres and the bazaars, the caterers, are in the hands of nterlocking directorates, to which one or two of the chief nsurance companies belong. British Imperialism, in fact, is nterpreted to cover not only a territorial obligation but an conomic grip of Jewish capital. So long as it exists Afrikaner ears will exist, unless he can achieve a position at its side.

A parallel movement approaches this from a different oint. At the Centenary celebrations in 1938, a certain Colonel Laas, an officer of the Defence Forces, conceived the dea of gathering the mounting national spirit of the people to an organisation for the preservation of Voortrekker deals and traditions. Out of this has grown the Ossewa Brandwag or Sentinels of the Ox Wagon, a secret military rganisation denoted by its badge, an ox wagon wheel surmounted by a miniature of the very fine Voortrekker memorial ow in course of erection at Pretoria. The Ossewa Brandwag as its general, its adjutants and its field cornets, in the nanner of the old type Boer military forces. It has been ertinently said that the Afrikaner race is the modern counterpart of an Old Testament tribe, and it is true that by instinct nd tradition he lends himself easily to military organisation ven for civil purpose. The 'fuhrer prinzip' is not uncongenial to him despite the apparent paradox in the presence of

a sturdy independence. Once more, what is essentially incidental gives cause for violent suspicion. The leader principle and the military organisation of Ossewa Brandwag is peculiarly suited to the Afrikaner temperament. The old Boer Commandos, and, long before their appearance, the trekking communities combined allegiance to leader with social independence in the manner of the Israelites of old with their Moses and Aaron. The similarity with Nazi method is, its leaders insist, no more than a coincidence.

That, however, is not sufficient to calm the fears of those who see in it a possible military force to be used, say, by Mr. Pirow in fulfilment of his threat to place himself 'at the head of storm troops' when the time came 'to give the country a lead.' The declared aims of this body aggravate the position. Politically they coincide with those of Dr. Malan. Economically they seek the unity of Afrikanerdom in the overthrow of British Imperialism reflected, as they interpret it, in the stranglehold of Jewish capitalism. Their numbers are not known with any certainty. From conversations with one or two leaders I have gained the impression that they amount to 60,000 in the Transvaal alone, a formidable force in a provincial population of over 820,000.

The fears of the Britisher (we never use the word Englishman to denote the English-speaking South African) have a more substantial foundation than can be justly ascribed to either the Reddingsdadbond or to the Ossewa Brandwag. The suspicions about these two organisations express something much more fundamental. The English as a whole form an appendage of England, of Britain. 'They are more English than the English' is not an unusual epithet applied to them. They bring towards domestic problems, and particularly toward the government of Natives, a wider conception of liberalism. The attitude of the English-speaking section towards the Bantu may not be what it should be; it at any rate approaches trusteeship which is the ideal set for British Colonial development. The Afrikaner Nationalist policy in native and non-European affairs is based upon strict segregation in the economic life of the Native. The colour bar is common to both sections and extends to Indians as well as to coloureds and Bantu, but the Afrikaner

would keep the non-European strictly as the hewer of wood and the drawer of water.

Domestic differences in this sphere lie near the root of the conflict between the two sections, and from it has sprung in the past sharp political conflicts reaching back to the years when the old Dutch settlers struck out from the Cape. All through his history and his relations with the Bantu it is possible to discover, in his patriarchal establishments, the beginnings of a regimentation which in some ways has the features of a totalitarian order.

There is emerging such a thing as a South African Nazism, a new and disciplined nationalism, which the 'Britisher' fears for itself as well as for its resemblances to its German prototype. Mr. Pirow, the ex-Minister of Defence, of German extraction, is the chief exponent of this creed. He is less vociferous than is usual for him, but in one of his recent speeches he emphasised the need for a return to the days of Kruger and the abolition of a system that began, he maintained with some disregard for history, with Milner and Rhodes.

What then of the future and how far are the fears of the English-speaking people justified? There is no doubt at all that up to September, 1939, the majority of Afrikaners were content with South Africa's sovereign status as defined by the Statute of Westminster and the subsequent constitutional legislation passed in the House of Assembly. On this point it was the extreme British opinion of the Dominion Party that protested. The ultimate test of war shattered the faith of the Afrikaner in sovereign independence so defined. He believed he possessed it *de facto* as well as *de jure*. The war convinced him he only possessed it *de jure*. The bitter disappointment is no temporary condition that will be dissipated once the war is over. To believe otherwise is to mistake the whole trend of Afrikaner history and tradition. Only by recognising the facts can be explained the sympathetic attitude of so many Afrikaner republicans to the German endeavour to break the shackles of Versailles, 'that monster Versailles' as General Hertzog described the Peace Treaty, in a speech which compared the sufferings of the Boers with those of the defeated Germany of the last war.

How far the present opposition to General Smuts will be

successful in appealing to sufficient Afrikaner thought to turn the scales and sweep into power a diehard republican party depends to a very large extent upon the emergence of a public opinion, and statesmen to express it, that will reflect some of the greater allegiances South Africa deserves. The more the English section concentrates upon its second loyalty, the Mother Country, the more will Afrikaner opinion seek the other pole. It lies very much with English-speaking politics and statesmanship whether the Afrikaner people will continue to accept the Commonwealth of Nations, and as yet there is no sign of English statesmanship in this country of that calibre to project the essential nature of 'South Africa for South Africa' to South Africans. If, in the arduous tasks of war, the future might well be left to take care of itself, it must not be forgotten that its shape is being moulded to-day, and not only by the direct efforts of the Republican Nationalists, through such organisations as have been mentioned here, but by the approach of the English-speaking people, and particularly the English Press in the Union, towards them. There is no arguing with a mood or reasoning with a conviction, and Afrikanerdom, that part of it which is anti-war, is divided between a mood that is anti-British and a conviction that is pro-Afrikaner. To both the responsible English-speaking South African is called upon to bring his understanding and sympathy, a task that is by no means easy in these days.

It is not only the question of the British connection that is at issue. The English-speaking South African is well aware that Dr. Malan and his immediate followers, if not General Hertzog and his personal following, would secede from the Commonwealth. That alone is sufficient to call for the strongest protest in the British mind. There are others, and of them the greatest is that, with Afrikaner unity and the republican acquisition of political power, the way of democratic life which the British democratic system offers would fall away under the pressure of a group who are, and frankly they admit it, anti-Native, anti-Indian, anti-Jew, anti-British, and tend towards repressive measures which would abolish many democratic privileges and substitute something akin to the disciplined authoritarianism that is but a step to the Nazi order.

Both sections, then, are a prey of their own and the other's fears. The perspective of historical conflict is sharply defined, unweathered by the smoothing influence of time but, instead, eroded more deeply by the forces of the imperious circumstance of the present war. To the great good of the country, as if in happy augury for the future, the surprise is not that there is so much active demonstration of conflict, but that there is so little. The wordy battles of newspapers and leaders read dangerously, but through them all there is emerging a sense of concern for the nation as a whole, a feeling that the civic peace and domestic order shall not be shattered by unworthy actions.

G. H. Calpin.

PUBLIC HEALTH IN GERMANY

It is foolish to ignore a fact the verification of which is open to anyone, merely because we do not like that fact. And it is even more foolish to allow a misrepresentation of the particular fact to become established simply because the misrepresentation gratifies our wishes. It is an inescapable fact, whether we like it or not, that the state of public health in Germany in 1937, the latest year for which vital statistics are available, did not differ materially from that in this country. In some respects it was better; in others it did not reach our standard; but in both countries the general level was high and well above the average of other European countries. These facts can be readily ascertained by reference to the annual reports on public health published by the various countries and summarised in the reports published by the League of Nations, and they are well known to medical officers of health, statisticians, and others interested in public health all over the world. To ignore them or to deny them is to deceive ourselves; and to misrepresent them, however innocently, is to furnish the enemy with grounds for the assertion that we are disseminating falsehoods.

In these circumstances it is remarkable that a book which purports to give an extremely adverse picture of public health in Germany before the war should have received many excellent reviews and have been publicly praised by a Minister of the Crown. The book, *Heil Hunger! Health under Hitler*, is written by a Dr. Martin Gumpert, who is stated in the dust-cover to have been formerly the head of a large clinic in Berlin and to be a practising physician and surgeon. It is translated from the German and the foreword is addressed from New York. The book is full of errors and mis-statements, and would not be worth notice but for the attention it has received.

Dr. Gumpert claims that the official statistics he quotes prove that

six years of Nazi rule have resulted in an increased death-rate, a falling birth-rate, a declining fecundity, a growing criminality, an increase in rickets, drunkenness, venereal disease, tuberculosis, epidemics, a piling up of accidents, and a doubling of mental diseases.

Let us examine some of the evidence Dr. Gumpert gives in support of these statements.

Population

In his section on population, Dr. Gumpert states that the death-rate in Germany has risen considerably, as shown by the increase from 10·8 per thousand to 11·8 per thousand in 1937.

This means (he says) that in round figures 80,000 more persons died annually in Hitler Germany than in pre-Hitler Germany. This deterioration, which set in with the Nazi seizure of power, is all the more striking because of the stark contrast with the international mortality rates. For the last fourteen years every country in the world, with the exception of Colombia, Egypt and Greece, indicates a more or less definite decline in the mortality rate.

Now what are the facts? Here are the death-rates in Germany since 1923, and those in England and Wales:

Year.	Germany.	England and Wales.	Year.	Germany.	England and Wales.
1923	13·9	11·6	1931	11·2	12·3
1924	12·2	12·2	1932	10·8	12·0
1925	11·9	12·2	1933	11·2	12·3
1926	11·7	11·6	1934	10·9	11·8
1927	12·0	12·3	1935	11·8	11·7
1928	11·6	11·7	1936	11·8	12·1
1929	12·6	13·4	1937	11·7 [1]	12·4
1930	11·0	11·4			

It will be seen that the rise in Germany from 10·8 in 1932 to 11·7 in 1937 is within the range of yearly fluctuations

[1] This is the figure given in the *Statistisches Jahrbuch*, which Dr. Gumpert purports to quote.

and that a rise or fall of a similar or even greater extent has often occurred over a short period of years both in Germany and England and Wales. A severe winter or an exceptional epidemic is quite sufficient to make the difference. When an average is taken for the German figures the rise practically disappears. The average for the four years preceding 1933 was 11·4 and for the four succeeding years 11·5. The table also shows that Dr. Gumpert's statement of an *annual* loss of 80,000 is not correct: nor by ordinary methods of calculation is it clear how this loss would result from a rise in the death-rate of 0·9 (or even 1·0) per 1,000 in a population of 67,831,000. Further, Dr. Gumpert's 'stark contrast' is without foundation, for the death-rate in Germany has in fact fallen from 13·9 in the last fourteen years, while, besides the three countries Dr. Gumpert excepts, it was higher in 1937 than in 1923, in England and Wales, Scotland, Eire, Northern Ireland, Sweden and the Union of South Africa, and in several other countries it remained at substantially the same level. Greece, so far from being an exception, as Dr. Gumpert claims, showed a fall from 17·8 in 1923 to 15·2 in 1937.

But putting aside differences in rates which, except to Dr. Gumpert, have no material significance, let us look at the main fact, which is that the German death-rate of 11·7 in 1937 is indicative of a high standard of public health and places Germany well above the European average. The only countries which showed lower death-rates in 1937 were Holland, 8·8; Norway, 10·4; Iceland, 11·2; and Switzerland, 11·3. The rate in Scotland was 13·9; in Belgium, 13·1; Austria, 13·4; Italy, 14·2; France, 15·0; Portugal, 16·0 and Rumania, 19·3. These are 'crude' death-rates, and they should be 'standardised' before they become strictly comparable, a process which would lower most of them, including Germany, but would not alter the general effect.

Dr. Gumpert says 'the picture looks much darker' when we examine the mortality in the cities. In 1932, the death-rate in the aggregate of German towns of over 100,000 inhabitants was 10·0; in 1937 it was 11·3. In England and Wales the corresponding figures for towns of over 50,000 inhabitants were 12·2 and 12·5. The death-rate in Berlin, in 1937, was 12·8; Hamburg, 12·2; Cologne, 10·6; London, 12·5; Liverpool, 13·7; and Glasgow, 14·6. Many European

towns showed much higher rates. The lowest was Rotterdam, 8·0.

Now let us examine the birth-rates. Nowhere in his book does Dr. Gumpert give either the German birth-rates or the changes in population in recent years. After two pages of discursive and often irrelevant remarks on the birth-rate, etc., he gives the following table:

	1923.	1937.
Marriages . .	9·4 per 1,000	8·9 per 1,000
Births . . .	21·2	18·3
Excess of births over deaths . . .	7·3	7·1

This (says Dr. Gumpert) sheds a very unfavourable light on the populational political situation obtaining in the Hitler-year 1937. . . . This is the picture of success presented by a fundamentally new population policy.

The object of this table and the remarks which precede it, is clearly to suggest that there has been a fall in the birth-rate or population in Nazi Germany, and they have in fact misled both laymen and doctors of distinction who, on the authority of this book, have stated in broadcasts and in the Press that the population of Nazi Germany has declined and the birth-rate has fallen.

Again what are the facts? Here are the birth-rates in Germany and in England and Wales since 1923:

Year.	Germany.	England and Wales.	Year.	Germany.	England and Wales.
1923	21·3	19·7	1931	16·0	15·8
1924	20·6	18·8	1932	15·1	15·3
1925	20·8	18·3	1933	14·7	14·4
1926	19·6	17·8	1934	18·0	14·8
1927	18·4	16·6	1935	18·9	14·7
1928	18·6	16·7	1936	19·0	14·8
1929	18·0	16·3	1937	18·8	14·9
1930	17·6	16·3			

And here are the populations in recent years, the last three years including the population, 811,000, of the Saar.

1931 .	64,630,000	1935 .	66,870,000
1932 .	64,911,000	1936 .	67,346,000
1933 .	65,218,000	1937 .	67,831,000
1934 .	65,578,000		

It will be seen that the birth-rate in Germany, as in nearly all other countries, fell steadily from 1923 to 1933, when it reached the record low level of 14·7, the lowest in Europe with the exception of that in our own country, and that in Austria, 14·3. With the advent of Hitler there was an abrupt rise, and in 1937 the rate was 18·8. This was an astonishing and unprecedented increase. Its causes and significance could be discussed at great length, but here I am merely concerned with setting out certain facts and refuting misstatements which might be seriously harmful. The population during the period 1933-1937 increased by over 2,000,000, exclusive of the population of the Saar.

Dr. Gumpert uses several devices in the table given above to produce the effect he wishes. He has brought in marriage-rates, although they are connected only with legitimate births and have no constant relation to birth-rates; he employs for his comparison a birth-rate of 18·3 for 1937 which is not that of Germany at all but that of Germany and Austria combined, although the union did not occur until 1938; and he compares the excess of births over deaths in 1937 with that in 1923 and not 1933, thus completely concealing the big fall and subsequent rise in the intervening years, for in 1933 the excess of births over deaths was only 3·5.

In this section Dr. Gumpert also makes the statement that the fecundity rate (*i.e.* the number of births per 1,000 women aged 15 to 45) fell from 82·3 in 1923 to 77·1 in 1937, 'its lowest level.' In fact the lowest level was 58·9 in 1933, and thereafter it rose quickly to 77·1.

Infant Mortality

Dr. Gumpert says:

An important index of general health conditions and social standards is the infant mortality rate. In every country in the world this has

undergone a rapid decline. Does a comparison with the international mortality rate redound to Germany's advantage?

Dr. Gumpert does not, however, make the comparison, and the implication he conveys by leaving the question unanswered is obvious. Actually the German infant mortality rate fell from 79 per 1,000 births in 1932 to 64 per 1,000 in 1937, a decline of 15 per 1,000 under the Nazi régime, but nowhere does Dr. Gumpert give any indication of this fall. He speaks of the 'unhappy conditions' indicated by the 'pitiful' rate of 64, yet in fact it again gives Germany a high place among European nations. In 1937, rate was lower only in Iceland, 33; Holland, 38; Sweden, 46; Switzerland, 47; and England and Wales, 58. The English rate was remarkably low for a highly industrialised country, but we have only to go back to 1933 to find a rate of 64 per 1,000 births. The rate in 1937, in France, was 65; Scotland, 80; Austria, 90; Belgium, 92; Italy, 109; Hungary, 134; Poland, 136; and Rumania, 178.

SUICIDE

'The Third Reich has achieved the mournful distinction of heading the international tables of suicide statistics.' Dr. Gumpert makes this statement, but it is not correct. The international tables for 1936, the latest year for which comparable figures are available, show the German suicide rate for that year to have been 28·6 per 100,000 inhabitants. The rate in Austria for the same year was 40·2 and in Hungary 30·8. Switzerland and Czechoslovakia came next with 27·8 each. Our rate was 12·4, which is probably an understatement.

Dr. Gumpert states that 21,984 persons committed suicide in Germany in 1936. The number was in fact 19,288, but Dr. Gumpert has added to this, without saying so, the Austrian suicides, 2,696 in 1936, and in this instance he is two years before the union. The doctor goes on to say, 'The number of suicides in Germany to-day is almost equal to the total number, 30,201, in the rest of Europe.' Actually the total number in the European countries for which returns are available for 1936 (and 'to-day' can only mean 1936, for there are no later German figures) was 37,415; and these countries did not include Albania, Dantzig, Latvia, Luxem-

burg, Malta, Poland, Spain, Turkey, U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia, for which no returns were then available.

An interesting sidelight is thrown on Dr. Gumpert's methods by his statement:

In the [international] table of causes of death there is an ominous column, No. 43, headed 'Sudden death, with causes not indicated or insufficiently indicated.' . . . It is a useful statistical ragbag into which to shove the records of those who have mysteriously disappeared, those who have been done to death in concentration camps, those whose 'sudden death' necessitates a standing headline in the German newspapers.

and he suggests that this heading conceals many cases of suicide. Dr. Gumpert has, however, himself supplied the word 'sudden' in this heading. It does not appear in the official heading, which is one used by registrars in all countries for entering deaths from vague conditions such as 'heart-failure,' and deaths where the cause is unknown or is not medically certified. There are other headings for deaths from violence, etc. The German rate is no higher than that in many other European countries; it has fallen steadily since 1932, and there are no grounds for attributing to it a sinister significance. Dr. Gumpert presumably has authority for his statement that the German registrars adopt the remarkable practice of including in a column recording deaths the numbers of those who have 'mysteriously disappeared.'

Tuberculosis

Dr. Gumpert states that tuberculosis is increasing in Germany, 'in contradistinction to conditions prevailing in other civilised countries,' but the only statistical evidence he gives is the reporting of 60,727 new cases in 1936 as against 60,308 the previous year. This small increase in two consecutive years is without significance. Case-rates are much less reliable for purposes of comparison than death-rates. In 1936, the latest year for which figures are available, the death-rate from pulmonary tuberculosis in Germany was 59·7 per 100,000 inhabitants, and from all other forms of the disease, 10·8. The corresponding rates for England and Wales were 58·3 and 10·9. The only European country which showed a better record than Germany in both sets of

figures was Denmark, with rates of 36·5 and 10·1 respectively. Other low rates were in Belgium, 56·2 and 15·7; Scotland, 55·4 and 18·4; and Holland, 36·6 and 14·0. The death-rates in Italy were 64·8 and 22·4; Sweden, 78·1 and 15·1; Norway, 81·5 and 20·1; France, 103·0 and 15·1; and Hungary, 127·4 and 24·8.

Lunacy

Under this heading Dr. Gumpert claims that there has been 'a tremendous increase in the number of the mentally deranged,' and he supports this statement by showing that the number of persons in institutions for 'the mentally sick, epileptics, idiots, the feeble-minded and cases of nervous disorders' has risen from 185,327 in 1923 to 346,014 in 1936. English medicine would not classify many of these under the heading of 'lunacy' and some of them not even under such a description as 'mentally deranged'; and, by a process of exclusion, 'nervous disorders' would seem to mean cases of organic nerve disorders. The whole aggregation looks like a real 'ragbag' this time, and its analysis into its components might be an interesting study in the author's statistical methods. In any case the increase proves nothing, for the numbers of persons in institutions afford no index to the proportions of persons similarly afflicted in the general community, since they depend very largely upon the definitions and regulations in force at any given time, and the standard of care demanded for these persons and the opportunities available for applying that care. Indeed a high proportion in institutions is often an indication of a high degree of concern for the welfare of the sick. It will be noted that Dr. Gumpert has again gone back for his comparison to 1923, the year when economically and socially Germany was at her worst, and it is safe to assume that large numbers of the mentally infirm were at that time uncared for who, at a later date, would have been in institutions.

Other Conditions

Other conditions which Dr. Gumpert deals with on similar lines are venereal disease, infectious diseases, 'ptomaine poisoning,' drunkenness and rickets. He employs

extensively the method of suggestion by bringing into textual association matters which have no necessary relation to each other. In the section on venereal diseases he quotes figures showing an increase in the number of divorces and annulments of marriage, and he expatiates on the 'moral disintegration' of Germany. Syphilis undoubtedly is more prevalent in Germany than in this country, but Dr. Gumpert does not seem to be aware of the statistics which show this. With drunkenness he associates figures showing an increased consumption of alcohol *per capita*, and an increased production of wine; and in this section he gives us the interesting information that,

> The nervous disorders of every sort which are being reported in increasing numbers from nearly every part of Germany are for the largest part due to excessive indulgence in tobacco and alcohol.

Another remarkable statement which will surprise English doctors is that it is just the generative organs of industrially employed women which become affected, and that the malignancy of tumours among them is many times greater than among those not so employed. The wide prevalence of flat foot and other deformities among the youth need not be questioned, but is more likely to be due to malnutrition of children during the last war and early years of the peace than to recent conditions. It would be interesting to know if many prisoners of war show these defects.

There is an old tag that 'statistics can be made to prove anything.' Dr. Gumpert's statistics certainly prove something about Dr. Gumpert, but they do not establish the picture he gives of public health in Germany in 1937.

A word may be useful on the reliability of vital statistics in general, since the suggestion is sometimes made that they may be 'faked' for political purposes. Those who express this view are clearly unaware of the fundamental objects for which the vital statistics of a country are compiled, which is not to impress foreign peoples but for essential home purposes. They are required by local medical officers of health and sanitary officials of every country which has an efficient public health service, and they are used for the preparation of life-tables and social returns and estimates of all sorts. The statistics are first collected by the registrars of

small local units, rural areas, small towns and subdivisions of large towns. These are then aggregated into larger units, cities, counties, provinces, etc., and finally into the rates for the whole country. Any faking of the end results therefore would have to be carried back through each of the stages to the initial units, which would mean that not only would the essential purpose of the statistics be defeated, but that many persons would know of the fake. An error introduced into the figures in one year would have to be carried on to the next, and even added to if it was desired to continue creating the same false impression, and any marked change in significant rates would be noticed by statisticians all over the world and enquiries would be made as to its cause. Of course, in some backward countries the initial recording of deaths, diseases, etc., is both incomplete and inaccurate, but the places where these sources of error may arise are well known and are often indicated in the reports themselves. The Health Organisation of the League of Nations has for many years been doing valuable social work in summarising the returns from individual countries, and in inducing the health authorities of those countries to adopt uniformity, as far as possible, in their definitions and methods of classification.

WILLIAM A. BREND, M.D., M.R.C.P., D.P.H.

POEMS

THE CHOICE

Immaculate day and night,
Because the moon has willed it so
Now change their source of light;
And at the change two shadows fall.

In that true perfect hour
Seek centre that your heart may know
The sad ambiguous power
That has no choice or power at all.

Two worlds and both too good
Though towards night at last all moves;
Two selves for solitude
Though these proceed from you, built bone.

Then let your heart return
From this vain will to be what loves
Two worlds at once, and turn
Towards the source, the Heavens, light-sown.

LA CHASSE EST OUVERTE

The huntsmen with their guns and game,
The dead birds dangling at the wrist,
Crackle out of the leafy mist
Trailing the wood-smells and the smell of blood.

The evening runs its tranquil flood
Over the mauve deserted seas.
Robbed of the burning day's first ease
I watch the dogs come home with swaggering list.

Death! Even here the death, the twist
That turns the day to night, the hard
Relentless mistral that can fard
The tongue, sully the taste, and sour the wine.

I look towards the fields for sign
And see the earth a shambles. Flies,
Ants, beetles, snakes, are foul and wise
In that one will that seeks the common name.

DIALECTIC

Though hating churches only there I find
Simultaneous peace for heart and mind.
The law's my bane, and yet my seeking eye
Strains through the darkness unto Sinai.
From Christ I run, yet always turn to see
If He, my Lord and Master, follows me.
God unattained is God to my estate,
But owner there Him I repudiate.
So let Him be eternal question-mark
My faith shall thunder through the doubtful dark
Amens and Halleluias ; and wrestling I
Be Jacob with God's touch in my lamed thigh.

HARVEST

STRETCH out your leaves for that last taste of sun
Which means the ripening and the death.
The stooks lean to the fields in clasping poise
Of Jonathan and David ; and the breath

Of autumn nets the air, draws in the Downs,
The shadows lie like lake-dark fish.
Sleep's first images defy the will
That seeks the winter mastery of law's mesh.

I felt the cold this morning chafe my skin,
Felt the first longing to be done
With wrestling with decay, turned to despair
That had no truck with treachery of sun.

And yet my hands went upwards to the fruit,
And gladly touched the hops and wheat;
And afterwards my body sought itself
In the soft simple shadow-winnowed heat.

Summer or winter, peace for heart, for mind,
The peace of growth or of decay,
That spirit through the luminous height of sky
May bring its knowledge of the night to day :

This need I ; peace for that clear destiny
And for its contemplation—my
Inevitable tussle with my flesh,
In autumn most, as sun descends the sky.

IN OTTERY ST. MARY CHURCH
IN MEMORY OF S. T. C.

Over my hands the young beams pass
From springing sun through coloured glass;
And in the will of my imagination
It is the soul's transfiguration.

But so the flowers must feel, that light
Their lamps at heaven's blaze, and white
And yellow, mauve and red, cry 'God has given
Us grace and all shall be forgiven!'

But these will die as soon as Time
Has known them in their perfect prime;
And as the sun declines I once elected
Must seek my roots as one rejected.

I must go down the dark and wake
The dead and touch their cold stone make
And cry and sweat in that wild mortal fearing
And hear them call that have no hearing.

I must believe my night, but not
With sleep, but not with hope or got
Through thought that spins too fine, or opium-dreaming–
The heat entangled in the head's scheming.

I must cry Welcome though I freeze,
And be amongst those effigies
As if the years in Time were no more numbered,
And I forgotten while God slumbered.

Ah Coleridge! This poor verse I weave
Where once you sat to disbelieve,
And after much philosophy and grieving
Came finally to Christ's believing.

L. Aaronson.

METAPHYSICS: HISTORY OR SCIENCE?

THAT there is a popular sentiment against metaphysics and that it is shared by the majority of workers in the special sciences will hardly be questioned. Just as it would be misleading to estimate the part played in English religious thought by Unitarianism from the membership of Unitarian societies, so we should get a false picture of the extent of positivist opinions on science and metaphysics if we confined our attention to the avowed followers of Auguste Comte. G. H. Lewes, in his *Biographical History of Philosophy*, presented half a century ago a very skilful survey of metaphysical thought through the ages to support his thesis that it represents the human mind going round in circles, in sharp contrast to the history of positive science, which is one of advance.

> The nature of philosophy (he wrote) condemns its followers to wander for ever in the same labyrinth and, in this circumscribed space, many will naturally fall into the track of their predecessors. . . . Centuries of labour have not produced any perceptible progress.[1]

This is not the place to examine at length to what extent Lewes misunderstood the nature of philosophy or how far the present mood of scientific scepticism represented by *The Mysterious Universe* of Jeans, entitles the philosopher to a *tu quoque*. The positivist attitude has gained very general acceptance, which should save us from exaggerating the significance of some interesting recent signs of reaction. These have been most noticeable among a number of physical scientists, whose attitude was recently examined.[2] Sir Arthur Eddington and his fellow-workers would certainly not confess to any dealings with metaphysics, but they are prepared to confer civic rights on philosophy. They recognise

[1] Introduction to *Biographical History of Philosophy* (London, 1892), p. xxi.
[2] 'Philosophy and Physical Science,' *The Nineteenth Century*, May, 1940.

the need of some wider generalisation than can be confine within the limits of their own specialty, even if they give the impression that mathematical physics represents the only respectable approach to it.

The subject is sufficiently in the air to make it well worth while for someone with adequate equipment to raise the question: 'What is metaphysics?' At present we have the professional philosopher looking on with an air of faint bewilderment at the efforts of the physicists and trying to 'find a formula' in which, with due respect to their eminent achievements in their own department, he can point out that, from the standpoint of philosophy, they are *primaires*. The physicist, usually with rather less urbanity, concedes that the philosopher is trying to do something worth while, but sees no chance of his doing it since the poor fellow knows so little about physics. Professor R. G. Collingwood has intervened at this stage with a book [3] which must increase his already heavy claim on those who can appreciate a clear style and a scintillating wit backed by solid learning. He is a professional philosopher; he is also an authority on Roman History. The term 'Metaphysics' has no terrors for him. He boldly defends it and delivers some resounding blows at the anti-metaphysicists. He also tells us that it is a historical science.

On a first hasty view, we may be inclined to say that if the physicists tell us that philosophy is physics it is only natural that a historian should come along and say: 'Nonsense, it is history.' That would be altogether too superficial. Professor Collingwood's book is in a class quite different from that of the non-philosophical writers who have recently bestowed a certain amount of patronage on philosophy. We do not find him arriving by a circuitous route at what has been said before and hailing it as a novelty. He knows the history of metaphysical thought as well as any man living. Aristotle is not for him the fetish of a tribe which held up scientific progress for centuries. Those who, like the present writer, are unable to accept his position, will never find themselves puzzled about what he means.

The metaphysical position most directly challenged in Professor Collingwood's book is that of the Aristotelian and the Thomist. Since he explicitly discusses Christianity, it is

[3] *An Essay on Metaphysics* (Oxford University Press, 18*s*.)

appropriate that his thesis should be discussed from the standpoint of the 'baptised Aristotelianism,' which is the philosophy of St. Thomas, and that is the approach of this article. Professor Collingwood finds two propositions in the Aristotelian conception of metaphysics. The first is that metaphysics is the science of pure being; the second that it is the science which deals with the presuppositions underlying ordinary science. By science he means 'orderly and scientific thinking on every subject.' The first of these propositions is rejected, the second accepted. From this starting-point, Professor Collingwood proceeds to the assertion that metaphysics is a historical science. It is concerned with the absolute presuppositions made on a given occasion by any body of thinkers. Since these presuppositions are not propositions, we must not ask whether they are true or false. The metaphysician has to ask only what presuppositions were made.

Our dissent from Professor Collingwood begins with his rejection of the possibility of 'a science of pure being.' For Aristotle and St. Thomas, the object of philosophy is being as being, being in its necessary attributes. Professor Collingwood claims to have shown this to be 'nonsensical,' but his criticism will seem to the Aristotelian to rest upon a confusion of the formal and material objects. It is easy enough to argue that each science has a definite object and that Aristotelian metaphysics is concerned with a pure nothing. It is, as a matter of fact, concerned with no such spectral object. The material objects of metaphysics are all existing things, 'shoes and ships and sealing-wax, cabbages and kings.' It is in their formal objects that the special sciences differ. The human mind is made to apprehend the intelligible being in sensible objects, as the eye is made for colour and the ear for sound. The apprehension of being is the first act of the intelligence.[4]

Having parted company with Professor Collingwood on this fundamental point, we naturally find ourselves unable to accept his historical study of absolute presuppositions as an adequate definition of metaphysics. That it is a very useful undertaking we do not deny, but, from our point of view, it leaves out the essentially metaphysical questions. What is

[4] Primo in conceptione intellectus cadit ens . . . ; unde ens est proprium objectum intellectus, et sic est primum intelligibile, sicut sonus est primum audibile (*Summa Theologica*, 1a, q. 5, a. 2).

truth? There are several references in this book to the truth and falsity of ideas, but one of the central problems o philosophy is left alone as though it raised no question. The Thomistic notion of a *philosophia perennis* is clearly inacceptable to Professor Collingwood, since he insists that the absolute presuppositions change. It is of interest to ask why, and we are told that it is because the structure which they form is subject to various 'strains.' Professor Collingwood holds that absolute presuppositions are not derived from experience They are 'catalytic agents which the mind must bring out of its own resources.' The modification in the structure made up of these presuppositions is 'not consciously devised bu created by a process of unconscious thought.' It will be seen that the professor has leapt over quite a number of philosophical and psychological questions. They are all outside the scope of metaphysics which, for him, is simply historica study. But are there no unchanging absolute presuppositions? It would be interesting to know under what strains the principles of identity, contradiction and excluded middle have broken or could conceivably break.

We find Professor Collingwood following the philosophical physicists by confusing metaphysical questions with those which are methodological. He and they both presume the death of metaphysics in the Aristotelian sense, and feeling that there is a vacant chair, they name different candidates to fill the vacancy. Professor Collingwood tells us that in Newtonian physics it is presumed that some events in the physical world have causes and others have not. We reply that the philosophical question of causality is not one fo Newtonian physics and that all the physicist is entitled to say is that there are some inquiries to which causation is relevant and others to which it is not. The confusion seems to be eve more marked when we are offered a distinction betweer events which are 'due to a cause' and those which act 'i accordance with a law.' A scientific law being simply statement of observed sequences and relations, this antithesis seems to us unreal, considered from any wider stanc point than that of the methods of the special sciences.

But Professor Collingwood seems to us to be using th word 'science' in altogether too loose a fashion. For him it is 'high-grade thinking' or, as we have said, 'orderl

thinking on every subject.' From this point of view, it is perfectly natural to talk of 'historical science.' From ours the two disciplines are essentially different. History is concerned with the contingent; it is the study of what happened and might have happened otherwise. Science, on the other hand, deals with the necessary. Mathematics is pure science. Astronomy is not, precisely because there is a historical element in it. Its calculations depend not only on the laws of motion but on the position of bodies at a given moment. 'Historical explanation,' as Dalbiez puts it, 'connects a fact with another fact anterior to it; scientific explanation brings the fact under a law.' [5] From this point of view, we hold that metaphysics is science, not history.

On one important point, Professor Collingwood is with Aristotle where the Thomist departs from him. Metaphysics and theology to him are the same. The Thomist, while he may deny the relevance of history to metaphysics, cannot deny it where theology is concerned. Christianity is a historical religion. It is linked to certain facts which occurred at a particular time and place. The professor is far from the shallow verdict of Carlyle on the Nicene controversy over an iota, but he gives the impression of regarding the Christian revolution as an intellectual contribution to metaphysics rather than the opening of a new world in consequence of the pivotal fact of Revelation. Those who hold to historical Christianity must challenge a great many of the statements in the 'Essay.' *Pace* Professor Collingwood, the Catholic creeds are not historical statements of what is believed at a particular time; they are definitions of convictions held *semper*, *ubique*, *et ab omnibus* in the Church. It is rather startling to be tōld that the Christian Church 'has not consistently taught that there can be no proof of God's existence.' The largest body of Christians has consistently held the precisely contrary doctrine taught by St. Paul and defined in the creed of the Vatican Council. 'If any one shall say that the One True God, our Creator and Lord, cannot be certainly known by the natural light of human reason through created things, let him be anathema.' For Christian philosophy there are three orders of wisdom. At the summit is the infused wisdom of

[5] Roland Dalbiez: *La methode psychanalytique et la Doctrine Freudienne* (Paris, 1938), vol. 1, p. 293.

the mystic in which God is known by experience. Next below it is the speculative theology which studies Revelation in the light of natural reason. Finally there is metaphysics, science with nothing contingent or historical about it.

In all these disciplines we are dealing with the 'wisdom' which scholastic philosophy distinguishes from 'science' in the contemporary sense. In some of his references to the special sciences, Professor Collingwood's comments seem to us to be too summary. A great many medical men would certainly complain of the inadequacy of his treatment of medicine as a practical science in which the causal principle is applied in the search for disease-entities and cures.

> Suppose (he says) someone claimed to have discovered the cause of cancer, but added that his discovery would be of no practical use because the cause he had discovered was not a thing that could be produced or prevented at will. Such a person would be ridiculed by his colleagues in the medical profession.

There is no need to suppose. Cohnheim's theory of cancer has certainly not been ridiculed, though, if it be true, the causes can be neither 'produced nor prevented at will.' If it were generally accepted, which it is not, the conclusion would be that the treatment of cancer must always be as it is now surgical, or purely symptomatic. A number of medical men have strongly advocated the abandonment of the causal approach to their problems. Whether they are right or wrong as physicians leaves the philosophical soundness of causality untouched. The recognition that by means of our senses, we never observe facts at all, but only undergo feelings, is not, *pace* Professor Collingwood, 'a discovery of modern thought.' It is implied in the νοῦς ποιητικός of Aristotle and the *intellectus agens* of St. Thomas.

But no reader of *An Essay on Metaphysics* can wish to end on any other note than one of gratitude to its author. Every page has some stimulus to thought expressed with enviable clarity. The chapter on 'The Propaganda of Irrationalism' is one of the most timely pieces of writing we have seen for a long time. 'I am only a professional goose,' concludes the author, 'consecrated with a cap and gown and fed at a college table; but cackling is my job, and cackle I will.' Long may he cackle. The egg may not be metaphysics, but it is certainly golden.

REGINALD J. DINGLE.

A WEE NIP

It was a bright July Saturday afternoon in the Macdonnel's small kitchen. A delicious smell of Irish stew still hung around, for Mrs. Macdonnel was a rare cook and some of the family had recently dined. Mr. Macdonnel, with bared breast and shirtsleeves rolled high, his braces dangling between his legs, was bent over the jawbox vigorously washing the marks of shipyard toil from himself; behind him stood his son Eddy, a curly-headed lad of seventeen, with brows knitted over an English Grammar, muttering the Rules Of Syntax while he waited till his father finished, when he would sit on his favourite seat on the dishboard of the sink by the open window, where the grimy breeze blew in from the backcourt.

Mr. Macdonnel turned off the sleek jet of water from the tall brass tap that was curved like a walking stick, came away from the sink drying himself and Eddy leapt back to his place. The sounds of the children playing below floated through the open window, mingling with the gentle snores of Mr. Macdonnel, who dropped into a smiling drowse, dazed by his enormous meal, with Eddy's muttered 'rules' and his mother's whispers as she sat at the table scribbling a shopping-list on a scrap of paper and continually pausing to count the silver in her purse, her frown of calculation accentuated by lack of teeth. Just then there was a knock at the stairhead door, and Mrs. Macdonnel, touching back her greying, reddish hair rose in a fluster to open, exclaimed, 'My Goad! It's Jimmy!' and returned to the kitchen followed by a slim dapper young man of twenty-nine, with bronzed commonplace features, in the uniform of a petty-officer of the Merchant Service and carrying a sailor's kit-bag which he dumped on the floor.

'Did ye not ken I was comin' home the day?' he asked resentfully. 'Ah sent ye a postcard from Marsels.'

'Och, no son!' said his mother, blaming in her heart those 'forrin postcairds' which always bewildered her. 'Shure yer da would hiv come tae meet the boat. Ye said the twenty-seeventh,' and she began searching in a bijou bureau on the dresser to prove her words, then gazed mystified at the 'Carte Postale' with the view of Marseilles Harbour. 'Och, Ah'm haverin'!' she cried. 'It says here the seeventeenth!'

'Ach away! Ye're daft!' said Jimmy. 'How could ye mistake a "one" for a "two"?'

Mr. Macdonnel stood rubbing his eyes, Eddy leapt from the sink, closing his grammar and they all stared at Jimmy in silent wonder. He certainly looked trim as a yacht in his blue reefer suit, white shirt, collar and black tie, but they weren't amazed at his spruceness nor by his unexpected arrival, but by the fact that he stood there as sober as a priest. For ten years he had been coming home from sea at varying intervals and had never been able to get up the stairs unassisted; and here he was, after a six months' voyage, not even giving off a smell of spirits! Mr. Macdonnel put on his glasses to have a better look at him. What was wrong with Jimmy? They wondered if he was ill, then the agonising thought that he had been robbed occurred simultaneously to the minds of the old folk, and Jimmy was about to ask them what the hell they were all looking at when his mother collected herself and embraced him and his father shook his hand, patting his shoulder.

The sailor flushed with annoyance at his mother's sentiment as he produced from his kit-bag a large plug of ship's tobacco for his da, a Spanish shawl of green silk, with big crimson roses on it, for his mother and a coloured plaster-of-paris plaque of Cologne Cathedral for his Aunt Kate, then, blushing slightly, he took his seaman's book from his pocket and showed them the photograph of a young woman. 'That's Meg,' he said, 'Meg Macgregor. She's a fisher-girl. I met her at the herring-boats when me ship called in at Peterhead.'

His mother was delighted with his taste and knew immediately why he had arrived sober. She passed the photograph to her husband who beamed at it and said heartily, 'My, she's a stunner, Jimmy boy! A proper stunner! She'll create a sensation roun' here!' He usually awoke ill-tempered from

his after-dinner naps, but his indigestion vanished like magic as he imagined the glorious spree they were going to have on Jimmy's six months' pay, and he swore he had never seen such a beautiful young woman as Meg Macgregor. Then Jimmy startled them all again by announcing, as if he was forcing it out of himself, 'Meg's an awfu good-livin' girl, mother, an' she's asked me to stop drinkin' for the rest o' ma life. I've promised her I will.'

Mr. Macdonnel glared wildly at his son, then gave a sour look at the portrait and handing it back without a word, rolled down his sleeves and pulled up his braces. He was dumbfounded. What had come over his son, Jimmy? Teetotal for the rest of his life! Was he going to lose his head over that silly-faced girl? Mrs. Macdonnel studied Jimmy with plaintive anxiety while he described Meg's beauty and goodness. 'Ach, she was made tae be adored b' everybody!' he said, and warned his mother to steer clear of 'the drink' and keep her house in order to receive his beloved whom he had invited to come and stay with the family.

His mother promised to love Meg as a daughter, and silently hoped the girl would stay at home. She was too old now to be bothered by a healthy young woman with managing ways. Jimmy swore he hadn't touched a 'drop' since he had sailed from Peterhead and recounted the tortures of his two days' self-denial so vividly, that his father shivered and hurried ben the parlour to get his coat and vest. Jimmy said he was finished with the sea and booze; sick of squandering money. He had resolved to settle on shore, get married and spend all his money on Meg's happiness.

A covetous gleam kindled his mother's eye when he said that and she wondered uncomfortably how much his new devotion would limit his contributions to her purse. Jimmy took a bundle of notes from his inside breast pocket and handed her twenty pounds, reminding her that she had already drawn an advance-sum from his shipping-office. She said he was too kind and offered to return five notes with a withdrawing movement, but Jimmy refused them with a bluff gesture that lacked sincerity, for there was a flash of regret in his glance as she tucked the wad in her purse, but, with genuine feeling he invited her and his da out to drink

him welcome home. 'I'll have a lemonade,' he said, gazing piously at the ceiling as though at the Holy Grail. His mother thought he was being too harsh with himself. 'Shure ye'll hiv a wee nip wi' me an' yer da, son. A wee nip won't kill ye!' she laughed slyly, and Jimmy promised to drink a shandygaff just to please her, sighing with relief when he thought of the dash of beer in lemonade. He called his father, who came ben from the parlour wrestling with a white dickey which he was trying to dispose evenly on his chest. 'Ah won't keep ye a jiffy, laddie!' he said, facing the mirror and fervently praying that the smell of the pub would restore poor Jimmy to his senses.

As she put on her old brown shawl, Mrs. Macdonnel was disappointed at Jimmy's respectable insistence on an out-of-the-way tavern. She wanted to show-off her bonny son; he was so braw; so like a captain! She imagined the greetings they would get going down the long street. 'Ay, ye've won hame, Jimmy boay? My, ye're lookin' fine, mun!'; 'Goash, ye oaght tae be a prood wumman the day, Mrs. Macdonnel! He's a credit tae ye!' and she foretasted the old sweet thrill of envy and flattery. But Jimmy was determined not to drink with the corner-boys. Love had made a new man of him!

When they had all gone out, young Eddy hurried ben to the small bedroom to read the book on *Psychology and Morals* that he had borrowed from the Public Library. Inspired by Jimmy's miraculous conversion he crouched over the volume, concentrating fiercely on the chapters headed WILL POWER AND SIN and his heart swelled with a reformer's zeal as he saw himself one day applying all these marvellous laws to the human race, hypnotising countless millions of people into sobriety.

Three hours later he heard a loud clamour from the street below. Throwing his book on the bed he raised the window and looked over and his uplifted heart sank down, for he saw Jimmy stumbling happily up the street with his Aunt Kate's hat on his head and his arm round his father's neck, and they were lustily singing 'The Bonny Lass o' Ballochmyle.' Mr. Macdonnel's dickey was sticking out like the wings of a moulted swan and from the pockets of the two men large bottles of whisky jutted, and behind them, laughing like

witches, came Mrs. Macdonnel and Aunt Kate, with the sailor's cap on, followed by six of Jimmy's pals who were carrying between them three large crates of bottled beer.

Eddy quickly closed the window and stared sadly at the wall. Jimmy, the idol of his dream, himself had shattered it! But he had no time to regard his wrecked hopes, the revellers were at the door. As he turned into the lobby, Jimmy opened the door and thrust his pals into the kitchen which already seemed crowded with only two members of the family. John Macdonnel, a fair young man of twenty-five, recently in from overtime at the shipyards, leant in his oilstained working clothes against the gas stove reading about the Celtic and Rangers match in the *Glasgow Evening Times* and regretting that he had missed a hard-fought game which his team had won. With a wild 'whoopee!' Jimmy embraced his brothers, who smiled with embarrassment. John was proud of Jimmy's prestige with the corner-boys, though he knew it was the worthless esteem for a fool and his money; Eddy saw him as a grand, romantic figure, a great chef who had cooked for millionaires on their yachts and had seen all the mighty capitals of the world and Jimmy's kit-bag, lying against a home-made stool, stuffed with a cook's caps and jackets, radiated for him the fascination of boundless travel.

Aunt Kate, a tiny, dark woman of remarkable vitality, went kissing all her nephews in turn, and the party got into full swing. Liquor was soon winking from tumblers, tea-cups, egg-cups—anything that could hold drink—and Aunt Kate, while directing the young men to bring chairs from the parlour, sang 'A Guid New Year Tae Ane An' A',' unmindful that the year was more than half done, and Jimmy, thinking a nautical song was expected of him, sang 'A Life on the Ocean Wave!' in a voice as flat as stale beer, that drowned his Aunt's pleasant treble. But somebody shouted that he sang as well as John McCormack, and he sat down with a large tumbler of whisky looking as if he thought so himself.

Then Aunt Kate recounted her marvellous meeting with Jimmy whose voice she had heard through the partition while she sat in the 'Snug' of 'The Rob Roy Arms.' Then Eddy learned how his brother had fallen. Jimmy, it appeared felt he must toast Meg Macgregor in just one glass of some-

thing strong; that dash of beer in lemonade had infuriated his thirst, and in a few moments he had downed several inflammatory glasses to his sweetheart, proving to his Aunt's delight that he was still the same old jovial Jimmy.

John Macdonnel all this while was going to and fro, stumbling over out-thrust feet, between the small bedroom and kitchen, sprucing himself up to go out and meet his girl. From feet to waist he was ready for love. His best brown trousers with shoes to match adorned his lower half, while his torso, robed in a shirt blackened with shipyard oil and rust, still belonged to labour. He washed at the sink, laughing at his Aunt's story, then turned, drying himself, to have an altercation with his mother regarding his 'clean change.' Mrs. Macdonnel waved her cup helplessly, saying she couldn't affect the indifference of laundrymen, and John implored Eddy to shoot downstairs and find if the family washing had arrived at The Bonnyburn Laundries.

Visitors kept dropping in for a word with the sailor and delayed their departure while the drinks went round. Rumour had reported that Jimmy was home from sea flush with money, and a Macdonnel 'party' was always a powerful attraction. The gathering was livening up. Two quart bottles of whisky had been absorbed, and beer was frothing against every lip when Eddy returned triumphantly waving a big, brown-paper parcel in John's direction.

The little kitchen was packed now. Six youths sat with dangling legs along the edge of the set-in bed, the rest of the company were distributed on the kitchen chairs and some of the parlour's fake-leather suite. There was Wee Minnie Milligan, who never smiled, standing against the dresser with Tittering Tessie, a tall, gaunt vague-featured woman, who always tittered like a little girl at everything, serious or funny; there was Mrs. Bills, the corpulent Cockney fishwife, just coming in, wearing a new tartan shoulder-shawl with her widow's bonnet well forrard on her dark head and behind her, like a bumboat trailed by a tug, came her tippling companion, Wee Mrs. Rombach, *née* McQuirter, the wife of a German baker, famous for her immense husband.

Mrs. Bills went straight and gave Jimmy a kiss breathing gin and told everyone in the accents of the Old Kent Road that she had dandled him on her knee when ''e wasn't that

'igh!' She had an ache for the clan colours stronger than many a Scottish lady's, and to-night wore one of the most flamboyant of the tartans, the Royal Stuart. Its blazing pattern challenged Mrs. Macdonnel who went and put on the Spanish shawl and came swaggering ben from the parlour like an elderly hen of brilliant plumage. Of course, Mrs. Bills was absolutely outdazzled; the scarlet roses glowed like the passion of Spain; all the women fingered the bright shawl, exclaiming that it was real silk, and what a kind son Jimmy was, and Mrs. Macdonnel basked in their envy.

Jimmy, who had been up at three that morning, was trolling, half-asleep, 'The Lass that Made the Bed for Me,' and someone shouted, 'Good aul' Rabbie Burns! He kent what a woman likes the most!' and there was a roar of laughter at the Poet's lechery. Then Aunt Kate insisted that Mr. Macdonnel should sing 'I Dreamt that I Dwelt in Marble Halls,' while Mrs. Macdonnel asked him for 'The Meeting of the Waters,' because it recalled their honeymoon on the Isle of Tralee. Mr. Macdonnel, assisted by the table, swayed to his feet with pomp enough for Beniamino Gigli, twirled his moustache, stuck his thumb behind his lapel, like the buskers of Glasgow back streets, and 'hemmed' very loudly to silence the arguing sisters. He always sang with his eyes closed, and when the gaslight gleamed on his glasses he looked like a man with four eyes, one pair shut, the other brilliantly open. He honestly believed he had a fine tenor voice and with swelled chest he bellowed:

'Yes! Let me like a soldier fall, upon some open plain!
The breast boldly bared to meet the ball, that blots out every stain!'

The china shivered on the shelves above the dresser, and Eddy, lost in some vision of bravery, stared with pride at his father. Halfway through the ballad, Mr. Macdonnel forgot the words, but sang on undismayed, 'tra-la-ing' and improvising and sat down well satisfied to a din of handclaps and stamping feet.

Jimmy was blasted into complete wakefulness by his father's song and he washed himself sober and led out all the young men to help him buy more drink. When they returned lavishly laden, half an hour later, Mr. Macdonnel had the whole crowd singing:

'I'll knock a hole in McCann for knocking a hole in me can!
McCann knew me can was new
I'd only had it a day or two,
I gave McCann me can to fetch me a pint of stout,
An' McCann came running in an' said
That me can was running out!'

This sad ditty of the navvy whose mate cheated him of his drink was Mr. Macdonnel's winning number at every spree, and the refrain had echoed several times through the open windows to the street and backcourt before the young men returned. In the comparative silence of clinking bottles and glasses, Jimmy told his laughing guests of the night when he had served up the beer in chamber-pots to a party of corner-boys. A dozen chamber-pots were arrayed round the table, and twelve youths sat gravely before them while Jimmy muttered a Turkish grace over the beer and told them that was the way the Turks drank their drink, and they had believed him because he had been six times round the world.

When Aunt Kate had sufficiently recovered from her exceeding great joy over this story, she asked Eddy to run up and see if her 'bonny wee man' was home from the gasworks. Eddy raced up to the top storey, knocked on a door and started back at the sudden out-thrust of his Uncle's gargoyle face, which barked, 'Where's Katey? Am Oi a man or a mouse? B' the Holy Saint Pathrick Oi'll murther the lazy cow!' Eddy answered faintly, 'Jimmy's home and we're having a party. Will ye come down?' and Mr. Hewes followed him downstairs muttering terrible vengeance on his wife for her neglect of his tea.

The gathering had overflowed into the parlour when Eddy returned with the gasworker behind him; the lobby was crowded with guests listening to Aunt Kate singing 'The Irish Emigrant's Farewell'; the eyes of all the women were wet with film-star tears and the singer herself seemed to be seeing a handsome Irish youth as she looked straight at her husband standing in the kitchen doorway and returning her visionary stare with a grimace of malevolence. Still singing, Aunt Kate filled a large cup with whisky from a bottle on the dresser and handed it to him with a mock bow. He had been known, on similar occasions, to dash the cup from her hand and walk out and desert her for six months,

but this time he seized it, swallowed the drink in one gulp, hitched up his belt and joined the 'party.'

Eddy crushed a way through to his seat and watched his Uncle who, seated beside Mr. Macdonnel, eyed with antagonism every motion of his popular wife. There was an excess of Irish spite in Mr. Hewes and he loved to hate people. Time, accident and ill-nature had marred his face. A livid scar streamed from his thin hair down his right temple to his lip, his broken nose had reset all to one side, his few teeth were black and his little moustache as harsh as barbed wire; and with a blackened sweatrag round his neck he looked like a being from some underworld spying on human revels. He was called on for a song immediately the applause for his wife had ended and he stood up and roared, glaring at her:

> 'Am Oi a man, or am Oi a mouse
> Or am Oi a common, artful dodger?
> Oi want to know who is master of my house!
> Is ut me or Micky Flannagan the lodger?'

Loud shots of 'ongcore!' egged him on to sing the verse several times, his glare at his smiling wife intensifying with each repetition. He was suspected of having composed the song himself and the entire tenement always knew he was going to desert his wife when he came up the stairs singing it. His whole body was humming like a dynamo after two large cups of 'Heather Dew,' and as his wife began chanting an old Irish jig he started to dance. Throwing off his jacket, he roared 'Begorra!' tightened his belt and rolled up his sleeves, revealing thick leather straps around his wrists, and his hobnailed boots beat a rapid, deafening tattoo on the spot of floor inside the surrounding feet. His wife's chant became shriller and the whole company began clapping hands, stamping feet and yelling wild 'hoochs!' that drove the little gasworker to frenzy. John Macdonnel, all dressed to go out with a new bowler hat jauntily perched on his head, seized the poker from the grate and thrust it into the dancer's hand. Mr. Hewes tried to twirl it round his head between finger and thumb like a drum-major, then smashed it on the floor in passionate chagrin at his failure. 'B'Jasus Oi cud dance ye'se all under the table!' he yelled and with head and

torso held stiff and arms working like pistons across his middle, he pranced like an enraged cockerel.

Faster he hopped from heel to heel, exhibiting an astonishing reserve of energy after a day's hard shovelling in a heate atmosphere; sweat glistened on his grey hair and beaded his blackened cheeks; he twisted his feet in and out in uncouth attempts at fancy-work and looked as if he would fly asunder in his efforts to beat the pace of his accompanists; then with a despairing yell of 'B'Jasus!' he stopped suddenly gasped, 'Och, Oi'm bate!' and lurched dizzily behinc foremost into his chair.

It was a hefty piece of furniture, but it couldn't stand up to his violence; with a loud crack its four legs splayed ou and the gasworker crashed like a slung sack into the hearth, smashing to pieces the polished winter sticking out beneath the oven; his head struck heavily the shining bevel of the range; the snapped chair-back lay ridiculously over his head, and there was a roar of laughter which ceased when he was seen to lie still among the ruins.

His wife and Mr. Macdonnel bent over him, but he pushec them away, staggered erect and shaking himself like a dog after a fight, snatched and gulped the cup of whisky that Mrs. Macdonnel had rushed to his aid while looking ruefully a her shattered chair and winter. The blow had hardly affectec him, and as Mrs. Hewes anxiously examined his head he thrust her rudely aside, shouting, 'B'Jasus! Oi'll give ye'se "The Enniskillens' Farewell"!' and he boastfully roared the Boer War song of an Irish Regiment's departure. Suddenly he realised that attention was diverted from him; someone in the packed lobby was crying, 'Here's Big Mary! Make way for Blind Mary!' and Mr. Hewes seized his jacket from Mr. Macdonnel's hand, slung it across hi shoulder and, staring malignantly at everyone, thrust uncivilly out of the house.

The Widow Loughran, who was being guided in by Jerry Delaney and his wife, was a magnificent Irishwoman, standing well over six feet, round about forty and round about considerably more at waist and bosom. The habit of raising the head in the manner of the blind made her appear taller and gave her a haughty look, but she was a jolly, kind woman in robust health, and her rosy face and glossy jet

hair, her good-natured laughter, caused one to forget her blindness.

Blind Mary was the wonder of the tenements. She drank hard and regularly, and stood it better than the toughest man. 'Mary's never up nor doon,' they said, and she boasted that she had never known a 'bad moarnin'' in her life. She also wore a tartan shoulder shawl of the Gordon clan, a widow's bonnet and a bright print apron over her skirt. Mrs. Macdonnel led her to a seat and she stood up, her hands searching around for Jerry Delaney when she heard there wasn't one for him. He was pushed into her arms and she pulled him into a tight embrace on her ample knees. Mr. Delaney, popularly known as 'One-Eyed Jerry,' since a flying splinter, in his trade as a ship's carpenter, had deprived him of his right eye, was no lightweight, but Mary handled him like a baby and Mrs. Macdonnel shrieked with laughter, 'Blind Mary's stole yer man, Bridget!' and Mrs. Delaney, a raven beauty of five and thirty, exclaimed merrily, 'Ach, away! She's welcome tae him! Shure they're weel matched wi' yin eye atween them!' This so tickled Mary and Jerry that they almost rolled on the floor with helpless laughter, and Mrs. Macdonnel looked very worried, expecting every minute to see another of her chairs smashed to smithereens.

Aunt Kate had vanished in pursuit of her man and returned at this moment, pale with anger, to announce publicly that he had 'skeedadled,' but that she would set the police at his heels and make him support her; then she sang, with her voice at the top of its sweetness, 'O my Love is like a Red, Red Rose!' and followed on with a delicate rendering of 'Ae Fond Kiss.' But no one was surprised by her instant change from wrath to tenderness, except young Eddy, who felt this was his most profitable 'psychological' evening as he watched Blind Mary with her hands boldly grasping Mr. Delaney's thighs, and began excitedly composing an essay on 'Psychology and the Blind' for his night-school class.

Someone called for a song from Blind Mary and One-Eyed Jerry courteously handed her to her feet. She stood dominating the whole room, protesting that she couldn't sing a note, but they all cried, 'Strike up, Mary! Ye sing like a lark!' and she began singing 'Bonny Mary o' Argyle'

to the unfailing amazement of young Eddy who never could understand why her voice that was so melodious in speech was so hideous when she sang.

Mary had only sung two lines when she was interrupted in a most spectacular way by Bridget Delaney who suddenly leapt from her seat and shrieked indignantly, 'Ach, don't talk tae me aboot legs! Is there a wumman in this room has a better leg than meself? Tae hell wi' Bonny Mary o' Argyle! I'll show ye'se the finest leg on the South Side this night!' and she bent and pulled her stocking down her left leg to the ankle, whipped up her blue, satinette skirt and pulled up a blue leg of bloomer so fiercely that she revealed a handsome piece of behind. 'There ye are!' cried Bridget, holding forth her leg. 'Ah defy a wumman among ye'se tae shake as good a wan!'

Blind Mary stood silent and trembling in a strange listening attitude, thinking a fight had begun and everyone was astounded. Jerry Delaney, blushing with shame, plucked nervously at his bedfellow's skirt, but Bridget pulled up her garments more tightly and shouted, 'Awa! Ye've seen it oaften enough! Are ye ashamed o' it?' while Jerry said he had always told her she had the finest leg in the town and acted as if he had never beheld such a distressing sight. Beside them a very comatose youth gazed dully at Bridget's great white thigh and from the rose-wreathed wallpaper Pope Pius X in a cheap print looked sternly at the sinful limb.

Mrs. Macdonnel quickly led her hysterical sister-in-law into the small bedroom, and the only comment on the incident was, 'Blimey! Wot a lark!' from Mrs. Bills. Blind Mary asked excitedly what had happened. Several of the women, while affecting shocked modesty, trembled with desire to take up Bridget's challenge, but no one could have explained her hysteria except, perhaps, Mr. Delaney. His one eye always glowed with admiration for a fine woman, and he had gazed ardently all evening at Blind Mary. But Bridget's astonishing behaviour was superseded for the moment by the arrival of Wee Danny Quin 'wi' his melodyin' whom Jimmy Macdonnel himself introduced as the guest of honour.

The street-musician, a pug-nosed, dwarfish Glaswegian,

bow-legged and very muscular, drank two large glasses of whisky, wiped his lips and began playing. The mother-o'-pearl keys of his huge 'Lombardi' piano-accordion flashed in the gaslight as his fingers danced skilfully among them, while he leant his ear to the instrument, his little, dark eyes looking up with a set smile, like a gnome listening to the earth. He played jigs and reels and waltzes; all the furniture in the parlour and kitchen was pushed to the wall, and all who could find room to crush around were soon dancing through the lobby and back again to the sonorous tunes of Danny Quin.

It was late in the night, when the dancers had paused for refreshment, that Big Wille McBride the bookmaker, a six-foot red-headed Highlandman, suddenly reappeared arm in arm with his wife, he dressed in her clothes and she in his. They had disappeared for fifteen minutes and had effected the change with the connivance of Aunt Kate, who slipped them the key of her house. Mr. McBride had somehow managed to crush his enormous chest into his slim wife's blouse; between it and the skirt his shirt looked out, and from the edge of the skirt, which fell to his knees, his thick, pink woollen drawers were visible; Mrs. McBride, drowned in his suit, floundered, bowing to the delighted company.

The McBrides' whim affected everyone like an aphrodisiac, and very soon Aunt Kate's but-an-ben became the dressing-room for the transformation of several ladies and gentlemen. The two Delaneys exchanged clothes, and Bridget showed her splendid legs to advantage swelling out her husband's trousers; Aunt Kate retired with a slight youth and reappeared in his fifty-shilling suit as the neatest little man of the evening, then Mrs. Macdonnel walked in as her husband, even to his glasses and cap, and was followed by him gallantly wearing the Spanish shawl, in which, after filling out his wife's blouse with two towels, he danced what he imagined was a Spanish dance and sang a hashed-up version of the 'Toreador Song' from 'Carmen.'

Danny Quin's playing became inspired, and his volume majestic as he laughed at the dressed-up couples dancing round. The house was throbbing like a battered drum when a series of immense thumps shook the stairhead door. 'It's the polis!' cried everyone with awed amusement. Mrs.

Macdonnel rushed to open, and a soft Irish voice echoed along the lobby, 'Yese'll have to make less noise. The nayburs is complainin' !'

'Ach, come awa in Tarry, an' have a wee deoch-an-doris !' cried Mrs. Macdonnel, holding the door wide for the portly constable who stared amazed at her masculine garb, while Willie McBride was roaring, 'Do Ah hear me ole freend Boab Finnegan? Come ben an' have a drink, man! Shure you an' me's had many a dram when yer Inspector wisnae lookin' !' and Mrs. Macdonnel conducted into the parlour police-officer Finnegan, followed by a tall, young Highland officer, a novice in the Force, with finger at his chinstrap and a frown of disapproval. The two officers were welcomed with full glasses, and Mr. Finnegan, known to everyone as 'Tarry Bob' because his hair and big moustache were black as tar and his heavy jowls became more saturnine with every shave he had, surveyed the strange gathering with a clownish smile, while Mr. McBride, the street bookie, related how often he had dodged the Law by giving Tarry Bob a friendly drink.

In five minutes both policemen sat down and laid their helmets on the sideboard among the numerous bottles, and fifteen minutes later they had loosened their tunics and were dancing with the ladies, their heavy boots creating a louder rumpus than they had come to stop.

Young Eddy Macdonnel stood in the crowded lobby craning his head over to watch the rowdy scene, and after a long while he heard his mother say to Tarry Bob, who was protesting he must go, 'Och, hiv another wee nip! Shure a wee nip won't kill ye!' then he saw the good-natured policeman drench himself in beer as he donned his helmet into which some playful guest had poured a full bottle.

Eddy's wits were staggering. 'Human behaviour' had passed his understanding and he wandered bewildered ben the kitchen where Jimmy sat half-asleep with a glass of whisky trembling in his bronzed hand and opposite him sat a youth gazing in agony at the glass, expecting to see the darlin' drink spilled on the floor.

Eddy took Jimmy's glass and placed it on the mantelshelf, then picked up a postcard that lay face downwards on the floor. It was the picture of Meg Macgregor. 'Ye've dropped

Meg's photo,' said Eddy, holding it up to Jimmy's wavering stare. The sailor thrust it aside. 'Take it away!' he said. 'Her face scunners me!'

'But it's Meg!' said Eddy, 'Meg Macgregor. The girl ye're bringing home to marry!'

'Take her away, Ah said!' repeated Jimmy, with a royal wave of the hand. 'There's nae wumman'll run ma life for me!' The youth sitting by the table nodded approval then stood up and quickly drank off Jimmy's whisky.

EDWARD GAITENS.

BOOK REVIEWS

Country and Town in Ireland under the Georges, by Constantia Maxwell (Harrap, 18*s*.).

An Irish Journey, by Sean O'Faolain (Longmans, 12*s*. 6*d*.).

Dr. Maxwell writes of Georgian Ireland; Mr. O'Faolain describes a journey through Ireland to-day. A couple of hundred years separates the two. Yet we may put these books together in one notice, for each in its own admirable fashion is concerned, among other things, with the two Irelands, the Ireland of the Ascendency, in its full bloom in the period of which Dr. Maxwell writes, and the hidden Ireland which in Mr. O'Faolain's pages has emerged, and is yet emerging, into the light of day. Dr. Maxwell is naturally concerned with the great houses built in Georgian days, and in this respect her new book is a fascinating complement to her former study of Georgian Dublin. But she realises, naturally, that the splendour and foibles of the wealthy, the astonishing lives of the squireens, cannot make up more than a fragment of Irish life two hundred years ago. She devotes therefore some well-planned and thoughtful chapters to the life of the provincial town and to the condition of the peasantry. She draws the contrast, more glaring in eighteenth-century Ireland than perhaps in any other place in the contemporary world, between rich and poor: the Irish landlord, too often unmindful of his responsibilities if not actually the absentee whom Maria Edgeworth has depicted for us, and the submerged native folk, dispossessed and exploited. Yet she finds evidence, too, that the relations between landlord and peasant were often kindly, that there were improving landlords and public-spirited men, and she quotes Arthur Young to show that in some ways the Irish was better off than the English agricultural labourer of the same period, deprived of his common rights by the Enclosures.

When we pass over the intervening centuries into Mr. O'Faolain's pages, we find a new Ireland, one that has lost with the Union its Parliament and a large part of the resident nobility that made Dublin one of the great capitals of Europe, and, with the coming of independence, the British Army that spent so freely

and was on the whole so popular in the countryside. It is not without regret that Mr. O'Faolain sees the Big House go :

> Nobody regrets more than the artist the passing of that old hierarchical form of society, so complete in its gradations of human order, still humanized in Ireland by contact with the natural life of the land long after it had become dehumanized in England by the industrial revolution. But it had many faults even here. Its fatal weakness was that the Big House people felt themselves, here, not merely of a different class to the worker and the farmer—which was natural since it happened to be true—but of a different race, or religion, or life-mode, and they took their political philosophy from England, whose problems were of a quite different nature. Master and man were not one entity, with right and proper distinctions between them, but two separate entities. And that does not work.

It is in this spirit that he makes the circuit of Ireland, accompanied more or less—separating and then meeting again—by Paul Henry, who contributes the illustrations to this book. Mr. O'Faolain is not concerned with scenery, though when he chooses he can evoke it vividly. It is stupid, he says, to describe scenery that the traveller can see with his own eyes, and why anyone but a geologist should look at the Giant's Causeway passes his comprehension. Instead, as he enters cottage or public-house, he seeks everywhere the common life :

> Lift the latch in any promising house, and share the hearth with the people. Share the smells and fleas, if necessary. The *vin du pays* is strong. Having come so far you would be a fool not to get drunk on it. The price is that lifted latch, for nowhere are such warm, hearty, hospitable folk as beyond the Shannon. Every cottage has its welcome. The roads belong to every man. The mountain paths lead to conversations on the way.

Here is a traditional life in the middle of a world that has long left that traditional simplicity far behind. And one might add a corollary on more material things : solid workmanship and wholesome fare, and simple comforts that linger on in Ireland. It is not merely provocative to surmise that much of this survives in Ireland because, missing the industrial revolution, she is a generation or more behind what may pass for progress in the sister island.

Mr. O'Faolain makes the circuit of Ireland by much the same route as was made by an Irish king a thousand years ago, through Wexford and Waterford, to Cork, Connacht and the north, and south again to Dublin. A Cork man, he lingers in the city by the Lee, appraising, approving and condemning. Kinsale excites him, as it excited Paul Henry, who found it a paintable town, and it sets

Mr. O'Faolain thinking, as does Killarney, on the possibility of intelligent development of the Irish tourist business. Sligo, w memories of Yeats, fascinates him. He finds it 'a welcomi town'; it gave him 'an extraordinary feeling of self-sufficienc perhaps on account of its variety of classes and traditions—' best Protestant stock in all Ireland is in Sligo,' and because of 'th surrounding dignity of history and fable which tempts one to lik this little port to some port-city on the Piræus where the go smiled on every hearth, or thundered in every storm, and no m thought that there existed beyond the hills any world but his own

And so to the Six Counties, where he reflects that 'if the Ir people could only be left alone they would get on very well w each other.' He finds much to deplore in the bigotry of Belfas but Derry he felt he could love as he once loved Cork ('Dan governments!' he interjects). And Dublin? Dublin for him the Dublin of Yeats, of A. E., and George Moore. 'To-day, wh I go into Dublin, I have no pilgrimage before me.'

These are distinguished books. Dr. Maxwell's must find place on the shelves of all serious students of Irish history. M O'Faolain's is one to be carried in the pocket by all who wou make 'the circuit of Ireland.'

E. St. John Brooks.

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